

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1977 • \$2.00

PLAYBOY

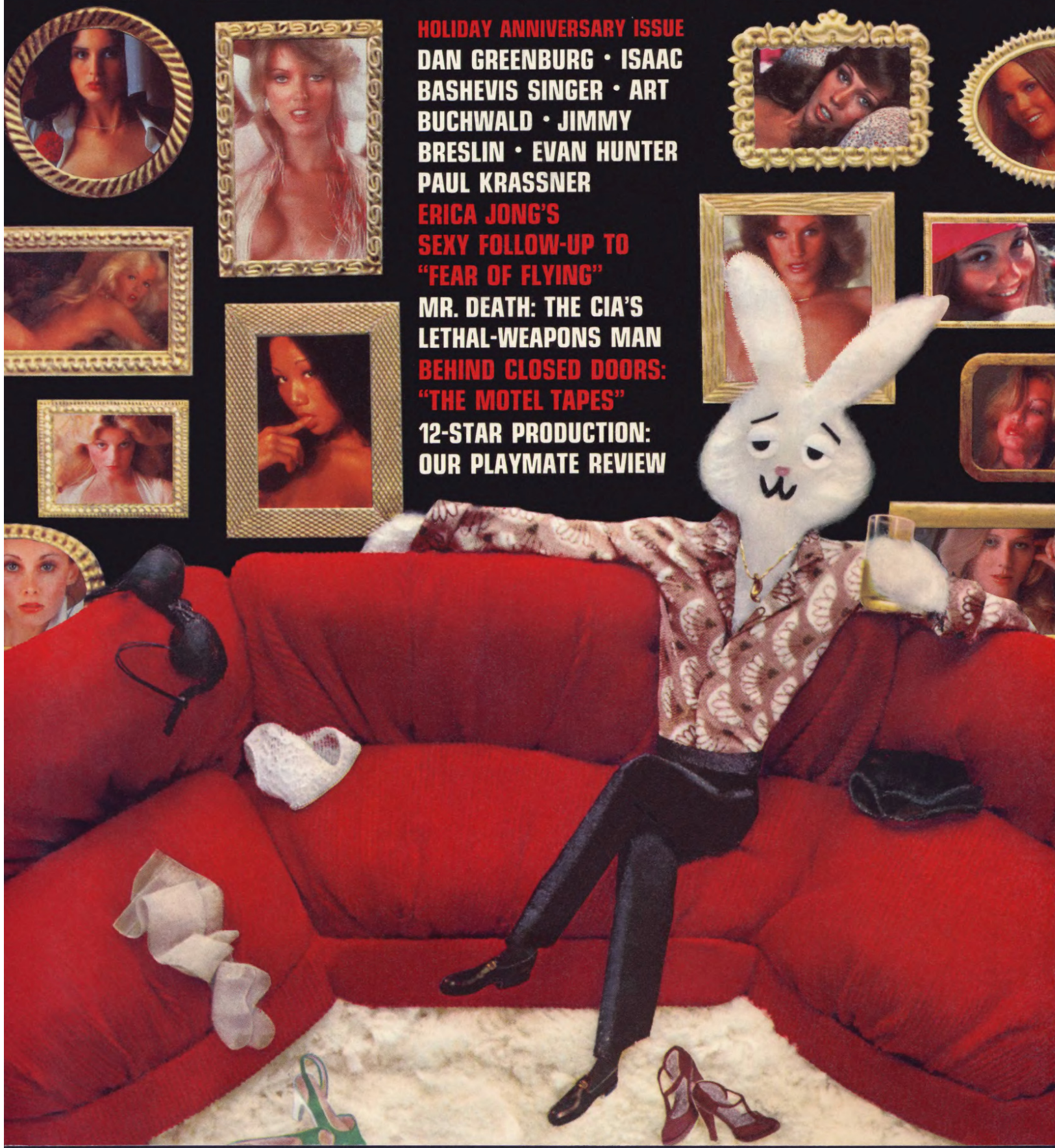
HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**DAN GREENBURG • ISAAC
BASHEVIS SINGER • ART
BUCHWALD • JIMMY
BRESLIN • EVAN HUNTER
PAUL KRASSNER**

**ERICA JONG'S
SEXY FOLLOW-UP TO
"FEAR OF FLYING"**

**MR. DEATH: THE CIA'S
LETHAL-WEAPONS MAN
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS:
"THE MOTEL TAPES"**

**12-STAR PRODUCTION:
OUR PLAYMATE REVIEW**



Seagram's V.O. presents seven old Christmas Classics. And one new one.



Yes, Virginia, There is a...
Editor Francis Church's letter in 1897 to 8 year old Virginia became a classic when the New York Sun reprinted it every Christmas for 50 years.



St. Nick's Day, Dec. 6th:
Bishop Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, and later sainted for working miracles. His day was blended with Christmas and the myth of Santa Claus.



The Christmas Tree:
In the 1650's German Pilgrims brought their Tannenbaum (Christmas Tree) tradition to the new land, long before the practice took root in England.



The Seagram's V.O. Gift Classic

The 1976 V.O. gift package is the newest Christmas classic. (And the Gift Classic container—with a bottle of V.O. inside—is yours at no extra cost.) Like the taste of V.O., it's both distinctive and unique. A fitting way to celebrate being America's Favorite Canadian for over 25 years.



"Silent Night":
Christmas Eve, and the church organ was broken. So Austria's Father Mohr, with guitarist Franz Gruber, wrote "Silent Night" for Midnight Mass.



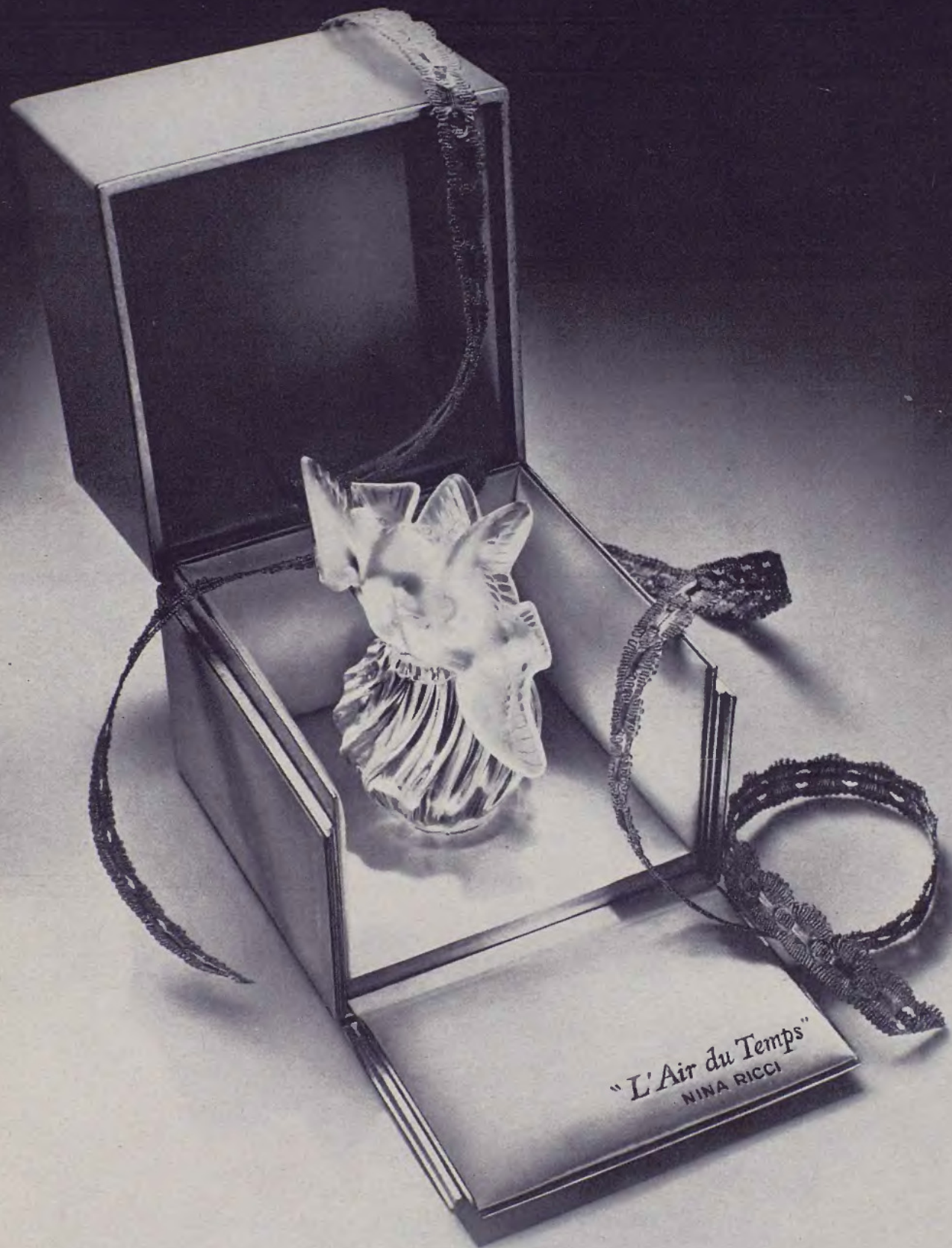
The First Christmas Card:
In 1843, Sir Henry Cole's idea for a Christmas card was designed by artist John Horsley, then lithographed, and hand-colored. About 1000 were sold.



Merry Saturnalia:
Before the birth of Christ there was a December celebration called "Saturnalia." It paid tribute to...you guessed it...the god Saturn.



Pass the Toast, Please:
The Wassail Bowl was a traditional Christmas drink served in medieval England. Floating in it were pieces of toast. Hence, "toasting," a formal affirmation of friendship. In the same way today, we affirm friendships by taking up a glass.



The most romantic gift of fragrance a man can give a woman.

L'Air du Temps
by NINA RICCI paris

Lalique Crystal Flacon

NOW YOU CAN STOP SMOKING AROUND.



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AS LOW AS YOU CAN GO AND STILL GET GOOD TASTE
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 1976.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

PLAYBILL

psst! Want to start the new year out right by reading a really *feelthy* story? Then turn to page 115 and **Erica Jong's** *The Rolls-Royce Love Affair*, a funny tale about the further adventures of Isadora, the lady who merrily fornicated her way through the pages of Jong's best seller, *Fear of Flying*. *Love Affair* answers the age-old question: Can a nice Jewish girl from New York get her rocks off with a beautiful, wealthy Midwestern lady WASP—and vice versa? Our lips are sealed as to the outcome. (Isadora's definitely weren't.) But one thing's for sure, after reading *The Rolls-Royce Love Affair*, which is an excerpt from Jong's forthcoming book, *How to Save Your Own Life*, to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in the States and by Martin Secker & Warburg, Ltd. in England, you'll never again be able to look at a bottle of Dom Pérignon champagne.

OK, you can now wipe those knowing smiles off your faces and proceed to check another piece of excellent fiction, **Evan Hunter's** *Sebastian the Cat*. It's a serious, reflective look at the decline and fall of a marriage, interwoven with an injury to the family feline, which, it appears, has just about run out of lives. *Sebastian*, incidentally, marks Hunter's tenth appearance in *PLAYBOY*. While not a record, it certainly entitles him to the appellation Friend of the Family. Another old friend we're pleased to welcome back is National Book Award winner **Isaac Bashevis Singer**. His *Mendel I Thought* is a short, humorous portrait of an absent-minded Yiddish youth in Warsaw who grew up to become—you guessed it—an absent-minded professor. **Suzanne Seed** did the artwork and photography.

While we're plugging fiction, let's pause here and give a nice round of applause to our Fiction Editor, Robie Macauley, for some honors we think you ought to know about. Jesse Hill Ford's *The Jail* (March 1975) won the Mystery Writers of America's coveted Edgar for the best mystery story of that year. *The Analyst*, by Evan Hunter (December 1974), was included in *The Best American Short Stories 1975*. Paul Theroux's *The Autumn Dog* (March 1976) will appear in *Prize Stories 1977: The O. Henry Awards*. Remember the excerpts we ran from Nicholas Meyer's *The West End Horror* in April and May of 1976? Well, *Horror* appeared on the *New York Times* best-seller list for 11 weeks and has—along with *Falconer*, by John Cheever (part of which appeared in our January 1976 issue)—been bought by the movies.

So what else is new? Coming up in 1977 is *Full Many a Flower*, a new football story by Irwin Shaw, whose *Rich Man, Poor Man* (excerpted in your favorite magazine) was a biggie of the 1976 TV season. Also look for: *Oral History*, a short story about South Africa today by Nadine Gordimer; *Loser Wins* and *The Tennis Court*, two Paul Theroux stories; *A Party in Miami Beach*, by Isaac Bashevis Singer; *Bernstein in Mexico*, by Gerald Green; and *Stages*, by Herbert Gold.

If walls could talk, what would they say? Well, **Mike McGrady** knows and what he reports in *The Motel Tapes* (the first of a three-part series) will leave your ears smoking. On second thought, you'll have third-degree burns. McGrady is the chap who conceived of that best-selling porn send-up *Naked Came the Stranger* a few years back. *The Motel Tapes* are funny, sad, sexy mini-passion-play excerpts from his forthcoming book of the same title that's soon to be published by Warner Books, Inc.

Speaking of sex—and who isn't?—the excerpts in *Touch Me, Feel Me . . . Spank Me*, by **Rosemarie Santini** (taken from her forthcoming Playboy Press book, *The Secret Fire: A New View of Women and Passion*), are some of the most candid sexual case studies we've ever read. They're straight from the mouths of women who, just a few years ago, were still thought of as the "weaker" sex. Santini dedicates *Secret Fire* to Colette, because she felt it wasn't necessary to believe in happiness in order to find life precious. We'll drink to that. But then, after reading



JONG



HUNTER



SINGER



SEED



MC GRADY



SANTINI



BRESLIN



KRASSNER



O'LEARY



FISHER



GREENBURG



BUCHWALD



WAX



POST



YATES



BLUMENTHAL, HUGHES, ARSENAULT, HOOKER, WILLIS, DRENDEL



HOFFMAN



GREEN



CASHIN

Touch Me, Feel Me . . . Spank Me, we'll drink to anything.

While we're in a tippling mood, the name **Jimmy Breslin** springs to mind. Breslin's been known to hoist a few in his day and this month, he chronicles the saga of *McGuire's*, a bar in Queens that couldn't make it with a straight clientele, so its owner, Johnny McGuire, decided to switch to the lavender mob. Now business is off the wall—along with the gay *caballeros* who frequent the place—and McGuire is known as the king of Queens. **Paul Krassner**, the publisher of *The Realist*, also has been called quite a few names. A charter member of the it's-all-a-conspiracy club, Krassner is especially qualified to expose *The Parts Left Out of the Patty Hearst Trial*. He told us that at one point he wrote in his courtroom notes, "Patty is lying now." A week later, other testimony indicated that his instinct was correct. Krassner refers to this as "participatory journalism." Pennsylvania artist **John O'Leary** did the circus-wagon illustration that accompanies Krassner's piece.

Having **Alex Haley** as this month's interview subject is truly poetic justice. Haley was the man who conducted our very first *Playboy Interview*, back in September 1962 (the subject was Miles Davis), and several others since then. Now Alex is garnering critical bouquets as the author of the blockbuster best seller *Roots*. So whom do we assign to interview him? None other than **Murray Fisher**, *PLAYBOY's* ex-Assistant Managing Editor and the person who assigned and edited Haley's first and subsequent interviews. Who says turnabout isn't fair play?

Dan Greenburg, as you probably know, is the special investigator who has done just about everything from casting dirty movies to fooling around with ESP. This month, he attempts to get his head together once and for all in *You Are What You Eat*, a look into the teachings of Werner Erhard. And while we're on the subject of teaching, we recommend **Art Buchwald's** *Illustrated Guide to Superb Tennis*; you'll learn something from the hilarious coaching job cigar-chomping Buchwald does on pro Ken Rosewall. Your net game will never be the same. (Neither will your grip, backstroke or serve.)

Ever wonder what a Russian version of *PLAYBOY* would be like? Ponder no longer, comrades, for a madcap band of *PLAYBOY* staffers, including Associate Editor **John Blumenthal**, Photographers **Bill Arsenault** and **Dwight Hooker**, Associate Art Director **Len Willis** and Photography Stylist **Bill Drendel**, teamed up with **John Hughes**, the author of *Weakness* (May 1976), to bring you *The Russian Playboy*, a parody of what *PLAYBOY* might look like if the Russkies got their mitts on it. And you'd better laugh, comrade. That last order, incidentally, also pertains to **Judith Wax's** annual feature *That Was the Year That Was* and to another **John Blumenthal** creation, *Great Comeback Lines* (illustrated by **Bob Post**), the latter being a roundup of 50 or so of the greatest, most resounding put-downs in history, as delivered by the likes of Calvin Coolidge, George S. Kaufman, Dorothy Parker and Winston Churchill.

Don't quit now, folks; there's much, much more. Car authority **Brock Yates** checks out automobiles that are small enough for sensible city use yet quick and stable enough for highway driving in *The City Car Comes of Age*—with smashing artwork by **Martin Hoffman**. Senior Articles Editor **Laurence Gonzales** brings you a chilling interview with *Mr. Death*, a man who for 20 years built assassination devices for the CIA. (Try to settle down for a long winter's nap after reading that.) Then there's **Robert L. Green's** *Guiding Lights* (with photography by **Art Cashin**), in which five of the fashion industry's foremost designers showcase their one-of-a-kind menswear creations. **Emanuel Greenberg** serves up some relief for post-New Year's Eve revelers in *Morning Glories!*—coffee drinks laced with a generous shot or two of the hair of the dog; we take a steamy look at scenes from a bizarre new flick, *Spermula*; *PLAYBOY* Photographer **Pompeo Posar** introduces you to lovely Playmate **Susan Kiger**—all plus our annual *Writing Awards*, *Eleventh-Hour Santa* gift guide, *Playmate Review* and other nifty features too numerous to mention. As the song goes, "Who could ask for anything more?"

Jingle Bells



What better way to ring in the holidays and express the spirit of friendship than with the gift of rare taste. A Christmas tradition for almost 100 years.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

PLAYBOY®

vol. 24, no. 1—january, 1977

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Cat Tale P. 179



Far-out Flick P. 103



Est Quest P. 109



Playmate Reprise P. 155



Russkies' Playboy P. 171

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	19

BOOKS 22

Vintage thrillers, a blah Houdini biography and a dandy Conan Doyle one reviewed, along with an insightful volume on TV; gift-book ideas.

MUSIC 28

A ride on *American Flyer*; Shepp-shaped sounds; Ry Cooder interpreted; discs to buy—and give—for the holidays.

EXOTICA 33

How to get pregnant in Afghanistan.

MOVIES 34

Rocky scores a knockout; Lord Olivier, twice; Paddy Chayefsky talks.

SELECTED SHORTS

AGAINST COEDUCATION DOTSON RADER 40

Our author postulates that coeducation is a failure because the girls are smarter than the boys.

THE RIGHT TO ARMS EDWARD ABBEY 41

Take away a man's weapon and you take away the ultimate form of protest.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 43

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 47

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALEX HALEY—candid conversation 57

The author of *Roots* tells the fascinating story behind the book.

THE MOTEL TAPES—part one of a new book MIKE McGRADY 80

Conversations overheard in a single motel room over the course of a year that result in funny, sad, sexy stories in dialog form about life in America.

NATURAL LEIGH—pictorial 85

Back in May of 1973, we ran a pictorial called "Indian," featuring Barbara Leigh. Here's a second helping.

THE PARTS LEFT OUT OF THE

PATTY HEARST TRIAL—article PAUL KRASSNER 94

The publisher of *The Realist*, pioneer Yippie and charter member of the It's-All-a-Conspiracy Club, sheds some weird light on the Hearst carnival.

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA—gifts 97

When you're running out of time, a few helpful hints can save minutes.

GREAT COMEBACK LINES—humor JOHN BLUMENTHAL 101

Fifty zinging retorts delivered by the likes of Dorothy Parker, Mark Twain, Winston Churchill and many others.

SPERMULA—pictorial 103

Scenes from an odd new French porno film.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EST—article DAN GREENBURG 109

After experiencing it all, our special investigator isn't quite sure what to make of our currently most fashionable mind-bending operation.

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COVER STORY

This month's cover features one of our favorite old stand-bys, the Rabbit collage. The Rabbit, designed and constructed by Bea Donovan, is actually only nine inches tall and the whole set, including couch and picture frames, is done in miniature. In the past, we've featured the Rabbit with only one pair of high-heeled shoes or nylons beside him, implying the unseen presence of but one female. This year, in light of changing times, we've added to that situation somewhat.

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS—humor JUDITH WAX 112

A few satiric verses on the folks who brought you 1976.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE LOVE AFFAIR—fiction ERICA JONG 115

A steamy hunk from the new novel by the author of *Fear of Flying*.

THE SUNSHINE KID—playboy's playmate of the month 116

Skiing is Susan Kiger's number-one passion—well, maybe number-two passion.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 128

MR. DEATH—article LAURENCE GONZALES 130

An exclusive story of a man who built assassination devices for the CIA.

GUIDING LIGHTS—attire ROBERT L. GREEN 133

Clothes you might be seeing in the future, specially designed for PLAYBOY.

MENDEL I THOUGHT—fiction ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER 139

An unforgettable word picture of an absent-minded friend.

TOUCH ME, FEEL ME . . .

SPANK ME—from the new book ROSEMARIE SANTINI 141

A female interviewer gets women to say the most astonishingly intimate things about their sexual experiences.

THE CITY CAR COMES OF AGE—modern living BROCK YATES 147

Want a car that can adapt to rush-hour jams and the open road? Read this.

McGUIRE'S—article JIMMY BRESLIN 153

A retired cop, gambler and saloonkeeper converts his place into a gay bar.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial 155

A roundup of the past delightful dozen.

THE VARGAS GIRL—pictorial ALBERTO VARGAS 166

THE PREGNANT ALDERMAN—ribald classic GEORGE WICKRAM 167

BLANKET APPROVAL—attire 169

New look for a familiar favorite in winter outdoor wear.

THE RUSSIAN PLAYBOY—parody 171

What our magazine would look like if the Russkies put out an edition.

SEBASTIAN THE CAT—fiction EVAN HUNTER 179

A poignant story about marriage, an affair and the death of a cat.

ART BUCHWALD'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

TO SUPERB TENNIS—humor ART BUCHWALD 181

Learn the game from an old master.

MORNING GLORIES!—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 185

A little hair of the dog—plus coffee—can take you a long, long way.

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS 186

Announcing the year's prize-winning authors and their contributions.

LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire . . . HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 189

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 224

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 241

The latest poop on what's happening, where, how and with whom.



Rolls-Royce Affair

P. 115



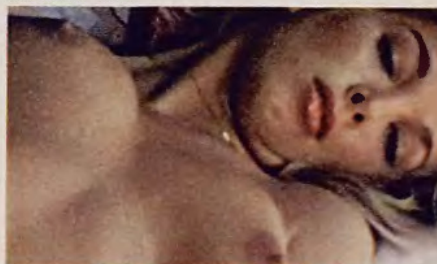
Beautiful Barbara

P. 85



Weapons Man

P. 130



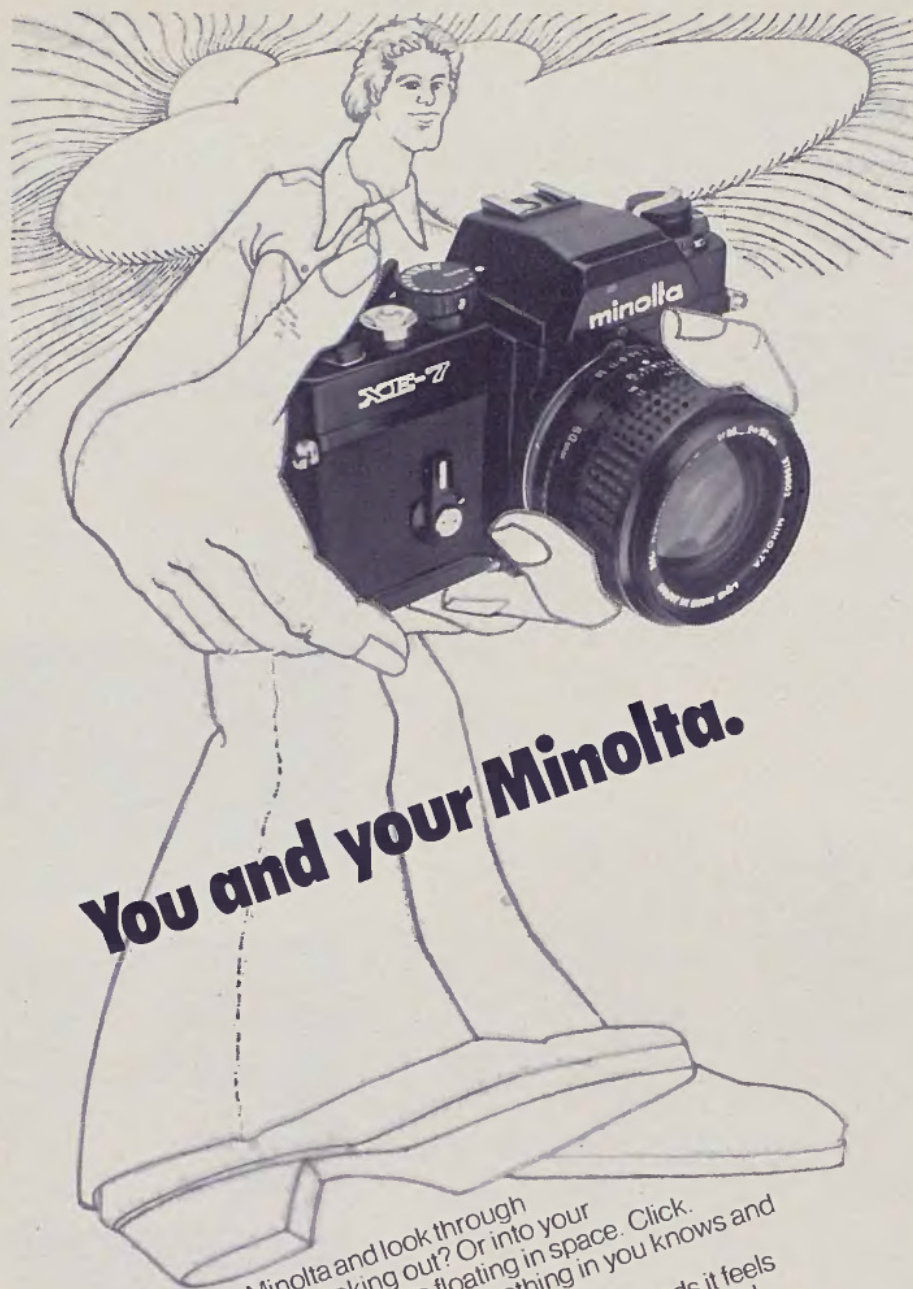
Kiger, Kiger

P. 116



Talking Room

P. 80



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n of Volkswagens tion of Americans.

Scirocco. It's the Volkswagen that people can't believe is a Volkswagen. It looks like an Italian sportscar because Italy's famous Giugiaro designed it. And it performs like a German sportscar because it has a powerful fuel-injected overhead cam engine, standard radial tires, and a unique suspension system for incredible handling. If ever there was any

question about Volkswagen's qualifications on the race track, let it be known that Scirocco just won the 1976 Trans Am Manufacturers Championship for cars under two liters.

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*Test conducted by Motor Trend



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ROONE'S PLATOONS

I thoroughly enjoyed your October interview with Roone Arledge, whom I have known since I hosted a network show for ABC in 1967. His success is well deserved. Incidentally, although my show (*Good Company*) was a ratings bust, it was fun—particularly one roving interview with Hef at the Chicago Mansion. Trouble was, it took us 16 hours to get 24 minutes of airable video tape. Seems the crew kept getting lost.

F. Lee Bailey
Marshfield, Massachusetts

As an avid sports fan, I appreciated your interview with Arledge. We Canadians had a choice of watching the Olympics on our state-owned television network, the CBC, or on ABC. I chose ABC. My thanks also to Arledge for his comments in regard to Prime Minister Trudeau's stand on the Taiwan issue. Right on, Roone!

James Lush
London, Ontario

Roone Arledge is probably the most brilliant, creative and innovative person in all of television.

Arvin Kaufman
Beverly Hills, California

ABC could not pay Arledge enough for what he has brought to American television.

Sp/4 Harry Hale
APO New York, New York

Arledge has largely determined the American concept of the Olympic Games. For both Munich and Montreal, it was evidently decided that certain sports would receive no coverage. Announcers often reiterated that there were things that couldn't be shown for lack of time. There was time, however, for many useless travelog bits on the night clubs, restaurants, boutiques and fashion shops of Montreal. Instead, ABC should have shown the gold-medal performances in every event.

Albert Manley
Portland, Oregon

Those pioneering days of ABC Television sports coverage were tremendously exciting. Arledge came onto the scene as a genuine, young Renaissance man,

determined to use every facet of the arts in bringing television sports alive. Our conversations in those days were laced with terms (common now but not then) such as immediacy, uptight, personalized, intimate, focused sound, point of view, freeze frame, replay, perspective, etc. Our determination was not merely to modify sports coverage but, indeed, to revolutionize it. Roone is undoubtedly the best line producer sports has known. Not only is he innovative, with a complete grasp of the medium and its potential, but he is willing to be responsible for and take the calculated risk to get the story of the event.

Robert Trachinger, Director
ABC-TV Broadcast Operations
Hollywood, California

Sports may be, as he put it, trivial, but Arledge clearly is not. Thank you for the all-too-brief glimpse of this fascinating man.

Richard L. Robinson
San Diego, California

Thanks to Sam Merrill, Roone Arledge comes in first again!

C. Frederick Gregory
Fall River, Massachusetts

Regarding Arledge's comments on Nadia Comaneci's perfect tens: Judging a gymnast or a diver—or a dog, for that matter—is a subjective thing. Each judge has a mental image of what, to him, is perfection. Once a contestant comes along who matches that image, he must in good conscience award a perfect score. If, later on, someone surpasses that performance, then the judge's concept of perfection must change and the standard thus becomes higher.

Robert E. True
Newark, California

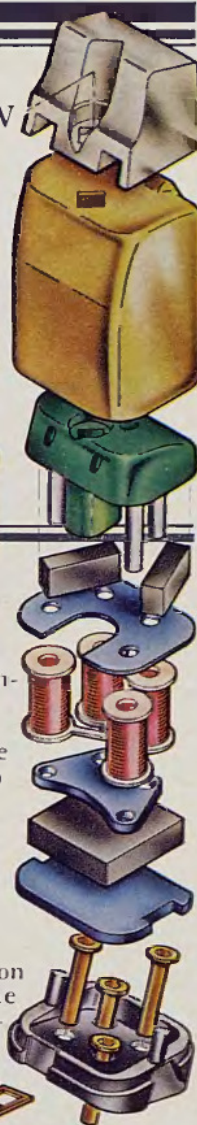
Sports wouldn't be what they are today without Roone Arledge.

Rudy Charpentier
Brownsburg, Quebec

REVIEW PANNED

The simple asshole who reviewed *Now Playing at Canterbury* (*Playboy After Hours*, October) should have penicillin injected into his brain with an 18-gauge needle or have his gonads kicked into

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his nasal passages—or both. Not only did he malign Vance Bourjaily, one of our better novelists, but he also made a tasteless crack about the Iowa Writers' Workshop. A list of former students and faculty should be given to him: for one thing, he would find included one of the contributors to a recent issue of *PLAYBOY*. A serious novelist deserves better than to be left to the devices of a cheap-shot reviewer who strains for cuteness without examining the novelist's intentions.

Donald Purviance
Iowa City, Iowa

HAILING HALEY

Alex Haley's *Roots: The Mixing of the Blood* (*PLAYBOY*, October) is a very moving and somewhat upsetting story. If more whites would read such articles, perhaps we would have less trouble understanding black anger and coping with it.

Layn Stewart
Arlington, Texas

I was quite impressed by *Roots*. I much prefer this type of straightforward, historical fiction to some of the rather meaningless gibberish you are prone to publish.

Mrs. Phyllis J. Albrecht
Sterling, Virginia

My prediction is that Alex Haley will get the National Book Award for *Roots*.

Sam Donaldson
Salinas, California

After reading your excerpt of *Roots*, I ran out and bought the book. It's destined to be a classic.

Peter Rush
Baltimore, Maryland

Haley's book will be acclaimed by the nation, both black and white.

Jackie C. Hawkins
Quincy, Illinois

In case you haven't already noticed, this month's "Playboy Interview" is with Alex Haley, who talks at length about the arduous research that went into "Roots."

STUDENT UNIONS

Thanks for *What's Really Happening on Campus* (*PLAYBOY*, October). As a student at Michigan Tech, hundreds of miles from any civilization, I really had to be convinced that there was sexual activity at college. You have to understand that this school specializes in training scientists and, unfortunately, all of the female students bear a striking resemblance to Albert Einstein. If you had included a bottom 25, I'm sure Michigan Tech would have topped the list.

Tom Lane
Houghton, Michigan

Having just graduated from Duke University, I feel justly proud that you rate Duke as the number-seven party school

in the nation. When my class entered Duke as freshmen in the fall of 1972, it certainly was not known as a party school. It was only as a result of much hard work and perseverance that the class of '76 was able to obtain such a lofty rating.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Hold your horses, there, fella. Our chart merely reports a cross section of schools in the country. Just because Duke appears as number seven does not mean Duke is the seventh-best party school in the nation. It means only that Duke is in about the top third of party schools in the nation.

SPORTS' NEWS

I thought you'd be interested to know that Laura Blears Ching of Hawaii will compete for her third consecutive year in the ABC Sports special *The Women Superstars*, in January.

Lord James Blears
Waianae, Hawaii

If Laura is in as fine form as she was when we featured her in our July 1975



pictorial "Super Surfer!" (from which the above photo is an outtake), she ought to take first place.

PORN-TRIAL VERDICTS

Richard Rhodes's "*Deep Throat*" Goes Down in Memphis (*PLAYBOY*, October) is the best article I have ever read on the issue. It was obviously well researched and contains a wealth of information on the subject. As a journalist working in a small city, I often see the issue of obscenity crop up. After reading Rhodes's article, I feel I can more clearly understand the other side of the coin.

Thomas Westbury
Beaufort, South Carolina

Rhodes's article on the Memphis trials has frightening implications for many people, in a general way, but particularly

for those in the movie industry and in the other arts. My wife and I are models for professional artists. Do the Memphis trials mean that we could be tried for conspiracy because those artists for whom we model decide to have a show in another state and some yokel there decides it's obscene? We're proud of the services we offer. How long will we be free to perform them?

John Lamont
Newtown, Connecticut

The *Deep Throat* trial seems to be digging up the dead body of censorship to once again excite the people into allowing a little step to be taken toward having their minds controlled by others. I am not at all surprised to read that Parrish would "rather see dope on the streets than pornography"—it is easier to control all the addicts in the world than a single thought. If Harry Reems should be made a martyr and go to prison, there would be such an outcry of rage at such craziness that the law against censorship would have to be redefined and the right to be the keeper of one's own mind would be returned to the people.

Candy Clark
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Candy Clark is an actress who co-starred with David Bowie in "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

The political hanging of Harry Reems is inexcusable. The Constitution was written to protect all the rights of all the people all the time, not at the pleasure of some doddering old judge in Memphis. This ruling affects me as a police officer more than most people, as I may have to try to enforce it someday in my job. I hope to hell that I never have to. I could not enforce it with a clear conscience.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

U. S. Attorney Larry Parrish may be a zealot, but the man did his duty, which is more than I can say for many others of his position in other parts of the country.

Seymour Colodny
Miami Beach, Florida

My congratulations to *PLAYBOY* for its sustained exposé of the truly sick members of our society. You fight with the best weapons possible: ideas. You fight with the best possible technique: exposure of the facts. You fight for my freedom and the freedom of everyone else who wants to run his own life. I sincerely thank you.

Dennis Riness
Seal Beach, California

Please, please don't allow Larry Parrish to take my *PLAYBOY* away from me!

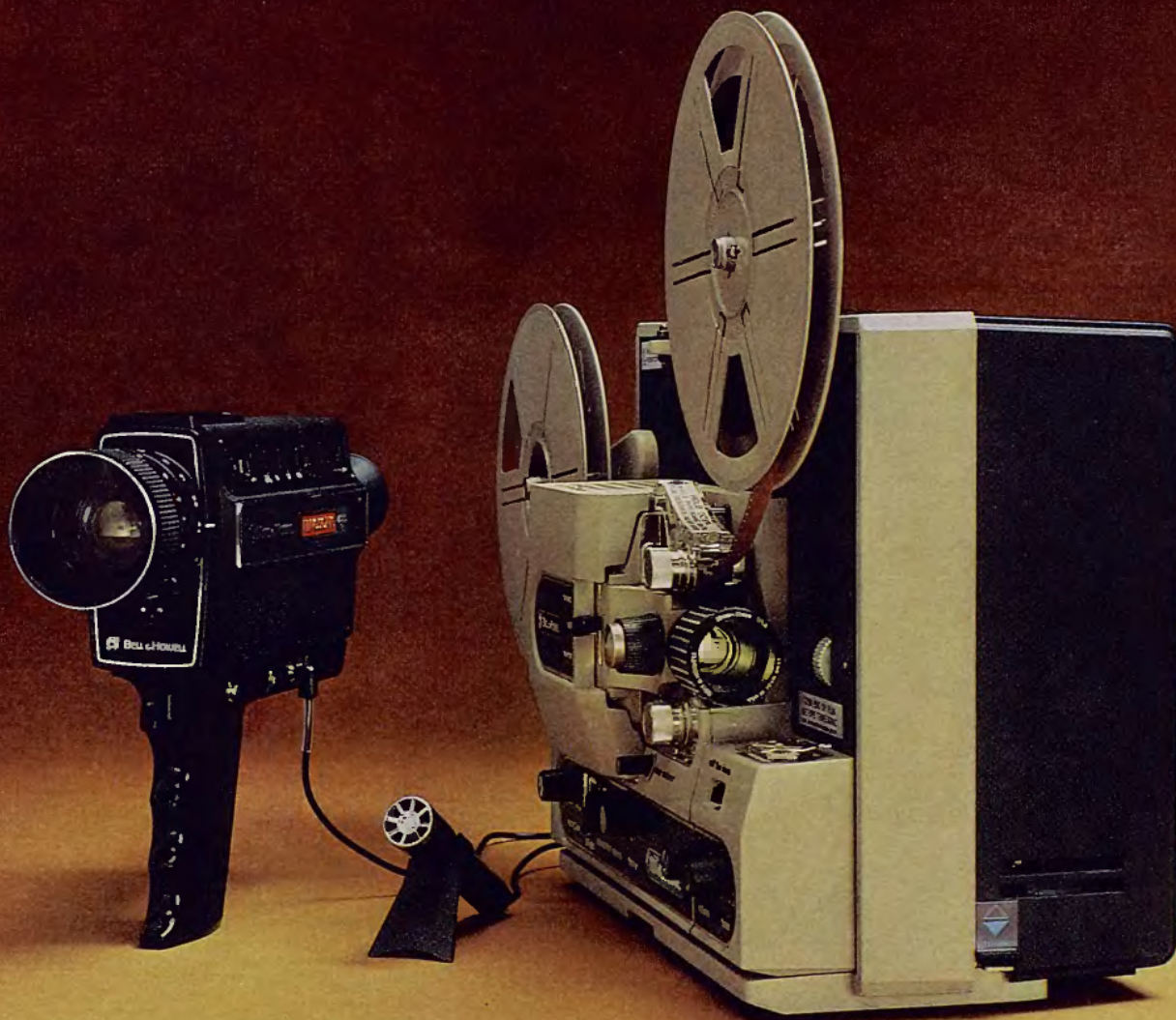
(Name withheld by request)
Madison Heights, Michigan

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Paul Tyler
Roanoke, Virginia

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deserves better than merely the face of a
bubble-gum card! Let's see her whole
game plan!

Dr. Sam Pesner
El Toro, California

Would you show a full-length picture
of Edna "Knockers" Knutsen for my hus-
band, who loves her boobs?

Mrs. Arlis Gomoll
Toledo, Ohio

All right, already. Here's Edna in



action. Notice how well she handles
her equipment.

NO CANDY RAPPERS

Gael Greene's *Blue Skies, No Candy*
(PLAYBOY, October) is the best piece of
erotic writing I've ever read anywhere.

Hal Peterson
Albany, New York

Not only is Gael Greene an extremely
sensuous person, she's also an extremely
gifted writer.

Lester Marx
Mountain View, California

I always thought PLAYBOY was above
publishing trash like that.

Cy Hanson
Ames, Iowa

Blue Skies, No Candy really turned
me on.

Ervin Rommel
Green Bay, Wisconsin

THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

Re "Kris & Barbra & Jon & Pandemoni-
um" in October's *Grapevine*: Apparently,
"asshole" is one of Barbra Streisand's

favorite appellations. I had a small speak-
ing part opposite her in the filming of *A
Star Is Born*. She and I were discussing the
character I played. I said I thought he was
a hypocrite. Barbra replied, "No, he's an
asshole." I must say she has a quality I
admire—she is utterly candid.

Hal Starr
Phoenix, Arizona

BUNNY TALE

Re *Bunnies of '76* (PLAYBOY, October):
Barbara Patterson and Jennifer Edl of
the Phoenix Playboy Club would make
exceptional Playmates.

(Name withheld by request)
Ogden, Utah

You'll be seeing more of Jennifer Edl
in an upcoming issue.

EDITORIAL SLANT

I would like to commend PLAYBOY for
its editorials on *The Nixon Legacy*. Part
IV (PLAYBOY, October) is of great interest
to me, because I, too, have fallen victim
to the ever-increasing, illegal, warrantless
searches and seizures. If the people don't
take action soon, our constitutional rights
will only be read of in the history books.

Randy West
Marietta, Georgia

CHOICE CUTS

Tom Passavant's *Who Says We Don't
Have a Real Choice?* (PLAYBOY, October)
is hysterically funny. Truth is, indeed,
stranger than fiction.

Lawrence Johnson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Are those people for real?

Bill Turner
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Yes.

ODDS-ON FAVORITE

The Mikolas Method (PLAYBOY, Octo-
ber), by Lawrence Linderman, makes a
lot of sense. My thanks to PLAYBOY for
sharing it with us.

Curt Winnow
St. Petersburg, Florida

Sounds like a crock to me.

Lefty Carruthers
Hackensack, New Jersey

GETTING TREKNICAL

In regard to your September *Grape-
vine* (Playboy, *On the Scene*), in which
you refer to *Star Trek* fans as "trekkies":
The hundreds of thousands of *Star Trek*
fans do not like being called trekkies.
The proper term is trekkers. The former
seems to imply an exclusively young mem-
bership, which is not the case. Moreover,
most trekkers are not groupies but serious
students of the *Star Trek* phenomenon.

Don Wigal, Editor
Star Trek Fan Clubs Magazine
New York, New York



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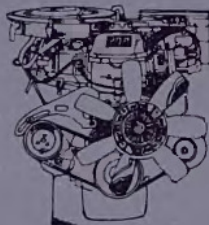
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THE HOT ONE.



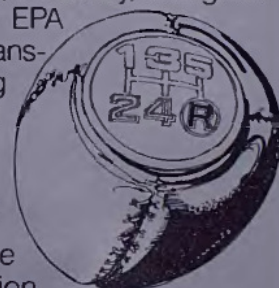
That's the 1977 Toyota Celica. Hot because Celica was chosen as Motor Trend's 1976 Import Car of the Year. Hot because there are three models, including the racy '77 GT Liftback. Hot because the Celicas are built with Toyota's famous toughness and durability. Their welded unitized-body construction eliminates body nuts and bolts to make them three of the most durable cars on the road.



Hot Performer. The '77 Celicas are powered by the revolutionary 20R engine—a 2.2 liter overhead cam design. Built from the ground up to give power, durability, and great gas mileage. For example: In 1977 EPA tests the Celica GT with 5-speed transmission got 37 mpg highway, 22 mpg

city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower.

Hot Items. A lot of hot features come standard on the 1977 Celicas. Like MacPherson strut front suspension, steel-belted radials, power front disc brakes, rally clock, reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, and much more. We're proud of the '77 Celicas. In fact, we're proud enough to say, if you can find a better built small car than Toyota...buy it.



YOU GOT IT.

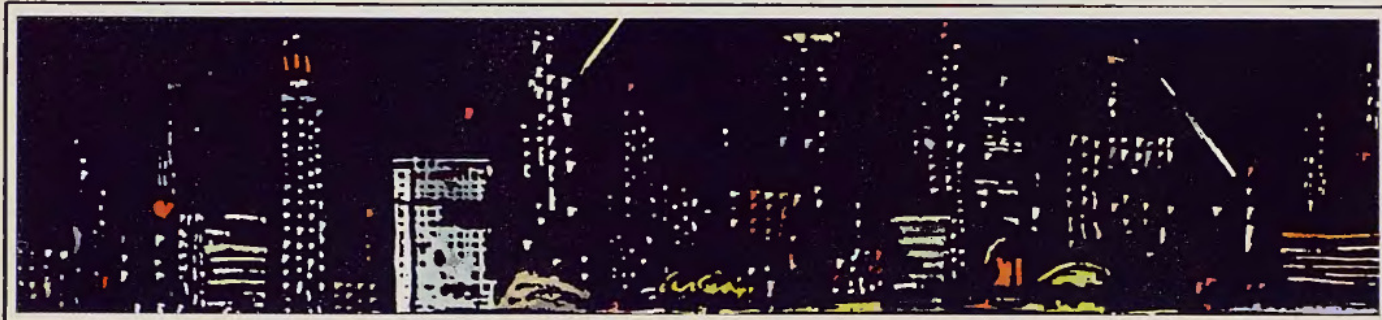
1977
Celica GT
Liftback



1977
Celica GT

THE TOYOTA CELICAS

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Well, it's better than getting no head at all: Over an article about the Hartford, Connecticut, Board of Education's naming a temporary school superintendent, *The New Haven Register* ran this headline: "MYSTIC ORAL SCHOOL GETS INTERIM HEAD."

When a Brighton, Michigan, garage owner purchased a replica of the famous *Little Boy of Brussels* fountain statue, depicting a little boy urinating, and put it on display on his property, the neighbors protested. Seems their children were giving public impersonations of the statue.

Good choice of words theré, fellows: Reporting on Johnson & Johnson's new compact tampon, the *San Francisco Chronicle* said, "What the o.b. tampon represents is still another attempt to knock the longtime leader, Tampax, out of the winner's box."

After his last three private secretaries quit as a result of being insulted by his jealous wife, West German businessman Dieter Schumann tried to solve the problem by hiring a man for the job. Now he's gone, too: *Frau Schumann* ran away with him.

No shit: Minnesota Congressman Tom Hagedorn was understandably miffed at the discovery that job-safety officials have spent \$466,700 to inform farmers that floors coated with manure tend to be slippery.

A group of sports from Los Angeles has started what appears to be the first gay ski club; its emblem shows a man with a pair of skis—dashing out of a closet.

Our nomination for Pulitzer Prize for investigative reportage

goes to the chap who got the scoop on a story with the headline "HAWAII SURROUNDED," appearing in the *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*. The story read, in full: "Hawaii is surrounded by the Pacific Ocean." No further details were given.

Apparently, some American colloquialisms are unfamiliar to Australians. The conservative Tasmanian *Mercury* printed this filler item: "It's a pleasure to come across a bumper sticker that seems to have nothing else in mind than to entertain. We spotted this one yesterday: DO A MOUSE A FAVOR—EAT A PUSSY."

Sorry, we gave at the office: Ohio's *Alliance Review* informs us that "members of some churches in England, Canada and the United States give one tenth of their come to their churches."

Sneaky Marketing Devices Department: The fastest-selling book on chess ever to be put on the market in the U. S. was peddled in a plain brown wrapper with a promotion band around it that read: "Newly Translated from the Original French: 27 Mating Positions."



This ad appeared in the *Pictou, Nova Scotia, Advocate*: "Lotht: Will the perthon who found the thet of falthe teethe pleathe call . . . clathified-ad department."

Opera singer Ruggero Raimondi, while reaching for a note in a production of *Don Giovanni* at London's Royal Opera House, fell through the stage floor. The hefty 6'2" bass was wedged in the break but continued undaunted while his fellow performers, still singing, tried to yank him free. "They were magnificent," said a London critic.

According to the public-relations director of the Chicago Public Library, books on pornography are listed under LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY, clinical and how-to sex books are cataloged under SCIENCE—MEDICAL and volumes on prostitution fall under the heading BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY. Just thought the scholars among you would like to know.

Alta Bates Hospital in Oakland, California, recently promoted a seminar on "Impotence: Physiological or Psychological?" Advised the publicity blurb: "The problem of impotency affects almost all males at some time in their lives. . . . Happily, in the majority of cases, the problem is transient and straightens itself out spontaneously."

According to *Keynoter*, the teenage Kiwanis' publication, there are still some rather weird laws on the books in several states, all affecting teenagers. For instance, in Massachusetts, they are prohibited from dueling with water pistols on Sunday. Spinning yo-yos on Sunday is forbidden in Memphis. In Winchester, Massachusetts, church is the only place where tightrope walking

is allowed. In Clinton, Indiana, it's illegal for a teenager to take a bath in winter. Los Angeles has a law prohibiting moth hunting under streetlights. Minneapolis teenagers are not allowed to tease skunks, it's against the law in Lexington, Kentucky, for a youngster to carry an ice-cream cone in his pocket and there's a fine for slurping soup in public in New Jersey.

California's *Half Moon Bay Review*, in an article about identification stickers for organ donors, stated that "a prospective donor must be 18 or older, and the sticker must state what 'type of anatomical girl' he wishes to make."

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles! The West German Federation of Underwear Manufacturers informs us that the average circumference of the West German female bosom has increased more than three fifths of an inch in the past five years and is now larger than 38 inches.

How about divorcees? Over an article containing tips on how to cut fuel bills, the Sunday Cape Cod *Times* ran this headline: "USE CUSTOM FIT WIDOWS TO CUT HEAT LOSS."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for his contribution to the ever-expanding field of religious absurdity: a Massachusetts Biblical scholar who claims that Detroit, Michigan, is the locale of the original Garden of Eden. According to his research, Detroit is the only place on earth that conforms in every respect to the Scriptural description of the home of Adam and Eve.

ORDER IN THE COURT

A Detroit couple was awarded \$275,000 in a suit against a local group of oral surgeons. The wife testified that following a 1968 dental operation, her lower lip and jaw were numb, so that her husband's kisses no longer excited her.

And an Ohio couple is suing a food company for nearly \$1,000,000, complaining that a mouse they found in a can of tomatoes has ruined their sex life. The husband says that before the mouse incident, his wife used to greet him at the door every night with kisses. Since then, he claims, she has become cold and unaffectionate.

In an article about a court decision to padlock two Tennessee massage parlors, the *Nashville Banner* stated: "The court said the operation of such establishments has been declared to be a public nuisance."

A former veterinarian has been found guilty of treating cancer victims with a magic wand and sand. A California court has ordered him to leave the state.

A 23-year-old Israeli woman, hauled before a Haifa court for doing 50 mph in a 30-mph zone, explained that she had forgotten to take her birth-control pill and wanted to get home before it was too late. The judge, who said it was the most original plea he had ever heard, fined her, anyway.

A former champion majorette, who alleged her baton-twirling career was ruined after she was knocked down at a race course and pecked at by a goose, was awarded \$12,000 in damages by a Michigan jury. The incident occurred when she attempted to feed one of two geese swimming in a clubhouse pool. It happened to be the peak of the goose mating season, at which time, as a wild-life expert testified, geese become unusually aggressive. The girl, who claimed to have suffered brain damage in the attack, said she was left with a fear of large, birdlike creatures.

After being fired from an Italian firm for allegedly having sexual



relations on the boss's desk with the company's chief designer, a secretary sued for slander the filing clerk who had reported her. The clerk testified that the secretary had had her head resting on the in-tray and her stockinged feet in the out-tray during the heated encounter with the designer. Other office girls substantiated this report, saying that the secretary was a flirt who "wore exciting miniskirts" and that "when she bent down, the men could see her pink panties." But the Milanese judge who heard the case ruled that the beautiful secre-

tary could not possibly have made love in the in-tray, out-tray fashion on her boss's narrow desk and fined the filing clerk for slander.

As an armed-robbery victim testified at a trial in Colorado Springs, Colorado, she was asked by the prosecutor if she could positively identify her assailant. Yes, the victim replied promptly, pointing not at the defendant but at a member of the jury.

Understatement of the Month Award goes to the Federal judge's ruling in a case in which a Hartford, Connecticut, man allegedly robbed a bank and then telephoned for a taxi to take him from the scene of the crime. The judge, who ordered that the man be put under psychiatric observation, said: "I think this man has problems."

Federal-court officials in Michigan were sure they had an X-rated bankruptcy case on their hands when a Dearborn man filed papers under the business names The Sunset Stripper and Jack the Stripper. As it turned out, the man strips furniture, not bodies—he's the owner of a local varnish-and-paint-removing business.

After hearing testimony in a trial involving two members of the Menominee Warriors Society in a courtroom full of Indians in ceremonial dress, criminal-court judge Louis P. Garippo was asked for a continuance. He reluctantly agreed, saying, "But you'll be the low man on the totem pole."

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BOOKS

In the olden days before television, when people weren't procreating, busting frontiers or watching stock markets crash, they were reading schlock. But their schlock, unlike ours, was high quality. For example, in 1920, H. L. Mencken started a magazine called *Black Mask*, which published the authors who would shape the modern detective story. *The Hard-Boiled Detective* (Random House), edited by Herbert Ruhm, is a collection of 14 of the best yarns published in *Black Mask* between 1920 and 1951, including stories by Dashiell Hammett (in one instance, using the pseudonym Peter Collinson), Raymond Chandler, Erle Stanley Gardner and Merle Conner. Our current TV versions of these guys look like a bunch of refugees from hairdressing universities in comparison with the real thing ("Adieu!" she said softly. And I put a bullet in the calf of her left leg.").

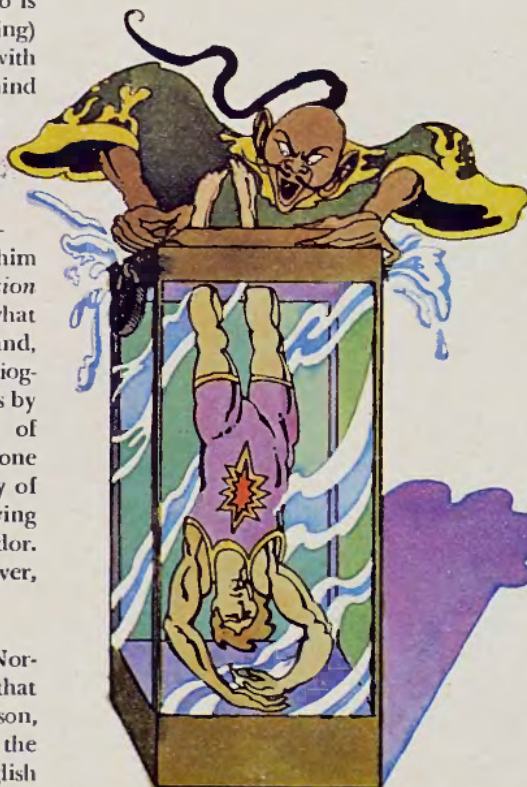
Harry Houdini, America's foremost escape artist, spent the latter part of his life attempting to weed out the frauds and charlatans among magicians, mediums and assorted psychics. Unfortunately, he is not alive today to weed out the frauds and charlatans in the biography-writing business. If he were, he'd probably get a bang out of *Houdini: His Life and Art* (Grosset & Dunlap), by The Amazing Randi and Bert Randolph Sugar. Randi (who is hardly amazing when it comes to writing) and Sugar have prologued their work with promises to uncover the mystery behind the Master Conjuror, to see what really made him tick, to separate myth from reality. "My experience in the conjuring field," writes Randi, "should equip me to perform this investigation." What it has actually equipped him for is the ability to conjure up the illusion of performing the investigation; for what follows is nothing more than a bland, somewhat breathless chronological biography by Sugar, with a few token words by Randi, mostly about the mechanics of handcuffs and strait jackets. The one saving grace of the book is its bounty of photographs—over 100 of them—showing Houdini in all his trussed-up splendor. The mystery behind the man, however, is still securely locked away.

In *The Adventures of Conan Doyle* (Norton), author Charles Highan suggests that the famous literary exchange "Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes" might well be the five most exciting words in the English language. (We'd assumed they were "Yes, we have no bananas.") An elementary deduction, indeed, since today, some 47 years after his death, Arthur Conan



The period shamus resuscitated.

"Before television, people were reading schlock. But theirs was high quality."



Houdini befogged.

Doyle's Sherlockian tales are still enormously popular, rivaling Dr. Spock and

the Bible in sales. Highan's biography (he previously wrote the best seller *Kate: The Life of Katharine Hepburn*) is a marvelously readable account of a curious man. Doyle created what is probably the world's most famous fictional character—and then proceeded to murder him.

(Only public outcry brought Holmes back from his plunge at Reichenbach Falls.) Doyle pioneered such enlightened causes as divorce reform, problack legislation in the Congo, submarine defense in World War One and bird conservation; yet he was deeply involved with psychic phenomena, being easily duped by a trick photo showing a band of fairies dancing round the head of a child. In his book, Highan brilliantly captures both facets of Doyle's personality—the shrewd, analytical Holmes coming to the aid of Scotland Yard and the bumbling Watson, preoccupied with things that go bump in the night.

"Some of us had been threatening our friend Colby for a long time, because of the way he had been behaving. And now he'd gone too far, so we decided to hang him." So begins one of the 20 new stories by Donald Barthelme in *Amateurs* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). And, by God, they hang him from a big tree by making him stand atop a ten-foot-wide inflated ball until he rolls off. "Nobody has ever gone too far again," the narrator concludes.

Barthelme at his best crossbreeds Hieronymus Bosch, Lenny Bruce and existentialism into little parables that expose with surgical precision the tiniest nerve endings. "I wondered if I was enjoying myself enough. . . . So I went out on the streets then and shot 6000 dogs. . . . This left us with a dog population of 165,000."

On love: "I would never pour lye in your eyes, you say."

"Where do you draw the line? I ask. Top Job?"

A domestic situation: "You should not have left the baby on the lawn. In a hailstorm. When we brought him inside, he was covered with dime-size blue bruises."

Whatever strange damage was done to us by the Sixties, Barthelme takes impressions of those demolished landscapes, holds them up and turns them in the light, dips them in an acid bath and brings them up sparkling. *Amateurs* is breath-taking.

Television criticism seems, usually, to be written by actual college graduates. They've read their Shakespeare and they no longer think Pirandello is a town in Idaho. Most often, they show us how

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bright they are by explaining the subtle ways in which *Let's Make a Deal* is inferior to Goethe's *Faust*, say, or by announcing, with smug gloom, the final curtain of Western civilization as evidenced by the arrival of tiny calypso bands floating about in toilet bowls. Michael J. Arlen's latest collection of essays, *The View from Highway 1* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), shows this affliction in spots—as when he analyzes those admittedly awful “Ring around the collar!” commercials as erotic folk tales—but, altogether, it is the sanest and best-written television criticism we've seen lately.

The title highway isn't along California's splendid coast but, rather, in Vietnam. On the day Arlen describes, refugees are fleeing one way, tanks and artillery rolling the other; and at the roadside, mike to mouth and his back to it all, a television news correspondent is trying to explain it to a camera. It's an image of a recurring concern in these essays: the nature and failures of news reporting on television, especially regarding the recent unpleasantness in Vietnam, where, as Arlen clearly demonstrates, television blew it badly by serving it up to us so chopped and scattered and so lacking in critical overview that even after a decade, most of us who stayed here still didn't really get it.

Even though Arlen tries hard to take television seriously, he does so with wit and he frequently manages to be very funny about it—describing, for instance, Superman, Batman and the other cartoon heroes of a kid's show called *Super Friends* as “a kind of body-stocking, Nietzschean street gang.” True, it appears he has been to college. And his essential seriousness makes him miss some of the atavistic fun of sitting around, soaking up the absolute worst of it . . . the low-rent sexual jolts of *I Dream of Jeannie* reruns . . . the dubbed screams of terrified Japanese as they are devoured by a rampaging, radioactive, monster salamander made of papier-mâché . . . the thrilling agony of pearls made of denture material being baked in blueberries. . . .

John Gardner has just come out with a big, new book called *October Light* (Knopf). Like his other big, new books of previous years—*King's Indian*, *Nickel Mountain*, *The Sunlight Dialogues*—it will no doubt be a best seller. Also, like those other books, it is an impenetrable and daring achievement in extending the frontiers of boredom, for one is left at the end of some 600 pages of family saga with the burning sensation that he has been taken for a very long, circuitous and pointless ride. Gardner has also added a new dimension to inaccessibility: The novel is illustrated.

HOLIDAY BOOK BAG



Books are still among the best of all holiday gifts. As usual, we have a number of sublime-to-ridiculous suggestions for your consideration:

First we have to pat our own back for just a second. We've published excerpts from some pretty special books lately, and all would make fine presents. *Roots* (Doubleday), by Alex Haley, is the most talked-about book of the year. (For Haley's own talk about it, see this month's *Playboy Interview*.) It is the story (something Haley calls *faction*, the combination of fact and fiction) of his search for his roots all the way back to Africa, and it is a stunning achievement. PLAYBOY was also responsible this past year for first glances at Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s new novel, *Slapstick or Lonesome No More!* (Delacorte), and at Nicholas Meyer's continuing saga of Sherlock Holmes, *The West End Horror* (Dutton).

Some unusual photography books have come out recently. *The People of Kau* (Harper & Row), Leni Riefenstahl's latest tribute to the Sudanese people, is a perfect companion to her 1975 book of photos of the Nuba, a different branch of the same tribe. Then there is *Real Life* (Pantheon), by Michael Lesy, a look at Louisville in the flapper era. As in his earlier *Wisconsin Death Trip*, Lesy has gone to the newspapers, to the courts, to the insane asylums for the information that accompanies the photographs. Are you ready for *The Things I Love* (Grosset & Dunlap), by Liberace, edited by Tony Palmer? It will provide fans with a close-up of the style in which Liberace lives, surrounded by clothes, cars, furniture—*tsatskes* of every shape and size, lovingly described, and photographed in both color and black and white.

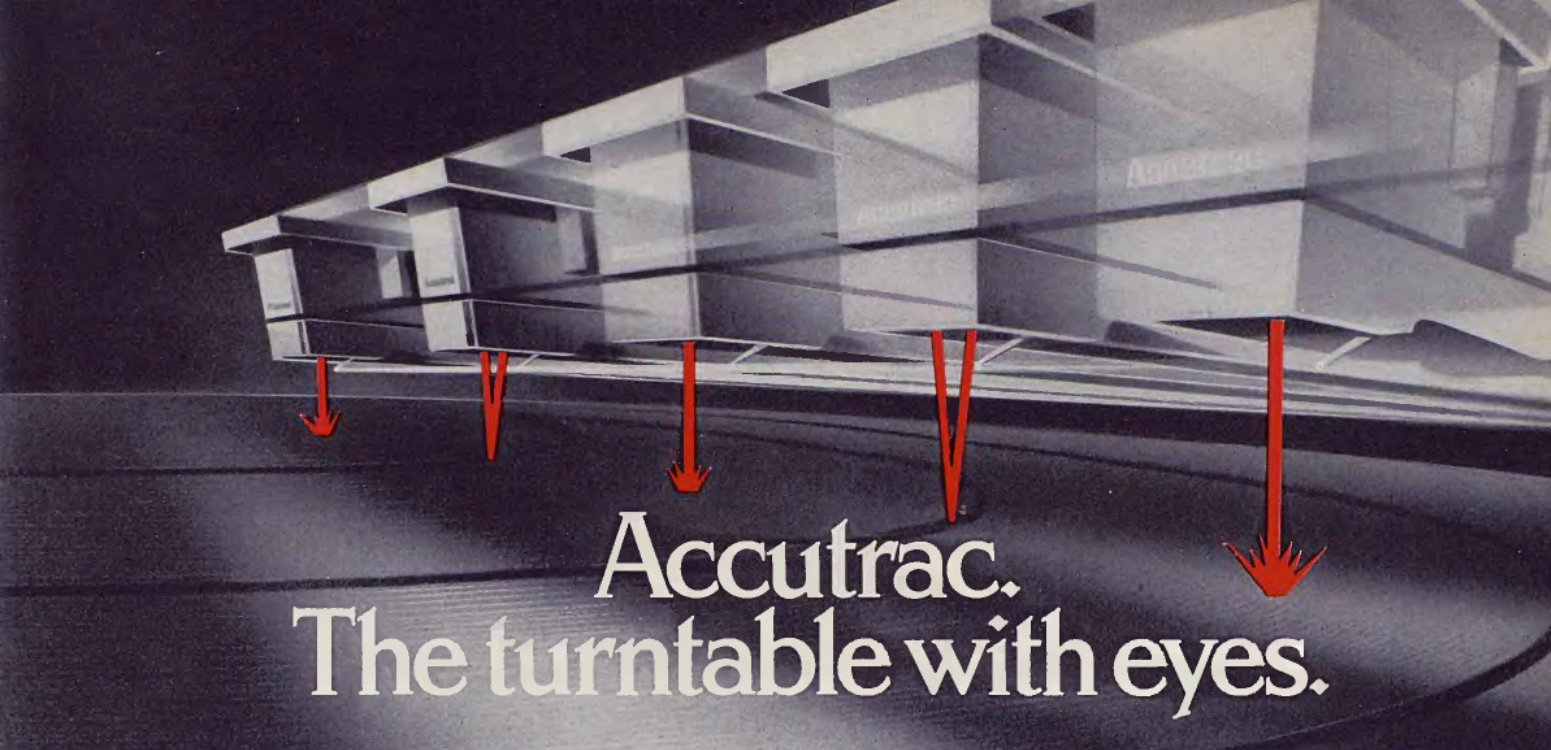
We also recommend *Clowns: A Pictorial History* (Hawthorn), by John Towsen, a lively account of funnymen from their

earliest appearance to the present, richly illustrated with photographs, rare period prints, posters and paintings; and our favorite coffee-table book this Christmas: *On with the Show: The First Century of Show Business in America* (Oxford University Press), by Robert C. Toll, a terrific account in words and pictures of P. T. Barnum, burlesque, Flo Ziegfeld, minstrel shows, tap dancing and transvestites, for starters.

For the kitchen, we suggest a pair of cookbooks. One, from Grosset & Dunlap, is *The New French Cooking: Minceur Cuisine Extraordinaire*, by Armand Audicino. *Minceur* is that methodology that's captivated the gourmet world because it achieves the magic of fine French cooking with a minimum of calories and cholesterol. Sounds like a perfect combination to us. So does *Dining with Sherlock Holmes* (Bobbs-Merrill), a collection of updated Victorian recipes from Frederic H. Sonnenschildt, head of the Culinary Institute, with text on Holmes by Julia C. Rosenblatt.

Under our beloved “much, much more” category, we offer these offbeat ideas: *The World of Medieval and Renaissance Musical Instruments* (Overlook Press), by Jeremy Montagu, a documented survey spanning eight centuries—with lots of photos, many in color; *The World Encyclopedia of Comics* (Chelsea House), edited by Maurice Horn, 800 pages from contributors around the world, with cross-referenced entries, 700 black-and-white illustrations and 64 pages of color reproductions of some of the major strips, a must for the serious fan; everything you ever wanted to know about mysteries but were afraid to ask: *The Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* (McGraw-Hill), by Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler, has it all—the characters, the writers, the TV shows, movies, books, magazines; Tinseltown at its best: *Hollywood Costume* (Abrams), subtitled “Glamour! Glitter! Romance!,” by Dale McConathy with Diana Vreeland. Wait till you see the color photos—they're incredible; and also from Abrams, *Great Auto Races*, as told and painted by Peter Helck—a very special gift for any racing aficionado. Even though *The Peoples Almanac* (Doubleday) has been out for a while, the joint father-son effort by Irving Wallace and David Wallechinsky is an unusual book, good for hours of browsing.

Finally, just for fun: Knopf is bringing out the *Songs of Bob Dylan from 1966 Through 1975* spiral-bound and boxed, and Lucian Truscott IV's *The Complete Van Book* (with photos by Terry Arthur), from Harmony, capitalizes on the hot consumer item of the year. Happy holidays and good reading.



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MUSIC

It isn't easy for a performer to convince an audience that's sitting on its preconceived notions that he's got much more going for him than the stereotype projected by the media. The audience usually wants its prejudices reinforced and when the object of its affection strays into unfamiliar territory, it becomes uncomfortable. Which is a somewhat circuitous way of introducing Archie Shepp's *Montreux One* (Arista). Tenor man Shepp has long been a leading explorer of jazz's avant-garde tributary. And that may have made a lot of people put him in an antmelody, antiballad, anti-easy-on-the-ears bag. If so, it's a bum rap, as this LP recorded at the 1975 jazz festival can attest. Shepp stretches out with extraordinary lyricism not only on Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life* but even on the three other tracks—those much closer to an avant-gardist's heart. The attack is so natural, so organic, the listener is completely at ease. Shepp is aided no little by trombonist Charles Majid Greenlee, pianist Dave Burrell, bassist Cameron Brown and drummer Beaver Harris.



Shepp waxes lyric.

"A lot of people put Shepp in an antmelody, anti-easy-on-the-ears bag. It's a bum rap."

Here's how it happened: We were hanging around the record store, trying to spend money, when the proprietress slapped this on the turntable: *American Flyer* (United Artists). Never heard of it. Craig Fuller, Eric Kaz, Steve Katz, Doug Yule. Never heard of them. Oh, yes, wasn't Eric Kaz the one who wrote a song called *Love Has No Pride* that Linda Ronstadt sings? And then out comes this sound, this cross between Eagles and early Dead, so crisp you can't put a scratch on it with a diamond stylus and—what do you know?—it's produced by old George Martin (that's where that blue-sky recording clarity comes from). It is, of course, an instant purchase. And then all these other Saturday-afternoon shoppers, walking in a checkbook daze, begin asking, "Hey, what's that playing?" and coming over to look at the cover. The American What? In about ten minutes, this lady sells maybe a dozen copies of *American Flyer*. Because as soon as you hear it, you know you must have it.

Ry Cooder is a genuine eccentric. He first gained attention as a guitar-and-mandolin session man—notably, with the Rolling Stones. Over the past several years, he has recorded a series of quirky, highly personal albums that reflect his apparent acquaintance with every idiom in American popular music.

On his latest, *Chicken Skin Music* (Reprise), he dips into Cajun, Tex-Mex, Appalachian white, rock 'n' roll, West

Coast black Gospel and Hawaiian to create some startling hybrids. On one side of the record, he does Leadbelly's *Bourgeois Blues* with Cajun accordion. On the other side, Flaco Jimenez and his band provide a Norteno (Tex-Mex by another name) backing for the same composer's *Good Night, Irene*. Flaco and the boys are also on hand to put the old country weeper *He'll Have to Go* to a bolero beat; Cooder, backed by Bobby King, sings it with a *latino* intensity that makes Freddy Fender sound Swedish.

Cooder's peculiar gift is an empathy with these genres that allows him to yoke the most heterogeneous ideas together without doing violence to any of them. He makes these unlikely combinations work.

Two of the cuts on *Chicken Skin Music* were recorded in Hawaii with a pair of supreme native musicians—Atta Isaacs, who plays slack-key guitar, and Gabby Pahinui, who plays steel guitar. One of the cuts—*Yellow Roses*—is the pure, sweet Hawaiian itself, perhaps a little sugary for mainland ears. But, after all, it is a tropical paradise. What do you expect from them, anguish? The song is not helped, we must add, by a vocal that sounds like a bunch of the boys harmonizing on bar stools late in a long evening.

The most interesting combination on the album is *Always Lift Him Up*. The song was written by Blind Alfred Reed, a white fiddler from West Virginia. Cooder sings it with vocal backing in a

black Gospel style and then inserts an instrumental break consisting of an old Hawaiian hymn called *Kanaka Wai Wai* played on slack-key guitar. Why didn't anybody think of that before?

Parliament and Funkadelic (actually, the same group recording under different names) make up the weirdest blockbuster yet in the progressive soul sweepstakes. Parliament followed 1975's near-gold *Chocolate City* with last summer's platinum *Mothership Connection*. Now it's Funkadelic's turn with its latest, *Tales of Kidd Funkadelic* (Westbound). Two groups, so what's the difference? "Parliament is more vocal, more disco with horns and a bit more conservative," explains leader/songwriter/producer George Clinton, who sings in a cool, Sly Stone drawl. "Funkadelic is more guitars—no horns, more free-form feelings and more harsh and wild. Sometimes there's a crisscross, but generally, Funkadelic gets more pussy than Parliament."

Surprisingly, considering its looser structure and less conscious attempt to be commercial, Funkadelic's latest is actually the best effort from Clinton's madhouse. The songs are better—with nice melodic hooks—and the variety creates an interest and a balance. *I'm Never Gonna Tell It* excels with all the drama of a spaghetti-Western ballad (ranking right up there with *Chocolate City* as the best song this aggregation, under whatever name, has ever recorded). The title track approaches Pink Floyd with soothing, synthesizer-induced sounds.

Capping the effort is Funkadelic's usual outrageous "I'd love-to-play-in-your-tidy-bowl" humor, which recalls Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts in its sexual emphasis. For instance, from *Take Your Dead Ass Home!*: "There once was a man from Peru/Who went to sleep in his canoe/He was dreaming of Venus/He took out his penis/And woke up with a handful of goo." It's no wonder that Clinton refers to the band's groupies as "Disgusting! They have on slippery grease, tar on their hair, dye dripping onto their clothes—disgusting!"

Bob Dylan has done a few weird things in his time, so it's not as if we should be surprised when he dresses himself and his entire Rolling Thunder Revue up like Arab terrorists, records a live album and calls it *Hard Rain* (Columbia). Besides, there is a bit of the commando in his style on this record. For example, his third recorded version of *Lay Lady Lay* appears here. The original was a love ballad. The second (on the Bangla Desh concert album) was country rock. This

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one is what you might call guerrilla rock: Lay, lady, lay across my big brass bed, you capitalist pig bitch, or else I will pistol-whip you until you do. At least that's the way it comes across.

The variety of vocal styles Dylan achieves on this one record is rather amazing. He does a duplicate of the studio version of *Oh, Sister*, smooth as silk. He does vintage Dylan Rock-ola on a new and better version of *Memphis Blues Again*. When he sings *Maggie's Farm*, his voice sounds like someone pulling a piano wire through a tin can with a pair of pliers. But, folks, when it comes right down to it, if you like weird, you'll love *Hard Rain*.

Most really successful rock groups develop a sound that is more or less immediately recognizable. The Rolling Stones have managed it; Chicago—among others—has not. It is a great commercial advantage for a band to have its own sound: People who liked your last one may pick up on the new one if it reminds them just a bit of former joys.

This grand statement of general principles is inspired by a record called *Men from Earth* (A & M), by the Ozark Mountain Daredevils. They are a good group, strong singers and inventive instrumentalists. Three of the five members wrote all the songs on the album and some of them are quite good.

John Dillon's *Fly Away Home* joins visionary lyrics to a bluegrass backing to produce a sound like Buck Owens singing about Krishna. Steve Cash's *Arroyo* has a nice raunchy feel and *The Red Plum* is a strong ballad in the Pentangle manner.

The individual pieces are interesting, but the over-all effect is like listening to an anthology. The Daredevils submerge themselves so thoroughly in the material that, far from having the aforementioned recognizable sound, they almost disappear. Of course, that may be more their problem than ours. We can still get off on the pieces.

SHORT CUTS

Anthony Braxton / Creative Orchestra Music 1976 (Arista): An avant-garde master gets a big band to play with and the sounds are hallucinatory.

Walter Jackson / Feelin' Good (Chisound): A great balladeer makes a great comeback on a new label. And don't look now, but Chicago's back on the musical map.

Charles Earland / The Great Pyramid (Mercury): What a wonderful name for a monster jazz/rock keyboardist—and, believe us, he lives up to it.

L.T.D. / Love to the World (A & M): Straight-ahead disco soul with a vocal blend that's right out of church.

Blue Magic / Mystic Dragons (Atlantic): A velvet vocal group from Philly delivers sweet ballads mixed with rock novelties (would you believe *Freak-N-Stein?*).

HOLIDAY RECORD RACK



One of the best things about the holiday season is that it affords an opportunity to demonstrate to one and all (including yourself) that you are generous and tasteful. And there are all kinds of recordings available to let you show off both of those qualities. RCA, for instance, is offering a couple of irresistible packages of that splendid sound machine, the *Philadelphia Orchestra*. First and foremost is a five-LP collection of its 1941–1942 recordings under the baton of the maestro, *Arturo Toscanini*; included are Schubert's *Ninth Symphony* and Tchaikovsky's *Sixth*. The latter is also available in combination with the *Fourth* and the *Fifth* in a three-LP set of the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by the estimable *Eugene Ormandy*. Then there's the sumptuous Angel recording of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the London Philharmonic, the New Philharmonia Chorus and such soloists as Heather Harper and Janet Baker under the direction of Carlo Maria Giulini, who gives that cult figure Georg Solti a run for his money whenever he takes over the Chicago Symphony.

As usual, Caedmon has the spoken-word market all to itself. If you don't have a cassette rig, its *Complete Library of Shakespeare's Comedies*, on 41 cassettes, with accompanying slipcased texts, should be reason enough to rush out and get one. The casts are awesome, but there is one cautionary note: The whole shebang goes for \$324.25. Now, *that's* a Christmas present.

Jazz aficionados, they who have kept the faith through the years, can be richly rewarded this yule: there has been a tremendous outpouring of first-rank reissues. Fantasy Records, which has both the Prestige and Riverside masters under its distributing umbrella, has put forth a batch of twin-LP packages from both labels. For example, there's Prestige's *Miles Davis / Green Haze*, made up of a couple of 1955 pressings; *Mal Waldron / One and Two*, albums cut in 1956 and 1957 that showcase the creativity of a rather neglected pianist; *Phil Woods / Altogether*, again recorded in 1956 and 1957 and again dramatic reminder of a talent that

was underrated for many years. The old Riverside masters, reissued on the Milestone label, include: *Thelonious*

Monk / In Person, re-

cordings made in New York in 1959 and in San

Francisco in 1960, the first

with a sizable band behind

him, the second in the context of

a quintet; *Bill Evans / Spring Leaves*,

recordings made in 1959 and

1961 of the superb pianist in company with drummer Paul Motian

and bassist Scott La Faro. Evans

can also be heard on a couple of Verve

reissues: the four sides of *Bill Evans / Trio*

(Motian, Peacock), *Duo* (Hall) and two sides of

Stan Getz / The Chick Corea / Bill Evans Sessions.

All of Evans' work is worth listening to; these albums done in the Sixties contain

some of his finest efforts. Incidentally, for

more of Monk, we highly recommend *The Complete Genius*, one of the most note-

worthy offerings in the Blue Note reissue

series. It's early (Forties–Fifties) stuff.

If the beneficiary of your holiday shopping

could use some sweet soul music, you

could do worse than Al Green's just-

released *Greatest Hits* (Hi); that's about as

sweet and as soulful as it comes. For get-

down boogies—and historical value, too—

there's no topping the two volumes of

James Brown's *Soul Classics* (Polydor).

Then there's the new one by Earth, Wind

& Fire, *Spirit* (Columbia)—though its pre-

vious release, *Gratitude*, a double LP, re-

mains a spectacular gift. And, of course,

you can't go wrong with Stevie Wonder's

new double LP (with extra EP disc in-

cluded, making it sort of a two-and-a-

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LP, and it is levels better than Zep's studio

work. And if there's anyone left who

doesn't own a copy, *Frampton Comes Alive*

(A&M) is a strong, often lyrical double-

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EXOTICA

Most of the world's men and women have reached the conclusion that limits to population growth are not only desirable but imperative. There still are places, though, where people—influenced by religion, local mores or just odd psychological quirks—feel impelled to procreate. Robert Thomson, visiting Afghanistan on a Fulbright scholarship, sends word on some—well—far-out practices there:

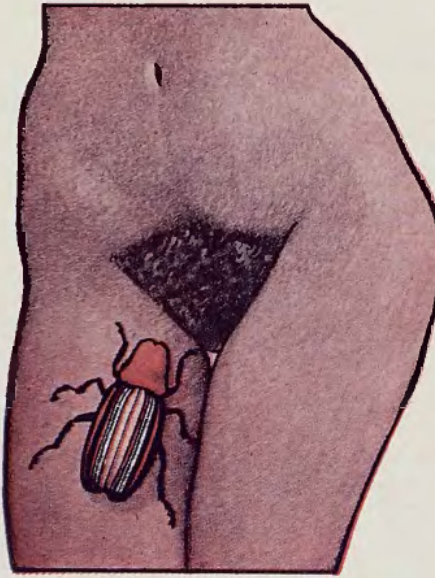
In Afghanistan among the tribal and village peoples, nearly everybody feels that a large family not only provides security in one's twilight years but is actually a religious obligation, following Mohammed's directive to multiply. Contraception is seldom practiced, and though condoms are sold everywhere in the bazaars, they are usually used as balloons and hawked in the inflated state. What the Afghan woman seeks is not birth control but aids to fertility.

Traditionally, such information comes from the *dai*, who roughly corresponds to a midwife in the West. *Dais* employ hundreds of methods to assist conception, none of which is likely to be found on the shelves at your local Walgreens. Many practices involve insertion of substances or objects into the vagina. One is a "sex-specific beetle," a rare insect that one breaks into two pieces. If the head is inserted into the vagina, it is believed a pregnancy will occur that will result in the birth of a boy; if the rear end is inserted, a daughter will be born.

More than 50 methods use some sort of animal derivative. They include wearing for 48 hours the skin of a freshly slaughtered sheep; grinding beehives and smoking the resultant powder in a water pipe; eating cobwebs gathered from over a cooking fire; boiling and consuming a worm; grinding and eating pearls; making snuff from animal bones, popping this into the mouth and following it with a chaser of gruel of flour, sugar, clarified butter and water; and obtaining a newly hatched black sparrow and swallowing it, raw and whole. The *tafti-i-pekhal-i-kaftar* technique calls for a woman to gather pigeon excrement and place it on coals of a glowing fire, over which she squats; or she punctures the spleen of a cat and eats it; finally, she may bind warm dung from a yellow cow to her lower back.

In Afghanistan, incidentally, the days immediately before, during and after a woman's menstrual period are considered the most fertile; this is the opposite of the schedule figured out by Western science.

The most popular fertility boosters are plant preparations. Pregnancy is said to be helped by grinding 41 almonds into small pieces and frying them in oil. This is then mixed with boiling water and rock



"'Sex-specific beetle' is a rare insect that one breaks into two pieces. If the head is inserted into the vagina, it is believed a pregnancy will occur that will result in the birth of a boy."

candy and the mixture is consumed. A somewhat less used formula is to prepare green tea, add cardamom, ginger, walnuts and pistachios and drink it, very hot. One *dai* speaks highly of making walnut butter, adding flour and sugar and eating it only on the second day of menstruation. Boiling the flowers of the walnut tree and using the liquid to make noodles is said to be good for making babies—only if taken before breakfast.

Not all the walnut preparations are for internal consumption. *Painjal-i-kaftar*, a concoction of garlic, walnuts and pigeon claws, is mashed into a jelly and smeared across the belly of the would-be mother.

Somehow, U.S. narcs have missed a potential propaganda item: Both hashish and opium are standard Afghan fertility drugs. Hashish is simply boiled and consumed every morning until pregnancy occurs; the opium preparation involves forming turmeric, opium, river foam, copper sulphate and two kinds of alum into tablets that are inserted into the vagina with a chunk of sheep's-tail fat.

The most popular of all fertility drugs is *gurba khorak*, a type of catnip, which can be made into tea or snuff or added to noodles and other foods.

Occasionally, a woman discovers a new method on her own. Consider the report, for example, of a member of a tribe of hill people known as the mulberry eaters. One day she was sitting under a mulberry tree, just thinking of how she could get pregnant. A mulberry happened to fall and hit her on the nose. She immediately took the berry, tore a small piece of cloth from her skirt to wrap it in and inserted the ball into her vagina. Nine months later, she was the proud mother of a happy boy.

Such physical methods as *noff-gerifan*, or "taking of the navel," however, are seldom resorted to on a do-it-yourself basis. The *dai* is called in to rearrange the layer of skin just beneath the surface of the abdomen, which is believed to have slipped out of place. Massaging the patient's stomach with clarified butter or some other lubricant, the *dai* asks the woman to tell her where the throbbing is. Once this sensation is located, the *dai* moves the throbbing back into place. This commonly used method is thought to align the reproductive organs.

On the rare occasions when the Afghan woman doesn't want to get pregnant, the local pharmacopoeia prescribes contraceptives. Most popular is consumption of seven ming beans, eaten either during the menstrual period or right after childbirth. Both the seeds and the flowers of the acacia tree are also eaten for contraception; and it is a fact that acacia is one of the ingredients in Western contraceptive jellies. The Afghan woman, after giving birth to a child, eats one bloom for each year she wants to remain free from children.

Abortion, as one might imagine, is seldom practiced in Afghanistan. Nonetheless, some women do resort to *Degcha* (clay pot), which seems to be a throwback to the crude techniques of early Western abortionists. The *dai* first greases the pregnant woman's abdomen with butter; over this she spreads a flat piece of raw bread dough, which serves as an adhesive. A clay pot in which a small fire has been lit is placed, upside down, on the dough. As the oxygen is burned, the dough contracts the woman's abdominal region. This abrupt force is said to cause the abortion.

Less than one percent of Afghanistan's *dais* will admit to knowing anything about abortion; an astonishing 90 percent of their known techniques are aimed at conception, not contraception, and some experts believe that the population of Afghanistan may double in the next 20 years, so they must be doing something right.

MOVIES

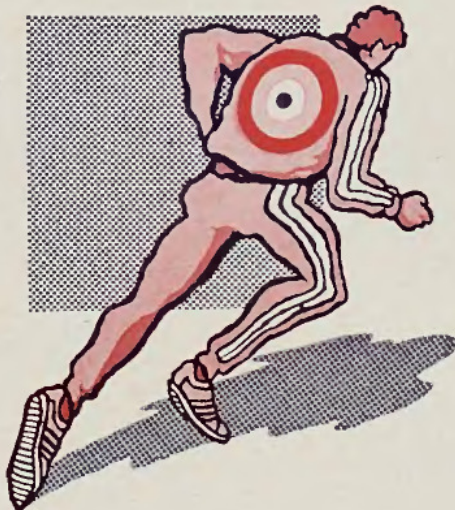
Sylvester Stallone, with just three movies behind him at the age of 30 (his first was *The Lords of Flatbush*), must be the first actor in film history to achieve stardom by writing a dynamite role for himself, then playing it with such effortless power and poignancy that you can jot down his name right now as an Oscar nominee in at least two categories. Actor-writer Stallone's hot contender is *Rocky*, a small miracle of a movie about a not-very-bright palooka who fights for maybe \$40 in prize money on a lucky night and supplements his stunted boxing career by working as strong-arm man for a loan shark in the slums of south Philadelphia. His only real friends, whom he addresses like street-corner thugs, are a pair of pet turtles named Cuff and Link. Through a fluke—dreamed up more or less as a publicity stunt to fill a local booking commitment—this lonely born loser gets a chance to fight the heavyweight champion of the world. Rocky takes the challenge seriously, largely because he's too dumb and innocent to realize he is being used. The movie's climax is a bloody, bruisingly suspenseful fight scene that ranks with the classics of its kind; yet *Rocky* is not really a film about prize fighting any more than *Marty* was a film about being a butcher in the Bronx. Human striving is the theme, expressed in one man's struggle to salvage, however briefly, a scrap of dignity and self-esteem from his unrewarding life. *Rocky* pulls an audience into total identification with its underdog hero and director John G. (Joe, *Save the Tiger*) Avildsen has hit on exactly the right chemistry throughout, carefully balancing the toughness and poetry of a story that is full of opportunities to become conventionally or cheaply heart-warming. Talia Shire, as the painfully shy neighborhood spinster who begins to like herself because Rocky loves her, Burt Young, as her covetous brother, and Burgess Meredith, as Rocky's trainer, portray stock characters with disarmingly total credibility. *Rocky* is not just Stallone's bid for the big time, it's Avildsen's best movie and one of the year's ten best by any standard.

A fast browse through William Goldman's best-selling novel *Marathon Man* might be helpful as homework in preparation for the high excitement and sheer momentum of John Schlesinger's film version. Onscreen, *Marathon Man* sprints away and soon breaks into a pace so breath-taking that a moviegoer who missed the book *could* begin to feel that he's also missed a few key pieces of the jigsaw plot. But who goes to a movie thriller for lessons in impeccable logic? A lapse here and there won't inhibit enjoyment of the splendid job done by



Rocky: hot contender.

"*Rocky* is one of the year's ten best by any standard."



Marathon: a run for your money.

Schlesinger and Goldman (who adapted the novel himself, as faithfully as possible). Even counting his *Midnight Cowboy* and *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, Schlesinger has never made a movie with more steady rhythm and solid impact as entertainment. His photographer, editor and composer (Conrad Hall, Jim Clark and Michael Small, respectively) rate a nod for the kind of seamless collaboration that's all the better for not drawing attention to itself. Yet *Marathon Man*'s

chief attention-getter, bar none, is Laurence Olivier—probably the greatest actor in the world, proving it once again with his insidious, sly and mesmerizing performance as an unregenerate Nazi war criminal whose favorite brand of torture has always been deep-drill dentistry without benefit of anesthetic. In case that doesn't raise you right out of your chair, the movie has quite a few other nasty little surprises, most of them masterminded by Lord Olivier. As the nominal hero and victim of that god-awful drill, Dustin Hoffman hypes up his usual innocent boyish intensity to match Olivier's malice and manages to make us believe (well, almost) that a conscientious Columbia grad student-jock, with sufficient provocation, might be goaded into behaving as if he had a license to kill. Roy Scheider, as Hoffman's brother the secret agent, plus William Devane and Marthe Keller, as a couple of deeply involved accomplices loyal to God knows whom, are a big help—while they last—at fleshing out the book attractively. Once this crowd grabs you by the shirt front, there's no letting go. Take a Valium first.

Laurence Olivier, bless him, reappears briefly in *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* as Professor Moriarty—the timid scholar whom a dope-crazed Sherlock Holmes maligns as “the Napoleon of crime.” To cure Holmes (Nicol Williamson) of his drug habit and his hallucinations, Dr. Watson (Robert Duvall) lures him to a rendezvous in Vienna with Dr. Sigmund Freud (Alan Arkin). Once there, Holmes and Freud join forces to rescue a famous redheaded mezzo-soprano (Vanessa Redgrave) who's been kidnaped and is likely to be shanghaied off to the harem of a mysterious pasha by a couple of shady characters (Joel Grey and Jeremy Kemp). That's the working formula of author Nicholas Meyer's adaptation of his own smooth spoof of those proper Victorian mystery melodramas first created in book form by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Under the direction of Herbert Ross, a careful craftsman who caught *Funny Lady* and *The Sunshine Boys* on film, *Seven-Per-Cent Solution* is a literate, subtle and delicious comedy that defies comparison with your standard thrills-and-spills movie—though it does boast an exhilarating chase scene atop a speeding train, where Holmes and Freud leap to milady's rescue like a couple of armchair adventurers with delusions of being Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Shrink. Meyer, Ross and their accomplished cast throw away many bookish gags, along with sly bits and pieces of parody, as if well aware that they may be approaching a dangerous level of wit and

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found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

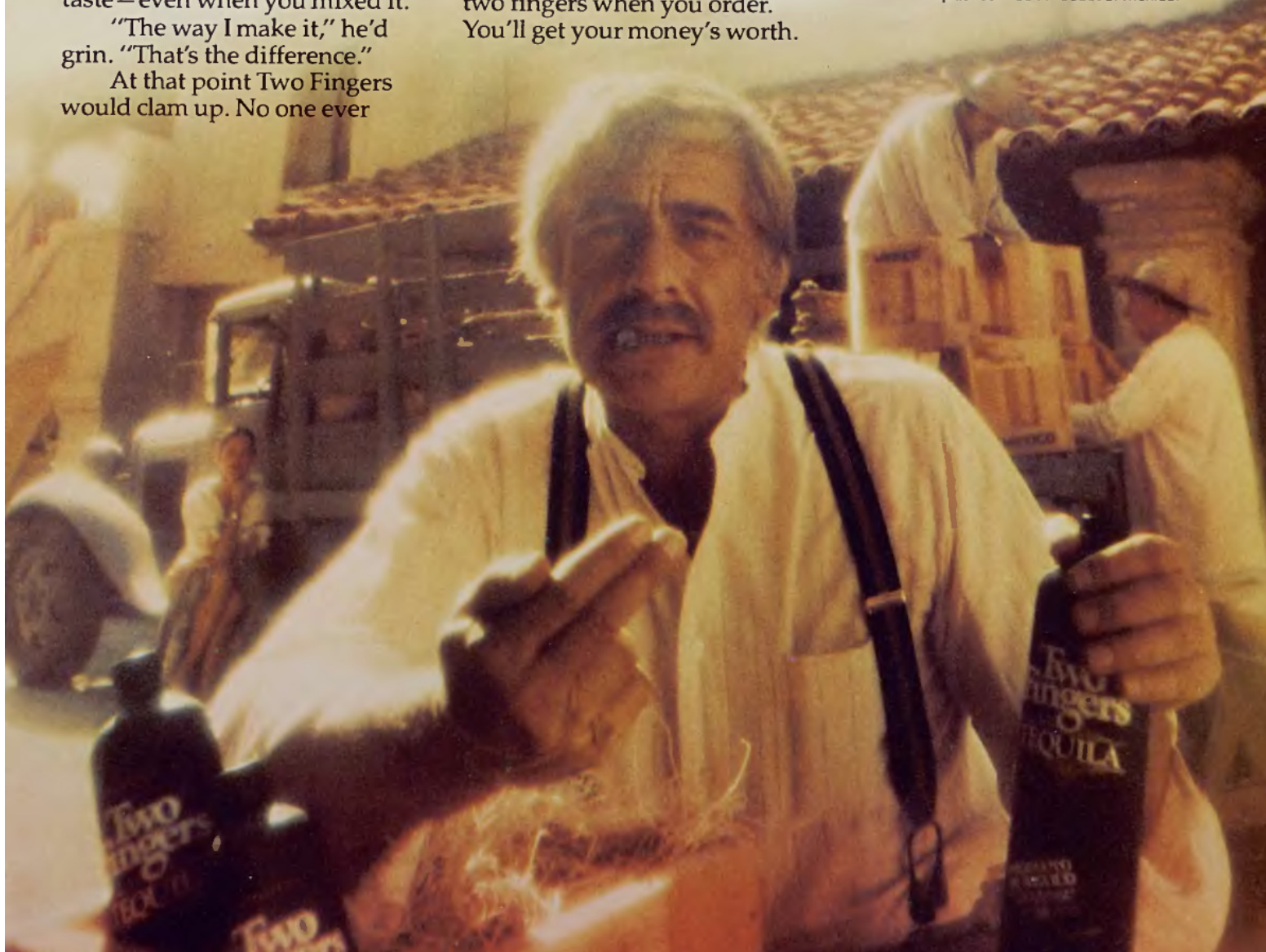
Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

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literacy for movie buffs accustomed to monosyllabic action epics. All the actors are in fine fettle. Williamson, a coruscating stage star whose movie roles often dim his spark, is lustier than any previous Sherlock (about time, too), with gorgeous Vanessa making the beast in him begin to stir, while Duvall is a surprisingly correct Watson. Our own favorite (after Olivier) is Arkin, who plays Freud semistraight with a very fine comic edge, and never, never falls into the trap of seeing himself as the founding father of a million and one psychiatrist jokes.

The nicest thing to say about *A Matter of Time* is that Liza Minnelli's career will probably suffer no permanent damage



Time stumbles on.

from it. The movie was misdirected by Poppa Vincente Minnelli—ages ago, he came up with *Meet Me in St. Louis* and a string of landmark musicals—but dad and daughter would be wise to write this off as a disjointed skeleton in their illustrious family closet. Made in Italy and clumsily adapted (by John Gay) from a novel that director Minnelli supposedly cherished for years, *A Matter of Time* might have worked a decade or two ago as a flimsy but stylish showpiece for Sophia Loren in her prime. Liza struggles against insurmountable odds to approximate the kind of spontaneous Neapolitan exuberance that came to Sophia as naturally as deep breathing. Gay's joyless screenplay offers Liza as a peasant girl who moves to Rome, finds a job as chambermaid in a shabby-genteel hotel and soon becomes the confidante of a senile *contessa* (Ingrid Bergman). Recognizing a born enchantress on sight, the *contessa* shares her memoirs and romantic fantasies with the maid—and before you know it, the gawky kid is a dazzling adventuress and world-famous film star to boot, breaking noblemen's hearts with every shrug. Bergman

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manages to get through her role without looking openly embarrassed, though she, like Liza, has every reason to be; Charles Boyer, as her estranged husband the count, runs less risk, because he's on the screen for only five minutes or so. *Time* passes, but agonizingly, with a couple of irrelevant songs from Liza, plus countless postcard views that somehow manage to make Rome itself look uninviting.

Although it is much too creamy and romantic a picture to be taken seriously as social drama, *Keetje Tippel* leaves little doubt that blonde Monique van de Ven, in the title role, lives up to the ballyhoo touting her as "the Dutch Marilyn Monroe." Monique—sweet, sexy, MM with a dash of early Dietrich and unquestionably talented—makes a racy star vehicle of this biographical Cinderella story based on the memoirs of Neel Doff, a late-19th Century adventuress whose writings were nominated for a Nobel Prize back in the Twenties. Keetje's rise from abject poverty in wicked old Amsterdam leads her, step by step, from the workhouse to a millinery shop, where the boss rapes her, then on—and on—to a colorful career as a streetwalker, artist's model, kept woman and revolutionary who winds up married to a wealthy admirer. But any summary of *Keetje's* soap-opera plot does an injustice to the movie's forthright appeal as a colorful, richly textured rags-to-riches saga that also presents a vivid portrait of life in Amsterdam a century ago. For a girl of Keetje's impoverished class, the options are few. Her ugly elder sister is a whore, her kid brother cruises the streets for perverted gentlemen and Keetje herself, when she contracts tuberculosis, has to submit to the doctor in order to be cured. Paced by Monique, the brilliant cast of *Keetje Tippel* enjoys such fringe benefits as superb photography and meticulous period decor. Dutch producer Rob Houwer and director Paul Verhoeven also made the bold, X-rated *Turkish Delight*, which starred Monique opposite Rutger Hauer, *Keetje's* handsome leading man, and won a 1973 Oscar nomination for Best Foreign Film. *Keetje* has by comparison only a fillip of flesh; it's more of a glossing over of history in the lush old-Hollywood style of *Jezebel* and *Gone with the Wind*.

In French director François Truffaut's *Small Change*, a teacher has to tell his students about a particularly ugly case of child abuse. "Of all mankind's inequities," he begins, "injustice to young children is the most despicable . . . kids rate a better deal." Having chosen a topic in the tradition of his memorable *The 400 Blows*, Truffaut warms up and woos an audience with a series of delightful vignettes about children and parents, about birth, love, sex, learning, give and take, cruelty. *Small Change* concludes with another thought for the day: "Life may

be hard, but it's also wonderful." Very few directors are Truffaut's equal at framing so obvious a message in cinematic images that manage to seem affectionate, intimate and universal all at the same time. Typical is an episode at the movies, where a quartet of youngsters keep swapping seats because one embarrassed pre-pubescent lad in the foursome isn't quite ready to grope the girl behind him.

Another treatment of children—close in spirit to Truffaut's and one of the pleasant surprises seen at New York's Festival of Women's Films—is *Number One*, a technically primitive but charming 42-minute short written and directed by actress Dyan Cannon. Dyan, who claims she had to scour Southern California for kids whose parents were nudists or nature lovers in order to cast her movie, takes a fresh and funny view of childhood as experienced by four elementary school students—two boys, two girls—who rendezvous in the boys' room when they're supposed to be in class and impulsively decide to shed their clothes for a lesson in simple anatomy. Their innocence is corrupted only when they're caught and exposed to the misinterpretations of adults, particularly Allen Garfield as a dourly comic authoritarian: "If you wanted to know what it looks like, you could've asked me . . . I'm your principal." Cannon's film-making debut shows promise as well as pluck, and she gets her kid actors to act with the forthright precocity of youngsters who might pass up *The Muppets* in favor of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*.

His roots in television go way back—remember *Marty*, the first teleplay to achieve major success as a feature movie?—but he's not inclined to look kindly upon the medium. Now 54, author *Paddy Chayefsky* is stocky, bearded, gray-ing and amiable—"a fat Trotskyite elf," he says. He insists he doesn't hate TV, though his most recent movie, the highly controversial *Network* (PLAYBOY, December), has precious little good to say of the industry. Neither does Chayefsky in person, when he gets down to it.

"Television today scares the shit out of me," he told PLAYBOY recently. "It creates the realities of our time, and it's going crazy." Corruption in television is exposed in *Network*, in a manner calculated to offend any number of people, by a lunatic anchor man who harangues his viewers as semiliterates who've been dehumanized as part of a vast take-over of practically everything on behalf of Arab oilmen. "I always have a madman in my scripts," Chayefsky says, "to represent what's actually happening. *Network* may be attacked for overstating its case, yet it's not that far from the truth. It's all true about the Arabs' holdings in the U. S. . . . the lawyers went over it very carefully,

believe me, because it's libelous if people see the movie and don't want to stay at the Atlanta Hilton. Since we finished *Network*, the Arabs have bought a big chunk of A.T.&T.; they also own 20 percent of Krupp, 14 percent of Mercedes.

"I feel *Network* is my best work, where I set out to do what I failed to do in *The Hospital*—write a thriller, a love story, a satire, a black comedy, all in one."

Chayefsky's evolution from TV to theater to films looks irreversible. His fifth and apparently final play, *The Latent Heterosexual*, has been produced elsewhere but may never be seen on Broadway, because the author declines all offers.

"Broadway is a chickenshit operation dominated by second-rate hysteria," he charges. "There's no audience now except for revivals of old musicals. Today movies are where you can do your most significant work, reach the most people. A picture like *Easy Rider* can change the whole face of life from Biloxi to Boston and Djibouti.

"As for television, forget it. Even its hired critics are supposed to be actors and entertainers. That NBC guy, Gene Shalit, kicked the shit out of *The Front* for the sake of a joke. He's not paid to be a critic, he's paid to be a joker. It's all madness. People are instant now. I've sat

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through movies myself and thought: This picture needs more commercials. Thanks to TV, we have all developed a ten-minute concentration span."

FILM CLIPS

America at the Movies: Life in these United States, in excerpts from 83 movies old and new (compiled by the American Film Institute), looks like *That's Entertainment* with a lot less music. Best of the lot (*On the Waterfront*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, et al.) actually illuminated the stated theme; many others merely suggest grist to feed the nostalgia craze.

The Marquise of O: French director Eric Rohmer, finished with *Claire's Knee* and his series of Moral Tales, fashions a marvelously stylish and corseted comedy of manners from a classic story (circa 1808) by German author Heinrich von Kleist. The fine German-speaking cast stars Edith Clever as a widowed young noblewoman—who becomes mysteriously pregnant following a brief invasion by Russian troops, yet steadfastly vows that no man has touched her.

Deadly Hero: Fun City's terrors are played for cheap kicks in a grim but effective little thriller about a rogue cop (Don Murray) who pointlessly murders a burglar (James Earl Jones) and later decides to kill the burglar's intended victim (Diahn Williams) because she has had him drummed out of New York's Finest for brutality.

Black Emanuelle: The first in a series of Italian-made copies of the soft-core French sizzler struck box-office gold abroad, with Eurasian beauty Laura Gemser as the dusky Emanuelle, who's supposed to be an American photographer on assignment in Nairobi. Nothing much develops.

Touch of Zen: Over three hours long, writer-producer-director King Hu's definitive kung-fu epic has about 20 minutes' worth of brilliantly choreographed fight sequences that make the martial arts look like a cross between classic ballet and the comic strips. All the rest is an excruciating form of Chinese torture based on legendary tangled tales.

Norman . . . Is That You?: Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, as the battling parents of a homosexual son (Michael Warren) who's being dragged out of his closet by a friend, have to work very hard to wring some nominally black humor from the film version of a Broadway play that wasn't awfully funny in the first place.

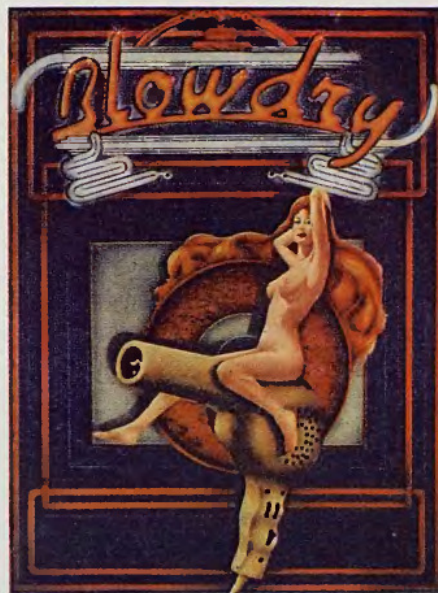
Car Wash: Richard Pryor, The Pointer Sisters and George Carlin lead a mostly black, relatively unknown cast through a lively working day at the Dee-Luxe Car Wash in L.A. Abetted by writer Joel Schumacher, director Michael Schultz has it all together in a wild and funky pop comedy that combines rock rhythm with ribald humor for some good "clean" fun you'd be foolish to resist.

X-RATED

Blowdry, a hard-core comedy that works up a lather by ripping off *Shampoo*, goes from job to job with a hairdresser named Warren Peece (played by a baby-faced stud whose *nom de film* is Pepe). Warren solicits most of his trade, natch, in a beauty salon known as The Head Shop. Sad to say, after that catchy title, the movie has shot its load satirically, and a fairly funny idea soon dwindles into the standard brand of suck-and-fuck footage. *Shampoo* itself was a highly sophisticated sex film of sorts and cannot be spoofed merely by substituting cum shots and maximum penetration for wit, style and relevance. *Blowdry* has some heavy sexual athletics and shows a bit of natural curl here and there—a couple making it atop a Xerox machine or Warren balling the Oriental bank officer who wants to see his assets—but it's a flaccid imitation in general. The actors are only passably attractive, the acting ranges from adequate to awful and the gags don't make it.

A beautiful young Westchester matron spends her free afternoons bed-hopping in Manhattan until one spurned lover hires a team of private detectives (porno's ubiquitous Jamie Gillis and Terri Hall, as the dick and his Jane) to bug her new beau's hotel room with video tape. Thus, *The Double Exposure of Holly* employs blackmail, greed and murder to thicken the plot between sexual couplings. *Holly's* only aesthetically redeeming feature is the presence in the title role of a smashing blonde billed as Catherine Earnshaw, who was Carey Lacy when she first appeared on the porn circuit in *Expose Me*, *Lovely* and Catherine Burgess in *Through the Looking Glass*, perhaps the most stylish American hard-core flick of the past year, as well as the one most likely to help her make a name for herself—and stick to it.

To get *Sweet Cakes* off the ground and into the sack, bountiful Jennifer (*Honey*



Shampoo it's not.

"Sad to say, after that catchy title, *Blowdry* has shot its load satirically."

Pie) Welles plays a girl reporter interviewing a top nude photographer (Ras Kean) about some of his livelier adventures in the skin trade. The shutter-bug's overexposed tales of flesh and fantasy are just what you might expect, with the possible exception of a lesbian sequence featuring Brooke and Taylor Young, a pair of attractive—and emphatically incestuous—identical twins whose sister act is unprecedented in porno, as far as we know.

How do porno performers amuse themselves when they're not working? "I'm gonna get myself laid . . . what else is there?" says superstud Paul Scar- it, co-starred with Linda Wong in *Easy*

Alice. This behind-the-scenes glimpse of the sex-movie crowd in San Francisco was made by Tom Hofmann, a former assistant to porn pioneer Alex De Renzy. Ostensibly a day in the life of a male fuck-film star and his resentful old lady, *Alice* suggests that Hofmann feels honest cynicism as well as considerable ambivalence toward the subject at hand. While he sets up a daisy chain of sexual connections to keep the customers happy with their quota of hard-core, he also reveals that making such movies is apt to be a cold, mechanical and manipulative business—full of losers whose lack of inhibition passes for sexual freedom.

A moderately bright idea dwindles away in *Little Orphan Sammy*, starring blond, curly-topped Rocky Millstone as a vaguely androgynous foundling who gets a lot of fondling. Jennifer Welles returns, playing a vamp named Hata Mari, who spirits Sammy out of an orphanage and holds him for ransom in order to obtain Daddy Sawbucks' zillion-dollar formula for turning garbage into oil. Unfortunately, *Sammy* shows very little savvy; it seems just possible that the film makers, amid all the confusion, have lucked onto a formula for turning garbage into porn.



The CIA wants to help you.

Uncle Sam's cloak-and-dagger squad has agents all over Western Europe doing their level best to keep you safe from the Commies. And you don't appreciate it. Maybe that's because you don't know what they're really doing over there. Well, Philip Agee, an ex-CIA agent himself, knows. And tells. In ***The CIA in Europe*** in the January issue of OUI. Meanwhile, back home, the male of the species is starting to get the liberation-itch. Dominating women constantly can get a little tedious, so they feel it's time to redefine masculinity. What's the new definition going to be? Find out in ***Men's Lib***, by Herbert Gold, this month in OUI. Then join in OUI's chat with Federico Fellini, dream merchant of the silver screen. Fellini's latest flick is ***Casanova***, with Donald Sutherland playing history's fabled sex maniac. Fellini seldom does biography, unless it's Fellini's. So why Casanova's? Let the master tell you himself in OUI. And there's more. Like clothes you can dance in. Or dance to. Your pleasure. Plus girls, voodoo, the worst from the Pentagon and ***The Best of Sex in America***. And it's all in January OUI. At your newsstand.

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SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

AGAINST COEDUCATION

By Dotson Rader

AFTER 100 YEARS of American experimentation with coeducation, it is clear that it is a failure. In most central cities, primary and secondary coeducational schools are an unqualified disaster. Nationally, more boys than girls are academic failures. The reason is coeducation itself—because of its institutional refusal to admit the natural inequality of boys and girls. Coeducation is a costly mistake that ought to be abolished. It doesn't work.

The reason it doesn't work is that it denies the sexual character of children. Therefore, it is inherently incapable of effectively taking into account the profound differences between boys and girls. Education is not sexless. Even a brief examination of the "Digest of Educational Statistics," published by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, speaks to the astonishing differences in academic achievement between boys and girls. And yet official coeducational policy adamantly refuses to acknowledge that boys and girls are not the same animal, and because of that, all our children are harmed—boys most of all.

To begin with, boys in general are less intelligent than girls. Their average I.Q. is lower than girls'. While boys account for the great majority of children of genius, they also represent the majority of the mentally deficient.

Girls are superior to boys in the "M factor"—the capacity to memorize by rote—and since most American education is tediously based on memorywork, girls obviously have an advantage.

Girls are more verbally gifted than boys. They begin to speak earlier, they use longer and more complex sentences and they have larger vocabularies. A greater proportion of all children in clinics for functional speech disorders are boys. In all national tests, girls average higher scores in verbal skills, as they do in I.Q. and general academic aptitude. Boys have greater physical difficulty in learning to speak. They stutter four times as often as girls. They also suffer more visual disorders—which may have much to do with their greater failure at reading. And yet we demand that boys

and girls learn to read at the same time and at the same rate. The girls, physically, have the edge.

With grim consistency, boys fail more often in handwriting tests, their writing being more awkward and less precise. Nevertheless, boys and girls are taught writing at the same time and are graded by the same standards, disregarding the fact that boys fail at writing because their hands are not equal to it. The boy's small hand muscles develop 16 months later than the girl's; his wrist-movement control develops later, too. His hands tire quicker.

More remarkably, boys are frailer than girls, being sick more often and dying earlier. The male's greater vulnerability remains throughout life. Studies indicate that up to the age of 45, men have 13

more energy in proportion to their size. They have a higher metabolic rate than girls, which makes them more active, more unruly, less disciplined, more impatient, less capable of bearing depression. Boys find it harder to sit still and be quiet. Their respiration rate, lung capacity and large muscle strength are greater. Girls sleep more than boys do and they have a greater proven tolerance for boredom and idleness, something necessary for success in American schools, which are surely the most boring and time-wasting on God's earth.

Boys are at a disadvantage even with their teachers. According to national surveys, girls perceive themselves as being more valued by teachers and parents than do boys; teachers also give girls grades that average a substantial percentage



times as many heart attacks as do women. Heart disease is related to an organism's ability to stand stress. Boys have consistently less tolerance for stress, but, despite that fact, it is on boys that we place the most pressure to compete, to master and to command.

Boys are naturally more aggressive than girls. They eat more and produce

higher than those they award to boys for equal work, and they yell at, nag, discipline, punish, suspend and expel boys with greater frequency.

Feminists may argue that the differences in the capacity to sit still, to be obedient, to compete equally are due solely to cultural factors, attitudes and sexual role identification picked up

outside the classroom; but they are not. They are due to things such as respiration and metabolic rates. Even in the womb, before there is any possibility of cultural conditioning, boys are more active, their movements more vigorous and intense. Boys are made of different stuff. They learn to crawl and stand and walk about a month earlier than girls do: they like to break things, to take them apart and see how they work. Their play is louder and more energetic. However, we demand that boys, like girls, spend a large percentage of their school-time sitting in uncomfortable seats, listening silently to a teacher—usually, in the lower grades, a woman. It is a hell of a lot harder for boys to do than it is for girls. Everything that comes naturally to boys—interest in objects, the mechanics of things, noisiness, horseplay, moving about, gang formation, aggressiveness, provocation of authority—is subject in the coeducational school either to indifference or to punishment.

The only area in which young boys are superior to girls is that of visual orientation—the ability to conceive objects in new patterns, something necessary for mechanical skills and geometry. The employment of these skills plays a very small role in the coeducational-school curriculum.

It seems clear to me that coeducation has to be abandoned and single-sex education established in its place. If one examines any of the indices of social failure—drug addiction, alcoholism, sexual dysfunction, successful suicide, mental disorder, violent crime—he knows that young males make up the overwhelming majority in each category. They are the single group least capable of coping successfully in life. There is no social structure but the school that has the potential to reverse the alarming failure of boys.

If schools are to help them, they must become a place for boys, where they are not uncomfortable and placed at a continuous physical and intellectual disadvantage. What single-sex education in the primary and secondary schools can do, and coeducation cannot, is to take into account the needs and capabilities of boys as boys, the uniqueness of their physical and intellectual development, the specialness of their interests and tastes. As long as American education remains coeducational, it isn't possible to end the waste and defeat suffered by boys.

Dotson Rader is a contributing editor for Esquire. His novel "The Dream's on Me: A Love Story" is going to be filmed.

THE RIGHT TO ARMS

By Edward Abbey

MEANING WEAPONS. A sword and a lance or a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Or, in our time, a rifle and a handgun and a cache of ammunition. Firearms.

In medieval England, a peasant caught with a sword in his possession would be strung up on a gibbet and left there for the crows. Swords were for *gentlemen*. For obvious reasons, only members of the ruling class were entitled to own and bear weapons. When the peasants attempted to rebel, as they did from time to time in England and Germany and other European countries, they had to fight with sickles, hoes, clubs; no match for the sword-wielding armored cavalry of the *nobility*.

In Nazi Germany, the possession of firearms by a private citizen of the Third Reich was considered a crime against the state; the statutory penalty was death—by hanging, or even beheading. In the Soviet Union, the manufacture, distribution and ownership of firearms have always been a monopoly of the state, strictly controlled and supervised. Any unauthorized citizen found with guns in his home by the O.G.P.U. or the K.G.B. is automatically suspected of subversive intentions and subject to severe penalties. Historically, except for the landowning *aristocracy*, who virtually alone among the population were allowed the privilege of keeping firearms—for, with some exceptions, only they were privileged to hunt—the ownership of weapons has never been a widespread tradition in Russia.

In Spain, Brazil, Iran, Paraguay, South Africa—wherever a few rule the many—the possession of weapons is largely restricted to the military, uniformed police forces and the secret police. In Chile at this very hour, men and women are being tortured by the most up-to-date CIA methods in an effort to force them to reveal the location of their hidden weapons: their guns, their rifles. And we can be certain that the Communist masters of modern China will never pass out firearms to their 800,000,000 subjects. Among dictatorships, only in Cuba, where Castro's revolution still enjoys popular support, does there apparently exist a true citizens' militia.

There must be a moral in all of this. When I try to think of a nation that has maintained its independence over centuries, and in which the citizens still

retain their rights as free and independent people, not many come to mind. I think of Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Finland. And of our United States.

When the legendary Swiss patriot William Tell shot the apple from his son's head, he reserved a second arrow, it may be remembered, for the Austrian tyrant Gessler. And got him, too, shortly afterward. Switzerland has been an independent country since 1291. In Switzerland today, basic national decisions are made by initiative and referendum—direct democracy—and, in some cantons, by open-air meetings in which all voters participate. Every Swiss male serves in the Swiss army and takes his rifle home with him—where he keeps it until he's too old to shoot straight. One of my grandfathers came from Bern canton.

Although I own a few small-caliber weapons, I don't think I'm a gun nut: I seldom take them off the wall. I gave up deer hunting 15 years ago, when the hunters began to outnumber the deer. I am not a member of the National Rifle Association and certainly am no John Birch. I'm a liberal—and proud of it. Nevertheless, I am opposed, absolutely, to every move the state makes to restrict my right to buy, own, possess and carry a firearm, whether rifle or handgun.

Of course, we can agree to a few common-sense limitations. Guns should not be sold to children, to the certifiably insane or to convicted criminals. Other than that, I believe we must regard with extreme suspicion any effort by the government—local, state or national—to control our right to arms. The registration of firearms is the first step toward confiscation. The confiscation of weapons would be a major and probably fatal step into authoritarian rule—the domination of most of us by a new order of *gentlemen*, by a new and harder oligarchy.

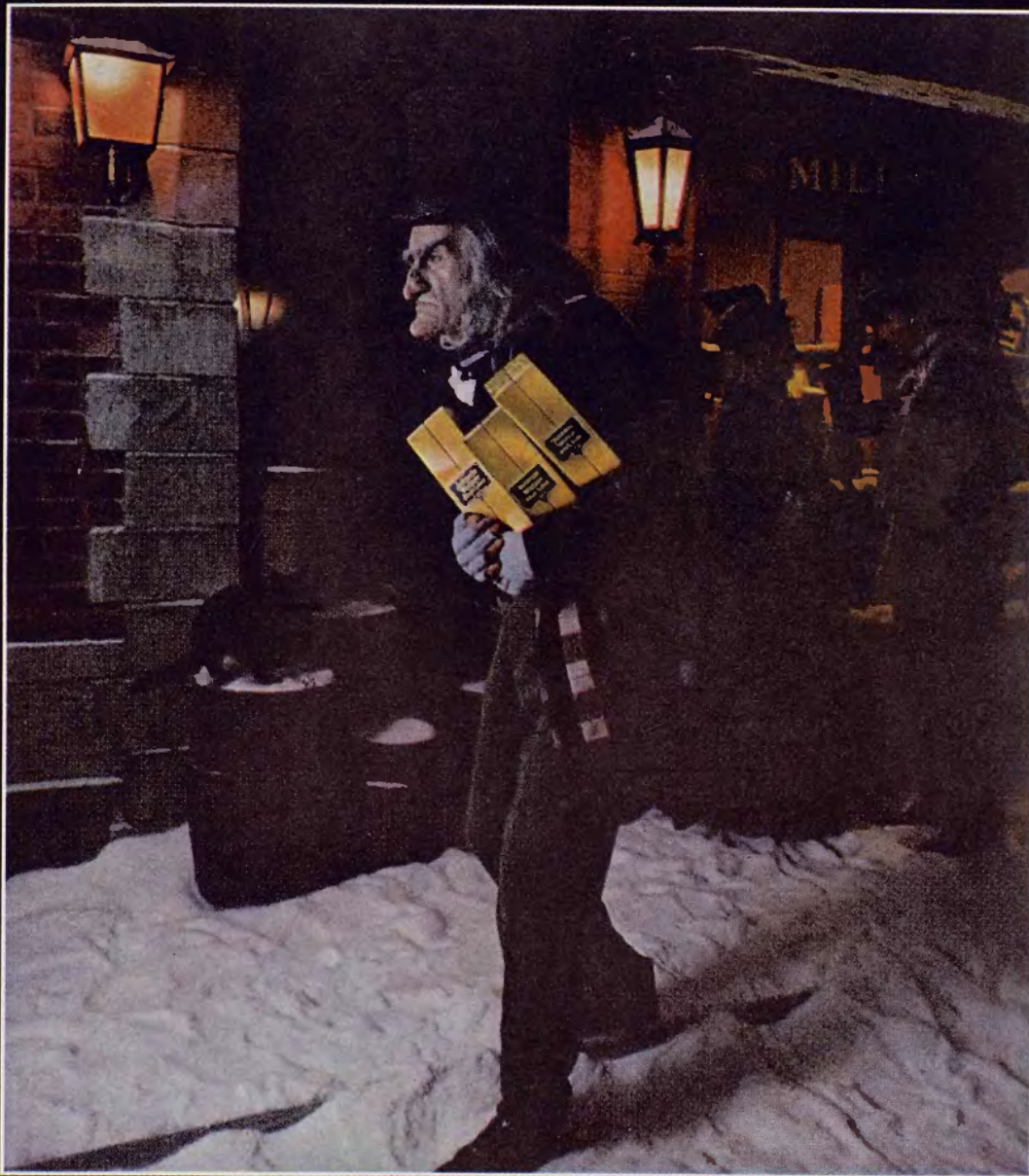
The tank, the B-52, the fighter-bomber, the state-controlled police and military are the weapons of class rule. The rifle is the weapon of democracy. Not for nothing was the revolver called an equalizer. Let us hope our weapons are never needed—but let us not forget what the founders of this nation knew when they wrote the Bill of Rights: An armed citizenry is the first defense, the best defense and the final defense against tyranny.

If guns are outlawed, only the military and the police and the secret police will have guns. And, oh, yes, a few outlaws. I intend to be among the outlaws.

Edward Abbey, a onetime fire lookout in Cascade National Park, usually writes about the wilderness and its enemies.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After many years of indulging in the most basic form of sex—intercourse—I met an uninhibited girl who introduced me to the fine art of fellatio. She was surprised that I had never before experienced that particular delight. After all, she said, it's been around forever. Curiosity got the better of me: How old is oral sex? Certainly, the unsung heroine who first gave head ranks with the inventor of the wheel, bread and pants. Kenneth Clark somehow missed this point in his history of civilization. Can you enlighten me? What is the earliest mention of fellatio?—L. P., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

We brushed the cobwebs from the shelves of our favorite adult bookstore and came up with a candidate for the earliest representation of oral sex: The "Papyrus Ani" of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" shows the goddess Isis performing fellatio on the mummified god Osiris—apparently in an attempt to call him back from the world of the dead. (If this doesn't get a rise out of the old boy, nothing will.) The practice goes back to the dawn of man. If prostitution is the oldest profession, then fellatio—the stock in trade of the ladies of the night—is the oldest trick in the book. Or the mouth. But one thing you should know about old tricks—they don't get to be old if they don't work the first time. Or the second time. Enjoy.

Not long ago, I took my girlfriend to a porn movie. She noticed and later commented on the variety of shapes in women's genitals. Many of the women had protruding folds of skin. We wondered what might cause this; she suggested that it was the result of excessive masturbation or perhaps an overactive sex life. What do you say?—T. L., Kansas City, Kansas.

Next thing you know, they'll be blaming masturbation for the state of the economy. Singlehanded people throughout the country are forever saying, "We must be doing something wrong." Auto-eroticism is the original sin: If you're going to feel guilty about something, it might as well be something that feels good. The fact is that the only result of masturbation is pleasure, pure and simple. The anatomical differences your girlfriend noticed are just part of the great diversity contained within the genetic code. There's something for everyone, no matter what your taste.

One of the great joys of my life is putting together special programs of my favorite songs on cassette tapes. The



results are sometimes very creative: More than one of my friends has said that I could be a disc jockey. My girlfriend is literally reduced to shivers every time she hears the subtle way I intercut Beethoven string quartets, Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* and an album of street noises recorded in Brooklyn. The only problem with my hobby is trying to outguess the counter on my tape deck. What do those numbers mean? Is there a simple way to figure out how much time I have left on a cassette?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Only God and a Zen master of electronics know what the numbers on a digital counter are supposed to mean. Performance varies among brands and among machines of the same model. You will have to calibrate your own instrument. Set the counter at zero and play one side of a 90-minute cassette—i.e., 45 minutes. Take the number on the counter and divide it into 2700. This will give you the ratio of seconds per number. For future reference, you may find it handy to write down the totals in digits for each of the sizes of cassettes you normally use. Then—with the care and patience of a Swiss watchmaker—you may be able to fit the great hits of John Denver onto the three-minute demonstration cassette that came with your machine.

I am a 26-year-old single woman with a sexual appetite that rivals most of your readers'. I am ravenous. Lately, I have become obsessed with a desire to make

love to another woman at least once in my life. How does a woman who is considered straight (and rightfully so) go about finding someone of the same sex who is willing to experiment with a lesbian affair? Do I run an ad? Wear a sign?—Miss K. C., Tucson, Arizona.

Essentially, you are asking, How do you pick up girls? Well, it's not easy. The same rules apply to your predicament as apply to heterosexual encounters. Anyone who sets out to find a one-night stand probably won't. Sex is usually more fulfilling when it is a consequence of everything else that goes on between two people. As a rule, making love is easier with friends. That way, if it doesn't work out, you're still friends. Talk to the women around you. You'll be surprised at how many share your curiosity. Most of them are afraid of approaching strangers, of being seduced or of being used by a professional—someone who is familiar with the game. At an opportune moment, ask your companion if she would like to satisfy her fantasy with an amateur. If she refuses, don't take it personally. Her hesitation originates with the same upbringing that made you shy in the first place.

A friend confessed to me that he and his wife have serious sexual problems. Of course, I told him to write to *The Playboy Advisor*, but he felt that the problems were too serious to be worked out in a letter. He wondered if you could recommend a sex therapist? Any ideas?—B. A., New York, New York.

The field of sex counseling is overrun with quacks and turkeys who are perfectly willing to take your money for the benefit of watching you and your wife (or is it your friend and his wife?) take off your clothes and cop a feel or two. We do not think that someone who prescribes two dry-cell batteries and a vibrator four times a day is what is needed in most cases. The American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists offers a consumers' guide listing qualified educators and therapists throughout the country. Those included in the directory adhere to a code that bans nudity and erotic body contact between therapist and patient. The book is yours for three dollars from AASECT, Suite 304, 5010 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20016. Tell 'em "*The Playboy Advisor*" sent you.

My boyfriend and I frequently experience a phenomenon during lovemaking that I call energy transfer. Although sex with him is totally astonishing, there are times when I'm just too tired. On such occasions, he is so full of vim, vigor and

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How to decide if you need a new turntable.

If you bought your present turntable because it was included in a low-cost system, it may not have been the bargain you assumed. How gently or harshly the diamond-tipped stylus tracks the soft vinyl record grooves depends entirely on the quality and precision of the tonearm. And if you consider your total investment in records, we think you'll want to make sure each record will continue to sound as good as new each time you play it. There's no way to upgrade a damaged record.

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excess libido that I just give in. But then something strange happens: I leave the bed full of vim, vigor and libido, while he's zonked. As far as we can determine, I absorb the energy he has lost, and he's the one who's exhausted. This might not be so strange, except the same thing happens in reverse. When I'm bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, he'll submit, and—presto!—I'm exhausted and all of his systems are go. We can't figure it out. We have never encountered it with other partners. Any answer?—Miss B. G., Gainesville, Florida.

Our first suggestion: Contact the Federal Government. Science is always on the lookout for alternate forms of energy. We can see it now—giant generating plants filled with copulating couples. The perfect perpetual-motion machine and a sure cure for unemployment. What's more, it would be cleaner than nuclear power. Actually, there is no simple explanation for the phenomenon. We've heard of people who masturbate in the morning to wake up (jacking off gets the old heart pumping). We've heard of people who masturbate at night in order to sleep (it helps them unwind). For the one who's tired, it is possible that the increase in circulation that accompanies lovemaking is enough to raise the energy level. At the same time, the release of tension is enough to relax the other partner. As long as one of you doesn't end up with all of the energy, there's nothing to worry about. Plug in and charge. If you ever meet as equals, watch out.

I've noticed that the day after I use cocaine, I have the symptoms of a cold: My nose runs and my head feels congested. Do I have a cold? What's the cure—more coke? How should I take care of my nose?—L. K., Benton Harbor, Michigan.

As a cloud of coke dust settles over your nasal membrane, it is rapidly assimilated into the mucous lining. The lining is immediately anesthetized and the membranes shrink as their blood supply diminishes. The cilia, or little hairs that normally filter air impurities, stop their oscillation, which in turn impedes mucus flow. When the drug wears off, the mucous membrane, having been deprived of blood for so long, demands more. The tissues inside the nasal passages fill with blood (much like a penis), causing your nose to become congested and head-cold symptoms to appear. The erectile tissues, which swell during sexual excitation (hence the phrase *having one's nose open*), also become erect after prolonged use of any nose drug such as a nasal decongestant. If this happens, resist the temptation simply to give yourself another blast of whatever caused the problem in the first place. That practice could evolve into a condition called rhinitis medicamentosa—a chronic nasal inflammation caused by overuse of medication.

Luckily, there aren't many people who make enough to buy enough flake to do themselves any damage. Cokers can diminish the possibility of discomfort by washing out the horn that keeps them high. One recipe calls for pouring a saline solution (a glass of water with a teaspoon of salt) into your nose. Don't worry, it'll come out your mouth. Repeat three times. If you have nightmares about drowning and find the above remedy distasteful, pour the solution into an atomizer and give your nose several blasts. As they say, "Up yours."

About 20 years ago, my brother cut a coupon from a box of Quaker Oats cereal and acquired a deed to one square inch of land, somewhere in the Yukon or Alaska. The whole thing was a promotion sponsored in conjunction with a television show called *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*. During a search of our parents' attic, we came across the deed. Is it still good? We have visions of discovering that the land is in the middle of the Alaskan oil field and becoming rich if we can figure out how to sink a shaft one inch in diameter. Whatever became of our piece of the earth?—C. R., Bozeman, Montana.

Funny you should mention it: We just got a letter from a guy who wanted to open the world's smallest McDonald's franchise on his portion of *Sergeant Preston's* homestead. Imagine: one-inch-high golden arches. Some 21,000,000 deeds were handed out during the campaign, but none of the claim holders ever bothered to register their titles with the Yukon Territorial Land Office. (The kids obviously didn't read the fine print; perhaps they were too young to read.) Eventually, the government reclaimed the land (a 19-acre parcel along the Yukon River) for \$37 in back taxes. A spokesman for the Quaker Oats Company claims that it never received the bill. Who are you going to trust—the bureaucracy or your breakfast cereal?

My girlfriend and I are planning a trip to Europe. We have been trying to figure out a pleasant way to pass the long hours of the transoceanic flight. She suggested taking along our vibrator, but I recall reading something about electronic devices' being forbidden aboard airplanes; supposedly, they interfere with the navigation and communications equipment. Am I right? This is not exactly the kind of question you can ask the travel agent.—W. Y., San Francisco, California.

The vibrator is all right, though we'd love to be standing in line to see the reaction of the security guards when the contents of your girl's carry-on luggage show up on the X-ray screen. Your

pleasure won't interfere with navigation, unless, of course, you fool around in full view of the cockpit. (We assume you plan on doing this under a blanket.) Some devices that are verboten are television sets, AM and FM receivers and C.B. radio sets. The approved list contains such useful items as pocket calculators (you can figure out how much the trip is costing you), portable tape recorders, hearing aids and shavers. The spokesman for the airline we talked to did ask us to warn passengers against carrying such things as matches or lighter fluid in their checked baggage. While the two of you are going down on each other in the cabin, the plane could be going down in flames.

Perhaps you can shed light on a delicate subject: Some of us at work were discussing sexual technique. We disagreed on how long one should continue a given activity. Most of us seem to follow the same pattern: We wait until our women start moaning and groaning, and then we jump on board, hoping to body-surf on the wave of her orgasm. One of the guys said it was bad to break rhythm; if the girl is moaning, it means she likes what you're doing and you should keep right on doing it. He said that diligence never fails to drive women out of their minds. You can see that the diversity of opinion has us stumped. Is there a right way?—K. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Each person's fingerprints are different, and the way each couple reaches orgasm is also unique. The first theory you mention suggests that there is a difference between foreplay and what follows. The mechanical model of sex suggests that a man has to earn his pleasure by preparing a woman. The drawbacks to that approach are well known. Catch the wave and all's well; miss and you may be washed up. The second theory you mention is potentially more rewarding: There is no foreplay, only play. If you are doing something and the woman likes it, keep doing it. Do it long enough and you'll come around to the same point again; then you can jump on board. Or maybe she'll take control of the action. When it comes to a discussion of technique, you should realize that everything works at one time or another. Try it both ways. Settle into the one that gives you and your partner more pleasure, and then, just for the heaven of it, break the pattern.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar'.

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

I am a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, class of 1973. Recent publicity has focused attention on some areas of our military academies that need changes, but it has only scratched the surface. One of the basic problems is that the administration at West Point runs the academy on the principle of repression. This spawns a desire by cadets to perfect their skill at breaking the rules. Due to the pettiness of the majority of regulations, cadets who violate them do so believing they are doing nothing wrong. Once the code is broken, subsequent violations become easier. As Ellis and Moore so accurately state in *School for Soldiers*, "The absence of guilt and the parallel conviction that the punishment was undeserved combined to sanction violations of the Honor Code (particularly lying) as a means to avoid getting caught." Add to this atmosphere the obvious disregard for honor, integrity and morality in the military (Major General Koster and suppression of facts about My Lai, the Officers Club scandal and cover-up, the Army meat scandal, former Secretary of the Army Howard Calloway and his ski resort, the widespread daily falsification of reports) and in society (Nixon, Agnew and their law-and-order Administration) and large cheating rings become less shocking and more understandable. The only remaining questions are: Why has West Point not changed the academic system to make it less conducive to cheating? How many of the Army's senior officers misbehaved as cadets? Is West Point, in its present form, needed by this society?

The use of precedents as rationale for oppressive, outdated policies makes it clear that West Point is run regressively. Due to its desire to remain unchanged, meaningful reform will not occur except as imposed from outside the military segment of our society. I write these words as a concerned citizen, officer and graduate.

1st Lt. Charles Dana Bickford
Lawton, Oklahoma

PSEUDO RIGHT

One of the great mistakes one can make in considering an issue is to accept an opponent's definition of it. Many supporters of the 1973 Supreme Court decision on abortion needlessly torture themselves by treating the right-to-life slogan as if it were a meaningful and profound position. It is not. Whether asserted in the Declaration of Independence or by the current movement to prohibit abortion, it is a pseudocognitive

assertion, a phrase that seems to mean something but actually doesn't. In any moment of our lives, we may violate the right-to-life precept. The woman who makes a decision to destroy her monthly living egg, whether through birth control or abstinence, or the male who destroys his living sperm, through masturbation, contraception or vasectomy, is killing human life just as surely as anyone performing an abortion. The right-to-life movement has merely arbitrarily and by human—not divine or scientific—fiat declared the fertilized egg to have more life than the unfertilized one. I

"Is West Point, in its present form, needed by this society?"

might add that if we buy a new car or build a new church, we are actually destroying life, because those funds could be used to preserve life somewhere.

The really crucial question is: Does the right to abortion, in balance with other rights, lead to generally more desirable social consequences than does its prohibition? And the responsible answer would seem to be that it does. The right-to-life issue is a dangerous fiction.

Robert Primack
Gainesville, Florida



SMALL SKELETONS

I am astonished that the abortion debate is still continuing in *The Playboy Forum*, as well as elsewhere. Certainly, whether abortion is legal or illegal, the majority of those who want to terminate a pregnancy will find some way to do so, or to do worse. Nicholas von Hoffman, in his column in *The Washington Post*, quotes an aged Italian farm woman who describes what happens in a country where the influence of the Catholic Church is strong enough to prevent legal abortions:

We wouldn't even tell our husbands we were pregnant, nor our mothers-in-law, who used to live in the family. It would all be agreed among us young wives. Then, when the moment had come, we would leave the men in the fields for a while, we would give birth to the child with the help of some sister or sister-in-law, and then we would go back to work so the men wouldn't know. We wouldn't even see the child. The women helping us would take care of suffocating the child and burying it in the fields. From time to time, it happened that our men on the tractors would find one of the small skeletons, and then we would look astonished. "It must be the gypsies," we would say. But, no, it was our children.

Is this sort of thing really better than allowing safe, legal abortions to women who are determined not to have children?

(Name withheld by request)
Silver Spring, Maryland

RIGHTEOUS RIGHT

Most liberty-loving individuals would agree with the sentiments put forth in Part IV of *The Nixon Legacy: Burying the Bill of Rights* (PLAYBOY, October). Clearly, the Supreme Court has abandoned its libertarian heritage in recent years in such decisions as *Stone vs. Powell* and *United States vs. Janis*. Laws militating against consensual sexual practices, private use of marijuana and the like do, indeed, strike at the very heart of our free society.

The editorial errs grievously, however, to the extent of bordering on the irresponsible, when it states that "the men in black pushed the pendulum . . . as far to the right as it will go." During the past 40 years or so, the right has been the single moderating force against the progressive degeneration of individual

liberties masterminded by the left. It is the left that advocates various schemes that purport to redistribute the wealth. It is the left that believes that what is wrong when done by the individual, e.g., theft, is justified when done by the collective, e.g., taxation.

PLAYBOY committed a grave injustice by attributing an antilibertarian morality to the American right.

Luke Brown
Cleveland, Ohio

Wrong; there are two rights. There's the libertarian right, which opposes Government intervention into economic activity and into people's private lives. It is typified by the Libertarian Party, which ran Roger L. MacBride for President in the last election, and by the followers of Ayn Rand. Then there is the rack-and-thumbscrew right, which advocates enormous military expenditures (paid for by taxation) and enthusiastically supports all kinds of Government encroachments on individual liberty. It opposes equal rights for women, legal abortion and marijuana decriminalization. It favors censorship of pornography and laws regulating private sexual behavior. Ronald Reagan, a rack-and-thumbscrew man from way back, acknowledged and rejected the libertarian right in an interview in *Christianity Today*, when he was asked about California's new consensual-sex law:

I would have vetoed it. I know there is a quarrel here with many very fine people who have a libertarian approach to government. They believe in more individual freedom and some would carry libertarianism all the way to whatever an individual wants to do. But I have always believed that the body of man-made law must be founded upon the higher natural law. You can make immorality legal, but you cannot make it moral.

The libertarian right tends to be rationalistic in its pronouncements, whereas the authoritarian right tends to rely on mystifying bullshit like the above. That is one sure way to tell them apart.

PARDON PROPOSAL

It's all very well to show the world how tough the U. S. is, as in the Mayaguez and Korean tree-chopping incidents; but how about some gestures that show this nation to be civilized, wise and just? Specifically, I suggest an official pardon for Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. In an article in *The New York Times Magazine*, Walter Goodman points out that August 22, 1977, will be the 50th anniversary of the execution of the two anarchists, who were convicted of murders during a payroll robbery. Whether or not they were guilty will probably never be known, but it is clear from the record that judge and jury condemned them because they were Italian-born anarchists,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FUN CITY

NEW YORK—Three men have been charged with operating an expensive prostitution ring out of the New York City morgue. According to police, the men used the medical examiner's office in the Bellevue Hospital complex as a nighttime base from which they arranged dates for at least ten callgirls who charged fees ranging up to \$250.

GETTING IT UP IN FRANCE

PARIS—Sex in France is on the decline and sterility and impotence are up, reports a Paris sex specialist who blames these trends on the stress and pace of contemporary living. Dr. Albert Netter, a gynecologist who established France's main artificial-insemination

with that old-fashioned nonsense here—that a wife must submit to sex with her husband whenever he wishes it. Our government believes that all laws which continue to treat a wife as property of her husband and marriage as a contract of ownership should be abolished.”

KEEP THE FAITH

LIBERTY, NEW YORK—Over 1000 residents of Sullivan, Ulster and Orange counties have become mail-order ministers in protest against the tax-exempt status of valuable church-owned property in that area of the Catskills. By entering the ministry of the Universal Life Church, a California “religion” that attracted large numbers of young men seeking draft exemptions, citizens can theoretically avoid property taxes. Some 275 persons were ordained at one time in a five-minute ceremony conducted at a Liberty cocktail lounge by a mail-order Universal Life bishop. At a news conference, local tax officials said they would grant a \$1500 deduction from the property assessment of anyone who filed the necessary incorporation papers and performed church work in his home.

ONE NATION, UNDER GOD

A recent Gallup Poll found that Americans are as pervasively religious as they were in 1948 and that the U. S., of 60 non-Communist countries surveyed, ranks second only to India in religious commitment. Ninety-four percent of the poll's respondents said they believe in God or a universal spirit; 69 percent believe in life after death; and 56 percent hold religion to be “very important” in their lives.

CASE CLOSED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Attorney General Edward H. Levi has ordered the FBI to end its 38-year investigation of the Socialist Workers Party. The action ends a case that amassed 8,000,000 file entries and involved numerous illegal burglaries and hundreds of acts of harassment under the FBI's Counter-Intelligence Program. No criminal charges had been filed against any member of the party or its affiliate, the Young Socialist Alliance, since 1940, when 18 members were convicted of sedition under the Smith Act, which was later ruled unconstitutional. The party is presently suing the Government for \$40,000,000, alleging that the FBI has employed 316 regular paid informers



center several years ago, told a newspaper that sex among young married couples has declined from a daily to a weekly or even a monthly occurrence. He attributes this to “modern life, with its procession of fatigue and nervous irritation. People are too exhausted at the end of the day to think about making love.” Anxiety, he noted, is a frequent cause of sterility and impotence.

CONSENSUAL SEX

AUSTRALIA—The Labor government in South Australia has proposed legislation that will enable wives to charge their husbands with rape. Said Attorney General Don Duncan: “We don't hold

against it since 1960 and has used some 1300 other informants to spy on the group, which claims a membership of fewer than 2500 persons.

ANTISMUT HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK—The National Obscenity Law Center has been relocated in New York City under the auspices of Morality in Media, Inc., and will continue to support the efforts of state and local prosecutors to combat pornography. The center was set up several years ago at a Lutheran college in California and received Federal funds until defense attorneys objected. Now privately funded, the organization will continue to function as a clearinghouse for information and legal briefs for pornography prosecutors, especially those in smaller communities. The office, which will operate on a \$250,000 annual budget, is headed by Anthony G. Simonetti, former special state prosecutor in charge of investigating the 1971 prison riot at Attica. One member of the center's advisory board is Carl A. Vergari, Westchester County district attorney, who said he believed that such a service would be "invaluable to district attorneys all across the country."

PUBLIC NUISANCES

LONDON—The British government's Home Office committee has declared that men who publicly solicit sex from women have become a "national nuisance" and has recommended that persistent offenders be jailed for three

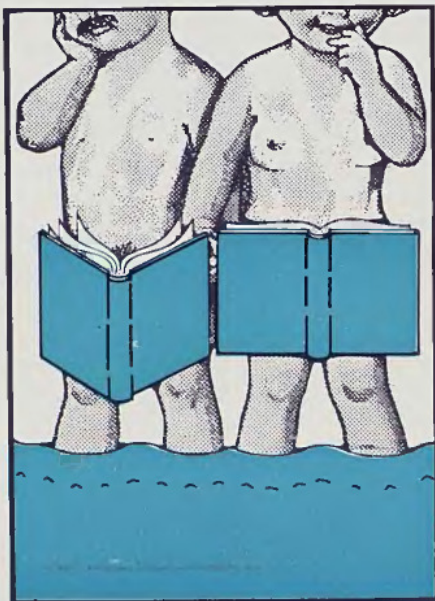


months or fined \$180. The committee also recommended that streaking be treated as a minor violation instead of a sexual offense, so that "the relatively innocent prankster" will avoid

"the stigma of conviction for indecent exposure."

COED DORMS

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA—Two Stanford University researchers are finding that coed dorms seem to attract a higher caliber of student than segregated housing. Rudolf H. Moos and Jean Otto of the department of psychiatry report that



the collegians who choose the coed dorms tend to have higher academic and career aspirations and that the women, especially, participate more in social and cultural activities and have better self-images than those living in all-women housing.

ROCKEFELLER'S FOLLY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—New York State's drug laws are considered the toughest in the country, but in the first two years after they took effect in the fall of 1973, there were "fewer dispositions, convictions and prison sentences for drug offenses" than under the old laws. The staff of the Drug Law Evaluation Project, working under a Justice Department grant, found that "none of the key indicators of successful implementation have been evident: The risk of punishment facing offenders did not increase noticeably; the number of drug offenders sentenced to prison declined; and the speed with which cases were processed did not improve." The study is the first Federally sponsored evaluation of the so-called Rockefeller Laws, which reclassified many drug crimes as felonies, mandated long prison sentences and severely restricted the plea-bargaining options of defendants. The researchers noted that the heavier penalties have made it easier for police to induce suspects to become informers.

rather than because of evidence against them. As Goodman puts it, "Sacco and Vanzetti paid for what they were, as well as for their alleged crime, and so we still have them on our conscience."

Ford pardoned Nixon. Jimmy Carter proposed a pardon for Vietnam draft evaders. Why not a 50th-anniversary pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti?

E. Ross

New York, New York

IN COLD BLOOD

I must assume those who oppose capital punishment never had a friend or loved one murdered. In the past year, two friends of mine were killed in cold blood. One was shot with a .38-caliber pistol by a youth who fired from the open window of a passing city bus. My friend was struck in the head and died where he had been standing, in front of a corner candy store. The other went to the aid of a young man who was being robbed in broad daylight at a bus stop in a busy shopping section of the Bronx. The three thugs turned on my friend and while two of them held him, the third stabbed him repeatedly. He died in the police car en route to the hospital. His murder was witnessed by countless people, but I'm sure, with justice the way it is nowadays, his killers will get off lightly.

Those who are against capital punishment would change their tune if murder struck close to them.

B. F. Ryan

Bronx, New York

After the Supreme Court decisions approving capital punishment under certain conditions, Jim Bishop wrote in his syndicated column:

My quarrel with the law is its hypocrisy. Our prosecutors ask juries to believe that capital punishment is a deterrent to others. The Supreme Court said this has never been proved.

How can it stop future murders when the killer is executed in secrecy? Kill him in public. Come one, come all—watch a man fry. Let everyone see what can happen if you take a life.

As a first step, we should make five-minute color movies of each execution. Copies should be sent to all Federal, state and county jails.

Show it in the mess halls. All prisoners should be forced to watch it. In the main, these are the future killers. Give them a close-up of what the end of the road looks like.

Is this guy for real? Isn't this proposal somewhat reminiscent of Hitler's home movies of the tortures in concentration camps?

What ever happened to the idea that some criminals, at least, can be

THE QUESTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Capital punishment is an expression of society's moral outrage at particularly offensive conduct. This function may be unappealing to many, but it is essential to an ordered society that asks its citizens to rely on legal processes rather than self-help to vindicate their wrongs.

—U. S. SUPREME COURT

The Supreme Court celebrated the country's Bicentennial by revising its 1972 decision and holding that, on second thought, the death penalty is neither cruel nor unusual. It abandoned the old crime-deterrence argument, finding the evidence "inconclusive" either way, and based its ruling on the democratic proposition that the real purpose of execution is to satisfy popular demand. With the logic of backwoods politicians, the Court, led by Nixon appointees, decided that "moral outrage at particularly offensive conduct" compels the state to hold blood sacrifices, lest citizens lose patience with their Government and resort to lynchings.

But does official killing really discourage private killing? If it did, its opponents could be written off as bleeding-heart humanitarians who need to spend some time in the urban jungle, driving a cab or working at an all-night gas station. But the evidence—even though the Court called it inconclusive—does seem to show that the death penalty actually inspires more murder than it deters, and does so by the same process of example the Court claims will discourage vigilantism. Instead of holding people's lives to be inviolate under all circumstances, state execution lends moral respectability to killing. Professor Louis Jolyon West described this process in 1974:

No matter how ultimate the death penalty as a solution may seem, or how rarely it is employed, its official existence or acceptance in the law symbolizes the fact that it is permissible—even desirable—to resolve issues by murder; it is only necessary to define the criteria for justification.

The Government may take months or years to kill a person, spend many thousands to do it legally, lose most of its cases on legal technicalities, but ultimately the state assumes the role of the outraged husband or insulted barroom combatant and says, "The bastard had it coming."

The Supreme Court may consider the deterrence statistics inconclusive, but dozens of studies since the Twenties find just the opposite—that murder rates are often higher in death-penalty states than in neighboring states and that murder rates tend to increase around the time of a highly publicized execution. Apologists for execution argue, correctly, that we can't accurately judge its deterrence value when our criminal-justice system is so slow and inefficient. A man kills somebody and eight years later, he fries because he couldn't afford a good lawyer; 1000 other men do the same thing and get off easy. But, as criminologists point out, this country is not prepared to engage in the wholesale execution of murderers, much less of other criminals. And the simple fact is that murder, the principal target of the death penalty, is the one crime *least* discouraged by harsh penalties.

Everyone agrees that "crimes of passion"—the classic bedroom or barroom murders—are not deterred by the death penalty and, in fact, nonpremeditated killings usually are not tried as capital crimes. The armed robber or home invader, to the extent that he's professional or even sensible, kills only by accident or in a panic situation. If that makes him a likely candidate for electrocution, logic dictates that he leave no living witnesses. The same applies to the rapist or kidnaper.

But what most worries criminologists is the evidence that the death penalty may well incite certain mentally deranged people to use murder—especially mass murder and other bizarre and horrible crimes—as a means of conscious or unconscious suicide. This morbid psychological phenomenon is thought to account for the increase in homicide around the time of sensational executions, for the tendency of one mass murder to trigger others and for the large number of false confessions given to police when a particularly brutal or bizarre killing outrages the community.

Commenting on one murderer's calm acceptance of execution, criminology professor Bernard L. Diamond wrote:

I have observed this peculiarly passive, anxiety-free state in others who have committed acts of great violence. Such acts are appropriately designated *terminal acts*. They occur at the end of a long build-up of emotional tension and conflict; the intense passion no longer is containable, and the actor, out of a sense of great desperation, commits his violent deed fully believing it will terminate his miserable existence.

In the mind of the irrational murderer, the prospect of being locked up in a cell for life and forgotten by history holds no great appeal, but the prospect of being catapulted from anonymity to celebrity, selected by the state for ceremonial execution—to "ride the lightning"—can provide a stronger motivation to kill than to live.

So much for the intellectual objections to capital punishment. Let's dispatch some of the myths surrounding it.

- It does not, in fact, save taxpayers' money. Unless we abandon the legal safeguards that are supposed to prevent mistaken executions—meaning years of costly appeals and special legal proceedings, usually paid for by the state—it will always be cheaper to incarcerate a man for 40 years than to put him to death. In 1971, the state of Arkansas saved an estimated \$1,500,000 simply by commuting the death sentences of 15 men to life imprisonment.

- Despite these extensive legal safeguards, an innocent man may still be executed. Ten years and \$100,000 worth of appeals cannot undo an otherwise legal conviction based on the testimony of one important witness who was mistaken or who lied in court.

- Many a murderer goes free to kill again not because he eludes the electric chair but because the chair exists. The prosecutor who has less than a perfect capital case may figure the odds on conviction and the reluctance of jurors to impose the death sentence and elect to prosecute for a lesser crime than the one committed.

Current enthusiasm for the death penalty seems based less on facts than on superstition. By some kind of ritual magic, the killing of murderers is supposed to ward off burglars, thieves, muggers, rapists and armed robbers who prey on the innocent citizen minding his own business. Our Supreme Court Justices, like cynical witch doctors in some primitive society, seem to agree among themselves that this magic may not be much good, but it vents frustration and makes people feel that the Government is doing its job. What it's doing is condoning murder as an appropriate response to a terrible grievance, instead of correcting the problems in our society, our courts and our criminal-justice system.

Despite the High Court's action, the issue of the death penalty is still alive. The question now is whether legislators will have either the wisdom or the courage to abolish state-sanctioned killing, even though it is constitutional.

This is the sixth in a series of editorials.

rehabilitated and should have an opportunity to make amends for what they have done? Granted, there are hard cases and it might be best to keep them locked up. But for many, with the right kind of help, there is hope. I'm not a knee-jerk humanitarian who wants dangerous criminals walking the streets (although I did vote for Nixon). However, Bishop's proposals make Ronald Reagan look like a bleeding-heart liberal.

Ralph C. Comp
Liverpool, New York

I am on death row in Central Prison, Raleigh, North Carolina, because I killed a man. I feel I acted in self-defense, but I am slated to die, anyway.

I believe that if our Government kills people, then it is only fair to expect that the people will follow that example. By allowing the mass execution of over 430 people on death rows throughout the country, our Government not only condones killing but officially sanctions it.

Wouldn't gun control be a more realistic deterrent to violent crime than capital punishment? If I had not been able to buy a gun easily, I would not have shot and killed a man. If the United States Government had not taught me how to shoot a gun, I wouldn't have known how to use one. I survived a year in Vietnam because I was taught to protect myself, but now I may die for practicing that same skill at home.

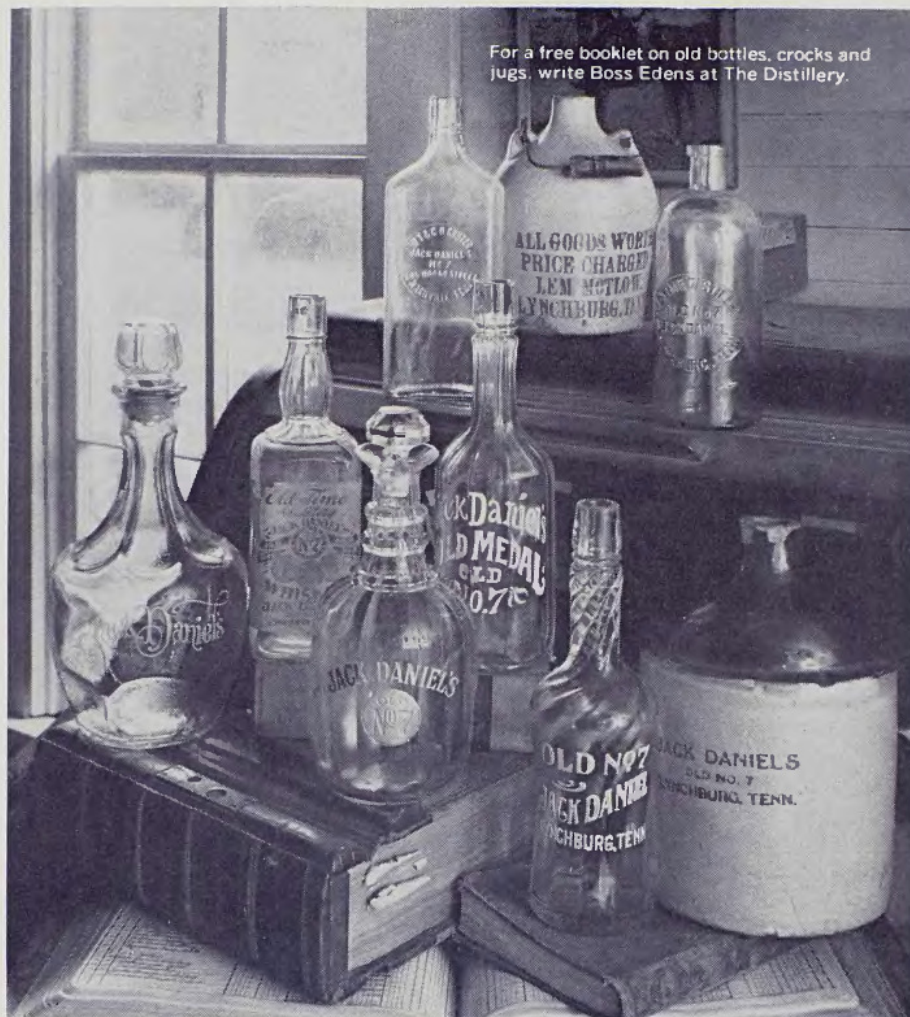
Gregory Hudson Jones
Raleigh, North Carolina

DISARMING THE PUBLIC

Though I own several large-caliber handguns and rifles, I have never shot or killed a living organism—animal or human. Just owning historical weapons, such as a Winchester and a Colt, and occasionally target shooting with my two sons are enough for me. True, when a short time ago, near where I live, home invaders herded an entire defenseless family into the cellar and shot each in the back of the head, I felt a little better knowing I could fight back if my home were attacked.

This leads to the feeling that I also would not passively allow anybody to confiscate any of my guns just because organizations such as the DISARM lobby might be successful in getting such legislation passed. In fact, from talking with other gun owners, I think that there are a lot of people who would be willing to shoot it out with anybody who attempted to confiscate their personal property, law or no law. As a registered gun owner, I'd consider it a betrayal of my trust to have that information used to locate me and confiscate my weapons.

I don't think we can rely on legislators to do all of our thinking for us. The draft laws became unworkable and gun-confiscation laws would be



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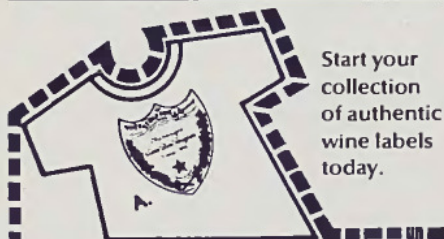
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unworkable from the start. Even democracy has its limitations.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

A frequently used argument against gun control is that it will hurt only the law-abiding citizen, who can be trusted to use guns responsibly. Another is that if guns were not available, people would commit murders with other weapons.

A sad story recounted in *The New York Times* contradicts both of these arguments. It is written by a man whose friend was a likable, useful, upper-middle-class person who collected rifles and handguns. The prototypal law-abiding citizen. But when his wife of 23 years threatened to leave him, he became extremely disturbed and used a .357 magnum to kill her and himself. The author comments:

One of Carl's friends told me this proved it was carefully planned. The .357 magnum meant Carl didn't want Norma to suffer. That friend and others were reluctant to credit guns as factors in the event. "Guns are simply tidier than axes," said one. But Carl was a sensitive, orderly man. I doubt he could ever have done the job with less efficient, messier weapons. It had to be over in a moment. So he used the mercy weapon, the no-pain gun, the .357 magnum. It was handy in a house of guns.

It's simply false that if guns were unavailable, people would kill one another with other weapons. Guns provide the easiest and most efficient way to kill people. The author ends his article by writing, "Damn those guns." Amen.

C. Moore

New York, New York

For another view on gun control, see "The Right to Arms," by Edward Abbey, on page 41.

INCESTUOUS ESCAPE

The letter "My Sister, My Love," from the man in St. Petersburg, Florida, who made love to his sister (*Playboy Forum*, September) brought back memories of my own incestuous escapade of many years ago. Arriving home one afternoon unexpectedly, when the rest of the family was out. I passed my 17-year-old daughter leaving the bathroom with nothing on but a towel. As was my custom, I grabbed her and kissed her. Immediately, she relaxed in my arms and murmured, "Oh, Daddy, I've wanted you for so long, and this is our chance." It would have taken a stronger man than I am to withstand the emotions I felt, and I led her to bed.

I suppose I screwed my daughter a dozen times after that, before she left for college. She has now been married for many years and has children of her own.

There is no greater love than that still existing between us.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Rosa, California

I agree with PLAYBOY's opposition to moralistic censorship, but I believe certain writings should be kept from print because they are stupid. A case in point is the letter titled "My Sister, My Love." The author, a philosopher, explains how, in a fit of guiltless lust, he notched his sister the day after her husband was buried. I don't care if this guy screws wallabies or hugs his mother's hump, but I do care about spending \$1.50 to read bull-shit that I can see for free on the wall of my gas station's rest room. After drying Sis's tears that night, our hero began to talk: "I think I expressed my philosophy of life more articulately than ever before or since." I can't really comment on before, but I sure as hell agree on since.

Russell B. deBeauclair
Detroit, Michigan

ROYKO ON REEMS

Mike Royko's column is reprinted at times in a Sacramento paper. I've enjoyed his humorous attacks on despotism in Chicago; but now he seems to have joined the oppressors, having written a column that applauds the Harry Reems *Deep Throat* prosecution and derides the idea that a defense of Reems is a defense of more serious artists. He even says, "Except for the efforts of an occasional local school board or prosecutor, I can't even remember when a book or film of even the slightest merit has been bothered by any real censorship." Apparently, he's forgotten that *Carnal Knowledge* was found obscene all the way up to the Georgia Supreme Court under the community-standards guidelines and was absolved only on its final appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court.

Royko writes, "What the prosecution of Harry Reems represents is not a threat to our freedom but a challenge to lousy taste." He'd better think twice about that one. If people could be prosecuted on grounds as vague as bad taste, Mayor Daley would have found an excuse to put Royko behind bars years ago.

Charles L. Anderson
Sacramento, California

GREEN DOOR ON TRIAL

I was invited to Washington, D.C., to appear as an expert defense witness at yet another trial of *Behind the Green Door*, which by this time must almost be tied with *Deep Throat* in total number of busts. But trust the antiobscenity professionals to come up with a new twist in harassment. In *People vs. Gage and Heller*, the indictment listed 142 separate counts—one for each screening of the film between the time it opened and the time it was shut down by the police. And each count carries with it a penalty of a year in



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jail and a fine of \$5000. That's a maximum penalty of 142 years, plus \$710,000, should the judge so decide.

The trial was held in the vast but seedy District of Columbia Superior Courthouse, in a large and cheerless room decorated only by the American flag and two no-nonsense signs reading NO SMOKING AT ANY TIME. But I was favorably impressed by Judge Tim Murphy, a tall, courtly man with graying hair and Vandyke. Once I had taken the stand, I couldn't help but contrast his demeanor with that of Judge Harry Wellford, of the infamous *Deep Throat* trial in Memphis. When Larry Parrish, the Memphis prosecutor, entered an objection to a defense question, he was invariably sustained by the judge. When Bruce Kramer, Harry Reems's lawyer, entered an objection, it was almost always denied. Judge Murphy didn't make this prosecutor's job any easier. At the request of the defense, he ordered the prosecutor to give reasons for his objections. Several times, after objections from one side or the other, the judge would pause to weigh the merits of the arguments before sustaining or denying.

The trial is over, having ended in a hung jury. Which means the case could be reopened and tried again. There's something grim about the prospect that the Government can keep prosecuting until it gets the sentence that it wants, or until the victim is financially broken.

Arthur Knight
Malibu, California

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES

The letter written by Harry B. Coleman (*The Playboy Forum*, September) referring to the tribulations he encountered in being issued the now-infamous F YOU California license plate clearly demonstrates the difficulty many individuals have these days in distinguishing between a right and a privilege. As the attorney for the California Department of Motor Vehicles on this and other cases involving personalized license plates, I believe that a license plate is issued for the purpose of vehicle identification; it is not issued as a forum for free speech. The California Vehicle Code's provision calling for the cancellation of any plate carrying words with "connotations offensive to good taste and decency" has resulted in the recall of plates such as NIGGER and JAP, which were offensive to large segments of the public.

In the case involving Coleman's plate, the Department of Motor Vehicles did not spend \$11,000, as Coleman claimed; the figure was closer to \$750. Coleman, furthermore, gives a distorted and biased view of the testimony of Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, who appeared as the state's expert witness. The court ruled that by applying contemporary community standards, the plate was not offensive. I would have thought that since Coleman had been allowed to retain the plate, he

would be humble in victory. But those who benefit most from the system are often its most vehement critics.

John A. DeRonde, Jr.
Attorney at Law
Fairfield, California

TRICKY TREAT

Last Halloween, a costume party was happening and my girlfriend, who's a cocktail waitress, had to work; so I was on my own. Since we are nearly the same size, I decided to wear one of her waitress outfits, complete with panty hose, to the party. Before she left for work, she laid out a wig, skirt and all the other articles for me to wear. When I tried to put everything on that evening, my Jockey shorts looked like hell under the panty hose; so I decided to make the outfit complete and rummaged through her drawer for a pair of silk bikini panties. As soon as I put them on and began to move around, the feel of the silk rubbing against my cock and the sound of the panty hose brushing together when

*"If everybody spends all day
balling, who's going to
take out the garbage?"*

I moved my legs got me very turned on. The party was a blast, with me going out of my mind with a raging hard-on all night, and when I got home and my girl and I were in bed, I had her wrap the panties around my cock and stroke me with them. Although I've never worn any of the clothes again, the silky underpants have become a permanent part of our foreplay.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

THE TRIBE THAT DOESN'T

I've always believed that the sex drive is an appetite built into us that can't be denied satisfaction without serious consequences. Now I'm wondering. A newspaper reports that there is a tribe in New Guinea called the Dani that can go without sex for years and years at a time, apparently without any ill effects. They put off consummating marriage for two years after the ceremony and they abstain from sex for five years after a child is born. They don't seem to turn to other sex outlets, such as extramarital intercourse, homosexuality or masturbation. They don't sublimate their sex drive into other areas, such as cultural achievement or warfare. In spite of all this, they show no signs of mental illness or other unhappiness.

The news story asks, "In other words, without the overwhelming emphasis on sex that deluges Western man from school

days to senility, would he continue to act as though sex were an obsession?" For years, I've been telling my girlfriends that if I don't get laid regularly, I'll get headaches, and I even believed it myself. Does this research on the Dani mean that our interest in sex is an artificially stimulated want, like the demand for next year's car?

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

The notion that Western man is deluged by an overwhelming emphasis on sex and is obsessed with it is the assumption of the reporter who wrote the news story. Dr. Karl G. Heider, whose article in a scientific journal is the basis of that story, offers no such opinion. His point is simply that the lifestyle of the Dani calls into question the Freudian, or hydraulic, theory of human energy, which is that we have a fixed quantity of psychic energy and that, like the water in a hydraulic system, if you push it down in one place, it's going to push up in another. This theory is frequently used by blue-noses to justify repression of sex: They claim that heavy restrictions on sex are necessary to channel energy into cultural and social achievement. In other words, if everybody spends all day balling, who's going to take out the garbage? Actually, this idea is garbage, because high cultural achievement is often associated with a loosening of restrictions on sex, as, for example, during the golden age of Greece and in Elizabethan England. And many sexually repressive societies get nowhere, as they jolly well should. We have only to look, for example, at our own country, in which the most rigorous repression of sexuality is practiced in the most culturally underdeveloped areas. The alternative to this theory is that societies can invest as much energy as they choose in as many different pursuits as they like. The Dani seem to prove this in reverse by spending as little energy as possible on as few activities as possible. Heider describes them as even-tempered and healthy. But they can count only up to four. Their lives are without excitement or drama. They are lackadaisical in warfare. Their biggest event is the great Pig Feast, which is held every few years, irregularly, and which is marked by the calm consumption of more pigs than usual. (At least they think it's more than usual, but since they can't count, it's hard to be sure.) Heider calls this lifestyle a "low-energy cultural system." Far be it from us to criticize the Dani, but we find it not surprising that theirs is the only known culture of its kind on the face of the earth.

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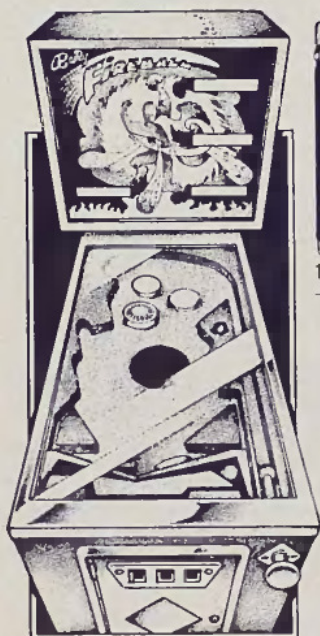
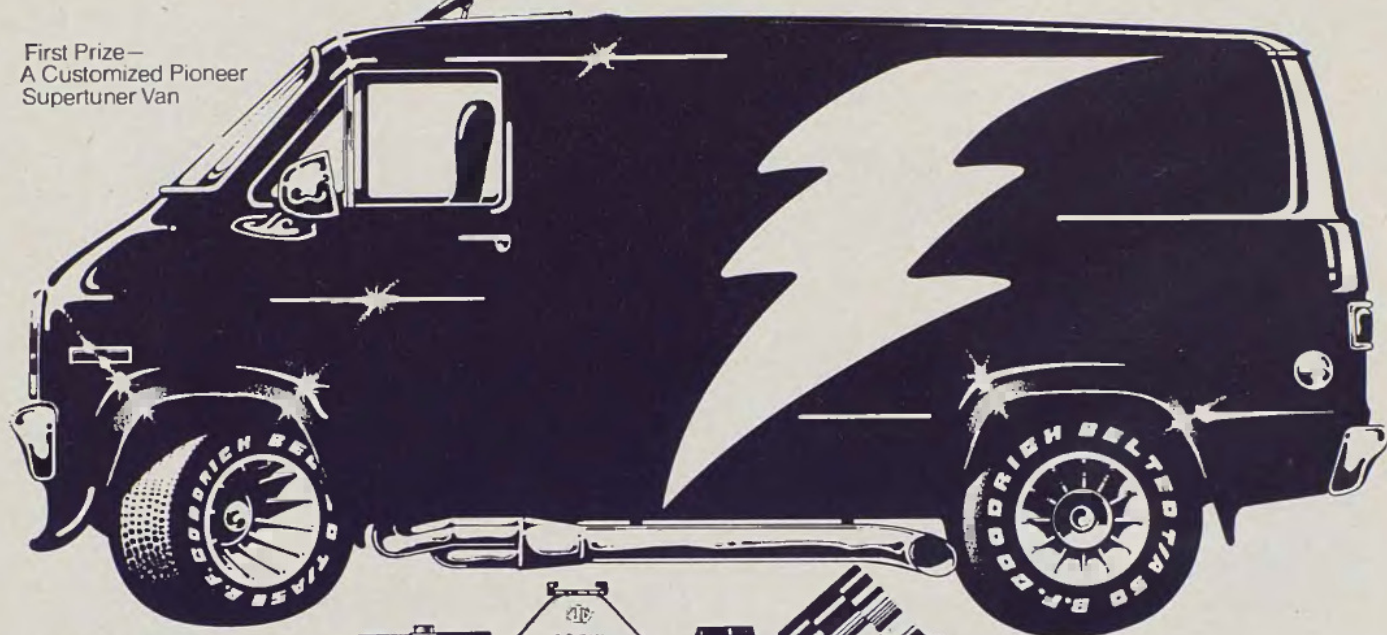
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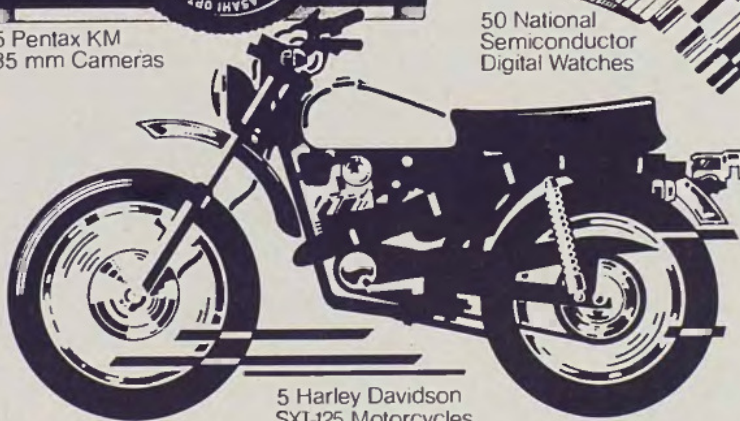
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALEX HALEY

a candid conversation with the author of the american saga "roots"

If it weren't for the fact that it's a true story, "Roots" might well be the Great American Novel. In the months since its publication, it has been compared to both "Moby Dick" and "War and Peace," and at least one reviewer called it "among the most important books of the century." Doubleday, its publisher, ordered the largest print run ever for a hardcover book (200,000), which sold out in a matter of weeks, and there are indications it may become the first book in history to sell over 1,000,000 copies in hardback—even before Dell brings out the paperback version.

Its author, Alex Haley, will undoubtedly become a household name later this month, when ABC-TV broadcasts the first episode of a 12-hour series based on "Roots," making it the longest and most expensive (\$6,000,000) dramatic television production ever aired.

We at PLAYBOY take a special pleasure in featuring Haley as our holiday interview subject. In 1962, when he was a free-lance writer and journalist, we assigned him to conduct a long question-and-answer session with Miles Davis, which became the first "Playboy Interview." Besides interviewing a number of personalities for PLAYBOY, ranging from

American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell to entertainer Johnny Carson, Haley conducted our interviews with the two most significant black leaders of the Sixties—Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X. (One result of the "Playboy Interview" with Malcolm X was the best-selling "Autobiography," which Haley wrote.) It seems especially fitting to us that Haley be on the other side of the tape recorder this month, since he seems destined to be one of the most significant black figures of the Seventies.

Now 55 and living modestly in West Los Angeles, Haley is in the midst of a mammoth publicity tour for his book, but in the past several months he found time for a series of conversations with a man who also has a special place in both PLAYBOY's and Haley's history. He is Murray Fisher, former Assistant Managing Editor of this magazine, who assigned Haley that first "Playboy Interview" and shaped the format of the feature. It was both their professional relationship and their personal friendship that led Haley to ask Fisher to be his editor on "Roots," a task that has occupied no small amount of Fisher's own time over the 12-year period it took Haley to write the book. Now a Contributing Editor to

PLAYBOY, Fisher conducted this interview with his old friend and colleague as "a labor of love." It is Haley's story, but one that Fisher knows almost as well as his own. His report:

"In the 12 years since Alex had asked me to help him edit 'Roots,' we'd met to work on it in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, New Orleans, the West Indies—just about everywhere but the place it all began: Henning, his home town in rural Tennessee, where he'd first heard the stories as a five-year-old on his grandmother's front porch. Now, at last, the book was published, and he had embarked on a promotion tour that included—among its 49 interviews and public appearances in 29 cities in 30 days—a half-day stop in Henning to film a television documentary of the prodigal son's return to his 'roots.' He invited me to join him there. 'Where will I find you?' I asked. 'We'll be moving around town. Just ask the first person you see.'

"He wasn't hard to find. On the lawn in front of a small white frame house were a crowd of people, cables, cameras and parked cars, and at the center stood Alex, surrounded by interviewers peppering him with questions while the camera



BRENT BEAR

"I sat staring at the document, unable to believe my eyes. It was impossible, but I'd done it: traced a man dead almost two centuries all the way from his home village in Africa to a plantation in Virginia."

"My old cousin Georgia told me something that galvanized me—and has sustained me ever since: 'Boy, yo' sweet grandma and all of 'em—dey up dere, watchin'. So you go do what you got to do.'"

"While I'm talking to you, I'm folding my own laundry. But by the time this interview appears, I'll finally be in a position to buy what I've always longed for—the time to spend on things I care about."

crew prepared to shoot him walking up the path to the front door for the third time, each from a different angle. "Some home-coming," I said when we were out of earshot. "I know," he said. "It's been just Grandma's house all my life, and now with all those lights and those reporters, suddenly it's a media event. But I guess I'll have to get used to that kind of thing. Now that the book is out, I'm beginning to realize that the stories I heard from Grandma—sitting in that very rocker right up there on the porch—don't really belong to me anymore. So I've decided to keep that chair; next time you come to my house, it'll be on my front porch."

"In 1873, soon after Alex' ancestors had arrived in Henning by wagon train from the plantation in North Carolina where they had lived as slaves, most of them had become founders of the New Hope Colored Methodist Episcopal Church—where the documentary's final scene was shot that night at a special service held in honor of the town's most celebrated citizen.

"It was recently rebuilt in the gleaming white architectural style of a suburban corporate headquarters, and, waiting for him inside the new church, dressed in its Sunday best, bathed in the brilliance of quartz movie lights, sat the entire congregation, filling every pew.

"Glad to be there, but feeling a little out of place—though perhaps less so than the jeaned and bearded film crew from L.A.—I slipped in and found a seat in the back. A moment later, the doors opened and Alex started walking down the aisle toward the pulpit, followed by his younger brothers George and Julius, who had been invited by the TV people to make it a 'family reunion.'

"A black boy of about ten in the row ahead, staring at Alex with shining eyes, asked, 'Is that him?' He didn't have to wait long for an answer; later, everyone in that church was giving him a standing ovation. The cameras, of course, were rolling. Looking a little sheepish, Alex sat down on a bench behind the pulpit beside his brothers, and Fred Montgomery, a deacon of the church, an alderman on the town council and a lifelong friend of Alex', led the purple-gowned choir and the congregation in a rousing spiritual. Then a white aide to Henning's mayor got up to say a few words about the pride everyone in the community took in its native son.

"Then, standing nervously with one arm on the piano for support, a teenage girl, obviously her high school's valedictorian, recited tremulously a short speech she had not only memorized but undoubtedly written herself. By the time she got to the end, she was looking at the audience rather than the floor, and she said loudly and firmly, 'What Mr. Haley has done for us—and for the

world—will remain eternal.'

"The congregation was on its feet again, and it was Alex' turn to speak. In that deep, down-home baritone he can pour on like honey over biscuits, he told them about his search for roots, 'a story that began right here in Henning just two blocks from where I stand.' It was a shorter, but more personal, version of the dramatic and deeply moving speech that's made him one of the most popular speakers on the lecture circuit for the past ten years—a speech he's made so often that passages from it have become almost a narrative litany of oral history. Parts of it even turned up in his answers to my questions. But there in that Henning pulpit, he added something new: an obviously heartfelt tribute to his home town.

"It's not a pretty place," he said. "There's nothing very special about it. But to me it's a symbol of small-town America, the birthplace of those old-fashioned virtues that are our deepest strengths as a nation—like compassion for your fellow man: Even to this day, there isn't a door in Henning where somebody cold or hungry would get turned away. Values like respect for your

"What 'Roots' is saying—
to black people, especially—
is that once you find
out who you really are,
you don't have to go down
on your knees to anyone."

elders—needing them, caring for them, listening to them; they've got a lot to teach us all."

"There's no question that Alex has missed his calling as a fundamentalist preacher; or maybe he hasn't. Every few sentences were interrupted with outcries of 'Say it!' and 'Amen.' And when he was finished, people were weeping, cheering, applauding, rushing up to touch him, shake his hand, gush out their thanks.

"He couldn't afford to be late for a speech to 5000 teachers later that night in Memphis. But he's constitutionally incapable of brushing people off, and it was half an hour before he could make it to the door. Dazed with exhaustion after two weeks in a different city every night, he lapsed into silence and sat with his eyes closed almost all the way to the Mid-South Coliseum. Arriving just in time to be rushed onstage, somehow he managed to crank himself up into delivering another rafter ringer; and the crowd went wild again.

"He couldn't get back to his hotel until three A.M.; his plane was leaving at

7:30. As he trudged with me down the hall to his room, he was nearly out on his feet. 'If only they wouldn't come at me so,' he said. We went on to talk about that for a few minutes more, while he sat on the edge of his bed and pulled off his shoes and socks, and then I said good night. Though this conversation was the last in the 20 hours of taping sessions we'd recorded, I decided to make it our first exchange in the interview—for it seemed to foreshadow a new life for Alex that promised not only wealth and fame but elevation, in some mysterious way, to the mythic stature of a spiritual leader.

"The following personal opinion may compromise my credibility as a journalist, but frankly, I value more highly my credibility as a friend of Alex Haley's for 15 years. And the simple fact is that I consider him the finest and most decent man I've ever known. If we have to have a spiritual leader, we could do a whole lot worse."

PLAYBOY: The reaction you've evoked in public appearances since the publication of *Roots* has often been almost worshipful. How does that make you feel?

HALEY: It disturbs me. My most devout hope was to write a book that would move people, and apparently I've succeeded. But I truly feel that I was merely a conduit for a story that was intended to be told, and I know that it's the story I tell, not me, that they're responding to. If only that response weren't so intense. A few weeks ago, I was talking with friends at a small party in Los Angeles, when a young black woman I'd never seen before came rushing up to me, grabbed my hand and fell to her knees, bubbling her gratitude. All I could think of to do was tell her to stop it and pull her to her feet. Things like that aren't just embarrassing; they're unsettling. She just didn't understand that what *Roots* is saying—to black people, especially—is that once you find out who you really are, you don't have to go down on your knees to anyone anymore. If people are starting to look at me like I'm some kind of Gandhi, all I can say is: I'm not qualified for the job; and even if I were, I wouldn't want it. All I did was write a book, and I'm the same guy now that I was before I wrote it.

PLAYBOY: But that book has become a runaway best seller and on January 30, it will debut in an unprecedented 12-hour television adaptation for which a nightly audience of at least 50,000,000 is being predicted. You may be the same guy you were before, but don't you think all this is bound to change your life?

HALEY: It already has. Hell, I feel like I'm living somebody else's life. After 15 years as a journalist, I'd gotten used to a certain lifestyle: hustling for a buck, waiting for the phone to ring with an assignment, wangling my way past secretaries to interview their bosses. Now, all of a sudden,

I'm going to be paying someone as much to handle my finances as I used to *make* in a year. The phone is ringing off the wall with invitations, such as to join assorted dignitaries for lunch at the State Department and dinner at the White House, queries from writers for magazines that used to reject my stuff, wanting to do stories on *me*; and now PLAYBOY is making me its first interviewer ever to be interviewed by the magazine. And, just to wrap up the irony, I'm being interviewed by you, the guy who used to be my editor at the magazine.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

HALEY: After all those years at the mercy of your blue pencil, I'm looking *forward* to it. The only trouble is, by this time we know each other so well that I know what you're going to ask before you open your mouth, and you know what I'm going to say before I open mine. So why don't we save ourselves the trouble of talking? I'll write your questions, you write my answers and we'll just *mail* it in.

PLAYBOY: Good idea. But just for the sake of appearances, why don't we go through the motions of taping an actual conversation?

HALEY: Just as long as you promise not to ask leading questions. I've *heard* about you PLAYBOY interviewers.

PLAYBOY: We'll give you the same consideration you always offered people when you were doing interviews.

HALEY: In that case, forget the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Fine, just as soon as we finish the interview. You were talking about what success has done to your life.

HALEY: Well, I'm being inundated with requests to appear on television shows hosted by stars whose *publicists* never used to return my calls, with letters from universities asking me to accept honorary degrees and address their graduating classes. I find myself being eased into plush leather armchairs and offered cigars in executive sanctum sanctorums that I couldn't have broken into with TNT a few years ago. My daily calendar, where I used to scrawl my grocery lists, is blocked out from breakfast to bedtime for meetings with people who want my name, my permission, my support, my endorsement, my commitment, my involvement and especially *money*—to underwrite everything from stuff like *Roots* T-shirts and Afro-American tour groups to worthwhile social causes and promising television and movie projects, some of which I plan to pursue as head of my own production company later this year.

PLAYBOY: You're not complaining, are you?

HALEY: I'm having the time of my life. I've never felt happier, younger, stronger, more energetic and alive than I do today—because I set for myself a task that seemed impossible, and yet somehow I completed it. It took 12 years, but I feel

it was worth every moment of it, because *Roots* tells a story that's needed to be told for 200 years. That was reward enough for undertaking it, but I'm happy to say that *Roots* is going to earn me something far more tangible, as well as precious: financial independence.

After being harassed by debt for more years than I care to remember, I now feel beyond a reasonable doubt that I will never have to waste another moment worrying about rent, taxes, alimony, the lot of it. I mean, it's funny that at this very moment, while I'm here talking to you, I'm sitting and folding my own laundry. But by the time this interview appears, I'll finally be in a position to buy what I've always longed for—the *time* to spend on things I care about that I used to have to spend on things I *didn't* care about.

PLAYBOY: Do you think success may spoil—or stifle—Alex Haley?

HALEY: I pray not. Not as long as I remember who I am and where I came from. Every time I catch myself getting annoyed when I have to wait outside some studio for a while because the limousine is late, every time I pick up

"I'm being inundated with requests to appear on television shows hosted by stars whose publicists never used to return my calls."

the phone in some fancy hotel to order a steak from room service rather than run down to the coffee shop for a hamburger, which I'd actually enjoy just as much, I think about Miss Scrap Green and Fred Montgomery and all the other good people I grew up with back in Henning, Tennessee, and I wonder what they'd say if they could see me now. And I'm glad they can't. Because their values are still my values, and they always will be. No matter where I go or what I do with my life, no matter how many books I write or movies I produce, I'll always be "Miz Haley's boy" to them, and that's the way it ought to be.

A while ago, just after I had been interviewed by a television host who introduced me as "the author of one of the great literary works of our time," I went home to visit the family and as I was walking down the street one morning, I met this old man—the ageless kind every small town has—going the other way. "Mornin', sir," I said. You just don't pass anyone in a small town without saying hello. "How do," he replied, stopping and squinting at me. "Ain't you Miz Haley's boy?" "Yes, sir," I said. "Ain't

seen you aroun' for a while," he said. "What you doin' with yourself nowadays?" "I'm a writer." "What you write?" "Books." "How you do that?" "Well, it's kind of hard to explain." "Write somethin' for me, then." "I'm afraid it doesn't work quite that way." He considered that for a while, and then he said, "Well, if you was to tell me you was a lightnin' bug, I'd 'spect you to light up."

Ever since then, whenever I've been tempted to feel important—and there've been a few times—I just remember that old man. Henning is what keeps me honest. It's my roots, and those roots run deep—from my Grandma Cynthia's porch all the way back to Africa.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that the porch where your grandmother told you the stories about your family that led to the writing of your book?

HALEY: Yes, it was. Whenever I go home to visit Henning, I always go over to the old house and sit on that porch for a while. The new owners don't seem to mind. Grandma's long gone, of course, but while I'm sitting there—in the same white-wicker chair she used to rock on while she talked—I remember all the stories she told as if it were yesterday.

PLAYBOY: How long ago was it?

HALEY: About half a century now. The earliest I can remember hearing them was a year or so after my grandfather Will Palmer died, when I was around five. Grandma had lived for that man ever since the day they'd met 38 years before, and when he died, something inside her went along with him. She'd always been a lively woman, but from then on, she took to sitting out on the front porch and just rocking for hours at a time. Since my mother was off teaching school and my father had taken over Grandpa's lumber mill, I spent most of my time alone at home with Grandma.

But after a few months, she began inviting various sisters, nieces and cousins around her age—Aunt Plus, Aunt Viney, Aunt Liz, Aunt Till, Cousin Georgia and a few others—to come and keep her company. They'd arrive from exotic places like Dyersburg, which was all of 25 miles away; Inkster, Michigan; St. Louis; even Kansas City; and they'd stay for a few weeks, sometimes the whole summer, often five or six of them at a time, cooking, knitting, talking and puttering their way through the day. Every night, after the supper dishes had been washed, just around dusk, as the lightning bugs were beginning to flick on and off above the honeysuckle vines, they'd all drift out to the porch and settle down in their favorite rockers—with me scrunched up on the floor behind Grandma's—and they'd pick up where they left off the night before, with her taking the lead, telling stories about the family.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a few.

HALEY: They were just bits and pieces,

weaving back and forth through the years. Some were from Grandma's own life and Grandpa Will's—how the leading white businessmen of Henning, in a historic decision, had turned ownership of the town's only lumber company over to him when its drunken white owner had brought it to the brink of bankruptcy, and how he had gone on to become one of the town's most respected citizens. Only a generation before, they recalled, the same town's white business community had forbidden Grandma's father, Tom Murray, to open a blacksmith shop, so he'd built up a thriving trade with a rolling shop—an anvil and a forge on a wagon—which he drove from farm to farm.

After emancipation, it had been Tom who led the family—his half-Cherokee wife, Irene, and their eight children, his seven brothers and sisters and *their* children—across the Appalachians in a wagon train from “the Murray plantation” in Alamance County, North Carolina, all the way to Henning. They'd been lured to this backwoods settlement in western Tennessee, Tom had said, by his father, George, who'd returned from his travels as a freedman with tales of a “promised land” with soil so rich that “if you plant a pig's tail, a hog'll grow.” Proud of his ancestry, George had kept alive the stories of the family he'd heard from his mother, Kizzy, by repeating them as a ritual at the birth of each new child by his wife, Matilda. But he was hardly a dutiful father and he earned a justified reputation as a ladies' man—and as a high-rolling gambler on the fighting cocks he had trained since boyhood for his massa, Tom Lea.

PLAYBOY: Hence his nickname, “Chicken George”?

HALEY: Which he carried with him proudly to his death, along with a derby hat and a rakish green scarf, which he wore like a trademark. Time and again there on the porch, I heard how Massa Lea had finally lost almost everything he owned in a wager to an English nobleman, who took Chicken George off to England as his gamecock trainer for three years. When he left, it seems that Massa Lea lost more than a cockfighter. When George was a boy, Kizzy had told him that he'd been sired by Massa Lea, who had raped her on the night of her arrival at the Lea plantation. At 16, she'd been sold away from her parents for helping a boy escape from the plantation of Dr. William Waller in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, where she had been born and raised. Her mother, Kizzy told young George, was the big-house cook, Bell. And her father—the furthest-back person anyone in the family ever spoke of—was a man they called the African.

PLAYBOY: Did they know any more than that about him?

HALEY: They said he had been brought across the ocean to a place they called

“Naplis,” that he had tried four times to escape from the plantation of his first owner, “Massa John Waller,” and that after his fourth attempt, he was offered the choice of castration or having a foot cut off. Because he chose the foot, said Grandma, “I'm here to tell about it.” The African told Kizzy that the massa's brother, Dr. William Waller, had bought him, nursed him back to health, put him to work in his garden and later had him serve as his buggy driver. Though John Waller had named him Toby, the women said the African had always angrily insisted that the other slaves call him by his real name, which they pronounced “Kin-tay.”

As Kizzy grew up, according to the old ladies on the porch, Kin-tay taught her words from his own language. He called a guitar a *ko*, for example, and as they rode in the buggy past the Mattaponi River near the plantation, he'd point and say something that sounded like *Kamby Bologno*. The thing Kizzy remembered most vividly—and passed on to Chicken George, who later told his children, and so on down to me—was that when Kin-tay

“One day, I was down to exactly 18 cents and two cans of sardines when a friend called with the offer of a job in the civil service. I turned him down.”

was a boy of about 17 “rains”—his word for years—he had been out in the forest, not far from his village in Africa, chopping wood to make a drum, when four men had set upon him, beaten him senseless and marched him in chains to the ship in which he was taken to America and sold into slavery.

PLAYBOY: Did those stories make much of an impression on you at the time?

HALEY: I loved them, but I didn't live them, as Grandma did. With Grandpa gone, those stories were the most important thing in her life and she told and retold them—to the point where she and my mother actually had words about it. “I'm sick of all that old-timy stuff!” Momma would exclaim. “Why don't you quit talking about it all the time?” And Grandma would say, “Well, if you don't care where you come from, I do!” And they might not speak for two or three days.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't your mother want to hear the stories?

HALEY: She was the first person in our family who ever went to college. You see it in every poor immigrant group that's come to this country; the first thing

its members want to do as they begin to make it is to forget their homeland—its traditions and its culture—and to fit in with the new one. Momma wanted nothin' to do with no Africans, and even less with slaves; she was embarrassed by all that. But to a little boy like me, it was just a bunch of stories, like the Biblical parables I heard every week in Sunday school at the New Hope Methodist Church. They were more exciting, of course, because some of the people in them were sitting right there on the porch. But most of the family they talked about—Tom Murray, Chicken George, Kizzy, the African—were just characters to me, like Jonah, Pharaoh, David and Goliath, Adam and Eve.

PLAYBOY: When did the stories begin to mean something more to you?

HALEY: It took about 30 years. I had grown up and gone to college for two years and then joined the Coast Guard as a mess boy not long before World War Two broke out. During the long months at sea, I passed the time by writing letters to everyone I knew—maybe 40 a week—and after a while, I caught the bug, and started writing for *publication*; or tried to. I spent eight years writing some part of every single day before making my first sale to a magazine. When I finally retired—as Chief Journalist—after 20 years, at 37, I moved to Greenwich Village, where I planned to make it as a free-lance journalist; I guess I thought I'd pick it up by osmosis, simply by *living* in that writers' colony. But it didn't come quite that easy. One day, I was down to exactly 18 cents and two cans of sardines when a friend called me with the offer of a modest but steady job in the civil service. I took a deep breath and turned him down. The very next day, a small check arrived in the mail from some magazine, and I managed to hang on long enough to begin selling regularly. Those two sardine cans and that 18 cents, by the way, are framed and hanging on my wall even to this day, as a reminder of how close I came to the end of the line. Anyway, it was around that time that you assigned me to conduct an interview for *PLAYBOY*.

PLAYBOY: That was the very first interview we published, in September of 1962.

HALEY: With Miles Davis. Which taught me a little bit about jazz as well as journalism. But my association with Malcolm X, the second interview you assigned to me, led to my collaboration with him on my first book, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. I remember his telling me very calmly, as he read the finished manuscript two years later, that he'd never live to see it published—and he was right.

In a way, I have *PLAYBOY* to thank for setting my second book, *Roots*, into motion, too. It was soon after the Malcolm book came out, and you asked me to interview Julie Christie, who was

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making a movie in London. While I was there, waiting for an appointment—which never came about, as you know—I kept myself busy taking guided tours of the city. One of them stopped at the British Museum, where I found something I'd heard about only vaguely but which now entranced me: the Rosetta stone. I immediately read up on it and learned that it had been found in the Nile delta in 1799, inscribed with three texts: one in Greek, the second in a then-unknown set of characters, the third in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, which it had been assumed no one would ever be able to decipher. But in a superhuman feat of scholarship, a Frenchman named Jean Champollion had matched the two unknown texts, character for character, with the Greek text and proved that all three were the same, thus cracking the code and opening up to the world much of mankind's earliest history, which had been recorded in—and hidden behind—the mystery of those hieroglyphics.

PLAYBOY: Why did all that fascinate you so?

HALEY: I wasn't sure. I felt that key which had unlocked a door to the past had some special significance for me, but I didn't realize what it was until I was on the plane returning to the U.S. In the stories Grandma and the others had told me, there were fragments of words from an unknown tongue spoken by the African who said his name was Kin-tay, called a guitar a *ko* and a river *Kamby Bolongo*. They were mostly sharp, angular sounds with K predominating. Undoubtedly, they had undergone some changes in pronunciation as they had been passed down across the generations, but it seemed to me that they had to be phonetic snatches of the actual language spoken by my ancestor and that if I could find out what that language was, I might be able to unlock the door to my own past.

When I got home, I knew there was somebody I had to see. Of all the old ladies from the porch in Henning, only one was still alive: Cousin Georgia, who had been 20-odd years younger than the others. She was in her 80s now and living with her son, Floyd, and daughter, Bea, in Kansas City, Kansas. I hadn't seen her in several years and she was ailing and bedridden, but the moment I mentioned my interest in the family stories, she jerked upright and started prattling away: "Yeah, boy, dat African say a guitar a *ko* and he call a river de *Kamby Bolongo* an' he was out choppin' wood, intendin' to make hisself a drum when dey cotched 'im." It was like echoes of the stories I'd heard during my boyhood.

When I told her that I wanted to see if I could find out where Kin-tay came from, which might reveal the identity of our ancestral tribe, she became so excited that Floyd, Bea and I had trouble calming her down. And as I left, she told me something that galvanized me—something

that has driven and sustained me ever since: "Boy, yo' sweet gramma and all of 'em—dey up dere, watchin'. So you go do what you got to do."

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

HALEY: I soon discovered what I already feared: that because there was little tradition of family continuity among blacks, there were very sparse genealogical records of black families—certainly none of the kind that can enable some white families to trace their ancestors as far back as the Mayflower and across the Atlantic to wherever they came from. In the first place, newly arrived Africans were divested of their born names and given slave names—as Kin-tay had been renamed Toby. Thus were they robbed of their past, beginning a process of psychic dehumanization that was compounded with the frequent breeding of slaves like livestock and the sale of their offspring—often before birth. It was not uncommon for a slave to grow up without knowing his own father. Not many got to know their grandparents. For family stories to go back, as ours did, to

*"If I had known then what
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have given up on the spot.
But I forged blindly on."*

great-great-great-great-grandparents was almost unheard of. But because there were no established avenues for corroborating those stories, I had to kind of start from scratch.

PLAYBOY: Which was where?

HALEY: Well, one day, while I was in Washington, D.C., on a magazine assignment, I went to the National Archives. Remembering that Grandma had said she was born on the Murray plantation in Alamance County, North Carolina, and figuring that the family had to have lived there around the time of the Civil War, I asked a black attendant for the census records of that county for the year 1870. They were on microfilm, and I threaded the first roll through the machine and began to turn the handle. There before me were columns of names in old-fashioned script, where the Ss look like Fs, and those people—head of household, wife, children, grandparents—began to parade past. The lists seemed endless, and by the end of the second roll, my curiosity was rapidly diminishing. The thought that I'd ever run across a familiar name among so many countless thousands seemed hopeless and I got up to leave. It gives me the quivers to think how, if

I had left, none of this would ever have happened.

But as I was walking out, I passed through the genealogical-search room and I happened to notice that, unlike the reading rooms of most libraries, where people are sitting back relaxed and comfortable, everyone there was bent intently over old documents, some with magnifying glasses. And the thought came into my head: *These people are all here trying to find out who they are.* I turned around and went back to the microfilm room and picked up where I had left off. Some rolls later, as I was slowly turning the crank, I suddenly found myself looking down at the name "Murray, Tom, Blacksmith, Black," and beneath that the name "Murray, Irene, Housewife, Black," and beneath them the names of their children, Maria Jane, Ellen, Viney, Matilda and Elizabeth. Matilda was Aunt Till from Dyersburg. Elizabeth was Aunt Liz; I'd eaten her biscuits for years. They were Grandma's older sisters; she hadn't been born yet. I was staggered. To see those names right there in an official document in the same building that houses the U.S. Constitution somehow made it very real—and made it *matter* in a way it never had before. That thought gripped me—and still does. I had stumbled upon incontrovertible evidence that I, my family, we black people, indeed, did have a past, a heritage; it just wasn't very well documented.

PLAYBOY: So that challenged you to keep going?

HALEY: It surely did. Between magazine assignments, I spent the next few months commuting to Washington from New York, searching in the National Archives and the Library of Congress for further confirmation of the family story, and slowly I found it. In bits and pieces. In time, I discovered that those old ladies on the porch had been incredibly accurate; they hadn't known it, but they were oral historians of the highest order. Piece by piece, I began to fit it all together about everyone in the family—except for the African. There was simply nothing to be found anywhere about a slave named Kin-tay, and even if I could find some record of him under the name Toby, that wouldn't help me find out where he came from. Slave traders were interested in the value of their property, not in its origin. I knew that those shreds of African words passed down by the African would have to be the key. If I had known then what I know now—that maybe 1000 tribal tongues are spoken in Africa—I would have given up on the spot. But since I didn't know the odds against me, I forged blindly on.

PLAYBOY: In what direction?

HALEY: Well, it seemed logical to seek help from as wide a range of Africans as I could find, so I began to hang around the lobby of the UN Building in New York around quitting time. It wasn't hard



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to spot the Africans. In the course of two weeks, I managed to buttonhole maybe two dozen of them. Everyone listened to me for a moment—and then took off. I couldn't blame them much; what kind of impression could I make trying to blurt out some alleged African sounds in a Tennessee accent—sounds that very possibly might have been distorted beyond recognition across the 200 years they had taken to reach me?

Finally, I told my problem to a lifelong friend from Henning, George Sims, who happens to be a master researcher. He promptly went into the Library of Congress and shortly brought to me a list of people recognized for their knowledge of African linguistics. The credentials of one of them, a Belgian Ph.D. named Jan Vansina, impressed me so much that I called him for an appointment at the University of Wisconsin, where he was teaching. He had written a book, *La Tradition Orale*, based on research conducted while he was living in African villages. I thought he might be just the man to help me, if anyone could. And he gave me an appointment to meet with him in Madison.

Dr. Vansina listened intently as I told him my story—every syllable of the sounds, everything else I could remember, buttressed by what Cousin Georgia had recently told me. He was particularly interested in how the sounds were passed along from one generation to the next. I told him there had always been one person in each generation who was keeper of the story: First it was Kin-tay, then Kizzy, then George, then Tom, then my grandma Cynthia and, finally, me. When I was through talking, he said he wanted to sleep on it and invited me to spend the night.

PLAYBOY: Did you get any sleep?

HALEY: Not much. I didn't think he would have asked me to stay unless he felt some good reason for it. The next morning at the breakfast table, he said to me, with a very serious expression on his face: "The ramifications of the phonetic sounds preserved down across your family's generations could be immense." My heart all but stopped. He said he had consulted by telephone with one of his colleagues, an eminent Africanist, Dr. Philip Curtin, who concurred with him that the sounds I'd conveyed were in the tongue spoken by the Mandinka, or Mandingo, people. The word *ko*, for example, he said, probably referred to the *kora*, one of the Mandinkas' oldest stringed instruments. But the phrase *Kamby Bolongo* was what clinched it. Without question, he said, in Mandinka, the word *bolongo* meant a large, moving stream, such as a river, and preceded by *Kamby*, it probably referred to the Gambia River. Almost certainly, my African ancestor had been from the Gambia. I'd never heard of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you say so?

HALEY: I was too excited to hide my ignorance; so I asked and he showed it to me on a map—a small, narrow country about midway on the west coast of Africa, bordered on three sides by Senegal and bisected by the Gambia River. I was determined to go there, preferably on the next plane; but I couldn't just pop up in Africa! I wouldn't know where to go, whom to talk to or how to ask. I knew I had to find someone who knew more than I did about the Gambia, which was almost literally nothing.

PLAYBOY: Another research job for Sims?

HALEY: I didn't have to ask him. As fate would have it, only a week or so later, I was asked to speak about my Malcolm X book at Utica College in Upstate New York; it was my first paid lecture. I got \$100 for it, which would be about one-tenth of my round-trip air fare to the Gambia. Afterward, talking with the professor who'd invited me to speak, I told him about my quest—and my plight—and he said he'd heard there was an outstanding student over at Hamilton

*"Like most of us, black and
white, I formed my
impressions of Africa mostly
from 'Tarzan' movies,
'Jungle Jim' comics and old
copies of 'National
Geographic.'"*

College, about half an hour's drive away, who came from the Gambia. I drove up there and fairly snatched him from a class in economics. His name was Ebou Manga and he was the *blackest* human being I had ever seen. He seemed reservedly amused as I poured out my story in a rush of words, but when I asked him to accompany me to the Gambia—at my expense—his face lit up and he said yes on the spot.

PLAYBOY: How did you intend to finance that expedition?

HALEY: I had no idea where I'd get the money for my *own* ticket, let alone his. But it fell into my lap like manna from heaven two weeks later, when you paid me for an interview. I'd already obtained a visa and the very next day, Ebou and I were off to Dakar, where we changed to a lighter plane and flew on to a small airfield in the Gambia. From there, we drove in a van the rest of the way along a rutted two-lane highway to the capital city of Banjul, which was then called Bathurst.

Ebou's father, Alhaji Malik Manga—they are a Moslem family—soon arranged for me to meet with a group of men who were knowledgeable about their coun-

try's history. So once again, I told my story. When I had finished, they seemed most interested in the name Kin-tay. "Our country's oldest villages," they told me, "tend to be named for the families that settled them centuries ago." And on a map, they pointed out a village called Kinte-Kundah and, nearby, another called Kinte-Kundah Janneh-Ya. The Kinte clan—of which my ancestor was undoubtedly a member, they said—was an old and well-known family in the Gambia, and they promised to do what they could to find a *griot* to help me with my search.

PLAYBOY: A *griot*?

HALEY: I cocked my ear at that one, too. They said *griots* were oral historians, almost living archives, men trained from boyhood to memorize, preserve and recite—on ceremonial occasions—the centuries-old histories of villages, of clans, of families, of great kings, holy men and heroes. Some, they said, were the keepers of certain family stories so long that they could talk for three days without ever repeating themselves. When I expressed astonishment, they reminded me that every living person goes back ancestrally to some time when there was no writing, when the only way that human knowledge got passed from one generation to the next had been from the mouths of the elders to the ears of the young. We in the West, they said, had become so dependent on "the crutch of print" that we had forgotten what the memory of man was capable of.

PLAYBOY: Did they find a *griot* for you?

HALEY: Yes, but it took months. I returned home to await developments—and to devour everything I could find to read about Africa. It embarrasses me to think how ignorant I was about the people and the culture of the earth's second-largest continent. Like most of us, black and white, I formed my impressions of Africa and of Africans mostly from *Tarzan* movies, *Jungle Jim* comics and occasional leafings through old copies of *National Geographic*. So from morning till evening, I pored over book after book about African history and culture, and every night, before I turned out the light, I studied a map of Africa I'd put beside my bed, memorizing the location of each country, its rivers and major cities.

Finally, a letter arrived from the Gambia, which I almost tore open. My contacts there had found a *griot* who might be able to help me, and they'd put me in touch with him if I would return at my earliest convenience. Man, I went nearly wild with excitement—and then frustration. Where would I find the money? I was ready to work my way across as a cook on a freighter—that had been my job for several years on U.S. Coast Guard cutters—when a last resort occurred to me. I wrote to Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, cofounder with her husband of *Reader's Digest*. I had met her at a party several years before and she had said very

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kind things about an article I'd written for them. Told me to get in touch with her if I ever needed help. I figured she was just being polite, but I had nothing to lose, so I wrote her a letter. To my astonishment, Mrs. Wallace arranged for me to meet with a group of *Digest* editors to see what they felt about my project. I talked passionately and nonstop for about three hours, as if my life depended on it, and in some strange way, I felt it did. They came through—with a \$300 monthly stipend and "reasonable necessary travel expenses."

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a dangerously ambiguous phrase. They didn't know you very well, did they?

HALEY: I guess not. But they do now—and I think they've forgiven me. Anyway, two days later, I was back in Banjul, tape recorder and notebook in hand, chafing to get to the *griot* they'd found for me. "His name," they said, "is Kebba Kanji Fofana, and he is a *griot* of the Kinte clan." I was ready to have a fit. "Where is he?" I asked, I suppose expecting to find him waiting somewhere nearby, flanked by a PR man and an interpreter. They looked at me quizzically. "He's in Juffure, his village in the back country upriver," they replied. If I intended to see him, it soon became clear, I'd have to do something I'd never dreamed I'd be doing: organize a kind of modified *safari*!

PLAYBOY: The great black hunter?

HALEY: You go straight to hell. This was totally serious business! It took me three days of bargaining and endless African palaver to assemble everything and everyone I was assured I couldn't do without for the journey. By the time I'd hired a launch for the trip upriver, a lorry and a Land Rover to make the journey overland with provisions and a total of 14 companions, including three interpreters and four musicians—

PLAYBOY: Musicians?

HALEY: I was told the old *griots* didn't like to talk without musicians playing in the background. Anyway, by the time I got all that together, I felt like Stanley setting out in search of Livingstone. I tried to imagine the reaction back at the *Digest* accounting department in Pleasantville when they saw *this* item on my expense account.

PLAYBOY: What did you find when you reached your destination?

HALEY: You've heard of the expression peak experience? That's what I had in Juffure. We put ashore at a little village called Albreda and set out across hot, lush savanna country, and finally we were approaching Juffure's bamboo fence, beyond a grove of trees. Little children playing outside ran in to announce our arrival, and by the time we entered the gate, everyone in the village—about 70 people, plus maybe half as many goats—had converged on us from mud huts. Among them was a small, wizened man

in an off-white robe and a pillbox hat; somehow he looked important and I knew he was the *griot* we had come to see and hear.

The interpreters left our group to talk with him and the other villagers swarmed around me, three and four deep all around, and began to stare. For the first time in my life, every face I saw was *jet-black*. And the eyes of every one were raking me from head to toe. As my own eyes dropped in embarrassment, my glance happened to fall on my hands. I felt ashamed.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HALEY: It was the color of my skin—because I wasn't black. I was brown, the product of forced interbreeding under slavery; I felt impure among the pure. Finally, one of the interpreters came over and whispered in my ear. "They stare at you because they have never here seen a black American." They had been looking at me not as me, Alex Haley, an individual, but as a symbol for them of a people—25,000,000 of us black people—whom they had never seen, a people who lived in a land beyond the ocean, as unknown to them as they were to us.

Just then, the old *griot* turned from the other interpreters, strode through the crowd and stopped in front of me, his eyes piercing into mine. Seeming to feel that I would understand his Mandinka, he looked straight at me as he spoke, then fell silent while the translation came: "We have been told by the forefathers that there are many of us from this place who are in exile in that place called America. . . ." With that, he sat down on a stool across from me, the people gathered round and he began to recite the ancestral history of the Kinte clan. This was a state occasion, an extremely formal and stylized ritual that dated back unchanged far into antiquity. As he spoke, he leaned forward, his body rigid, and the words would issue from deep within him, like a solid thing, as if carved in stone. After two or three sentences, he would stop, sit back—his eyes seeming opaque, his expression unreadable—and wait for the translation. Then, as if summoning all his strength, he'd lean forward and begin again.

PLAYBOY: Were you tape-recording all this?

HALEY: Indeed, I was, along with the background chatter of monkeys, parrots, goats, chickens, children, and the like. But you could hear him droning through it all. Even in translation, it sounded much like Biblical recitation: So-and-so took unto himself the wife So-and-so and by her he begat . . . and begat . . . He was talking about people and events 150 or 200 years ago—who married whom, their children in their order of birth, then whom those children married and *their* children, and so on.

PLAYBOY: How long did that go on?

HALEY: For about two hours, there

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under a broiling sun, bathed in sweat, buzzing with flies. I'll just sum his story up as briefly as I can. The Kinte clan, the *griot* said, began back in the 1500s in a land called Old Mali. After many years, a branch of the clan moved to Mauretania and, from there, one son, Kairaba Kunte Kinte, a Marabout—or holy man of the Moslem faith—traveled south to the Gambia, where he eventually settled in the village of Juffure. There he took his first wife, a Mandinka maiden named Sireng, by whom he begat two sons, Janneh and Saloum. He then took a second wife, Yaiza, by whom he begat a third son, Omoro. When Omoro had 30 rains, he took a wife named Binta Kebba, by whom he begat four sons, named Kunta, Lamin, Suwadu and Madi. Here the *griot* added one of the many time-fixing references in the narrative that is how they identify the date of events: "It was about the time the king's soldiers came. . . ." Then, as he had done perhaps 50 times earlier in the course of his monologue, he added a salient biographical detail about one of the people he was discussing: "The eldest of these four sons, Kunta, went away from this village to chop wood—and he was never seen again."

Well, I sat there feeling as if I were carved of rock. What that old man in back-country Africa had just uttered dovetailed with the very words my grandmother had always spoken during my boyhood on a porch in Tennessee, telling a story she had heard from her father, Tom, who had heard it from his father, George, who had heard it from his mother, Kizzy, who had been told by her father, the man who called himself Kintay: that he had been out, not far from his village, chopping wood, intending to make himself a drum, when he had been set upon by four men and kidnaped into slavery.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

HALEY: I must have looked as if lightning had struck me, because the *griot* stopped midsentence and leaned toward me with concern and bewilderment. Somehow, from my duffel bag, I managed to pull out the notebook in which I had recorded that very passage of the family story, as Cousin Georgia had retold it to me at her bedside in Kansas City. When the interpreter read what was written there, it was all he could do to control himself sufficiently to translate it. The *griot's* eyes shot wide and he leaped up, exclaiming loudly to the others while jabbing at my notebook with his forefinger. A shock wave seemed to go through the crowd, and without an order being given, every one of those 70 people—man, woman and child—formed a giant human ring around me and began chanting rhythmically, moving counterclockwise, lifting their knees high, stamping up reddish puffs of dust. Then a woman holding a

baby to her breast burst from the circle and came charging toward me, scowling fiercely, and thrust her child toward me almost roughly in a gesture that said, "Take it!" No sooner had I clasped it to my chest than she snatched it away and another woman was pushing her baby into my arms, followed by another and another—until, in a couple of minutes, I'd say I had embraced a dozen babies.

PLAYBOY: What did all that mean?

HALEY: I had no idea. I was too dazed to do anything but stand there. It wasn't until a year later that I was told by Dr. Jerome Bruner at Harvard, ironically enough, that I had been participating in one of the oldest ceremonies of humankind, the laying on of hands. They were telling me in their way, he said, "Through this flesh, which is us, we are you and you are us."

I don't remember much of what happened after that—except for a photo that was taken of me standing with several of my sixth cousins, direct lineal descendants of Kunta Kinte's younger brothers. And when we left a few hours later by

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Land Rover, my mind was still numb. As we careened down the pitted back-country road toward Banjul—dust pluming up behind us—I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing around me. But in my mind's eye, from the journals I had been reading, I began to envision, almost as if it were a film, how my great-great-great-great-grandfather—and the ancestors of every single black alive—had been enslaved. I could hear their screams in the night, see the flames from torches licking at their thatch-roofed huts, hear their screams as they dashed outside into a rain of clubs and cutlasses wielded not only by white slave traders but also by traitorous fellow Africans who were in the hire of the whites. I could smell the blood and sweat as the survivors were linked neck to neck by thongs into processions—called *coffles*—which often were a mile in length before they reached the beach areas near where the slave ships waited.

I seemed to feel their horror as they were branded, greased, shaved, then lashed and dragged, screaming, clawing at the beach, biting up mouthfuls of sand, in their desperation for one last hold on

the land that had been their home. I saw them thrown like firewood into long-boats and rowed out to the waiting slave ships, shoved and beaten down into stinking holds and chained onto rough wooden shelves. I heard their moans as the ships weighed anchor and they began to move down the river toward the sea.

My mind was still reeling with this nightmare vision when we came in sight of a village up ahead. The driver slowed down as we drew closer, for there were hundreds of people waiting, and every one of them waving and shouting.

PLAYBOY: What was going on?

HALEY: Somehow, word had reached them of what had happened back in Juffure. As the Land Rover crept through the throng, their cacophony of shouting engulfed us. And the face of everyone—from robed elders to naked little boys to wrinkled old crones with toothless gums and breasts like belt straps—was wreathed in a smile. I found myself standing up and smiling and waving back; but it wasn't until we were about halfway through the village that I understood what it was they were all chanting: "Meester Kinte! Meester Kinte!"

Let me tell you something: I've never been considered overly emotional, but when I heard what those people were shouting, I threw my hands in front of my face and started to sob like I hadn't done since I was a baby.

I was weeping in grief—not only for the anguish of the ancestor I embodied for those cheering Africans but also for the suffering of his descendants down through the generations. But I was also weeping in joy, for I felt that through me, his great-great-great-great-grandson, Kunta Kinte had finally come home. And because of him—his courage, his pride, and the tenacity of his determination to keep alive the memory and the meaning of his roots as a free man in his own land—all of us who had come after him had finally rediscovered who we were.

PLAYBOY: Seems like a good subject for a book.

HALEY: That's right, wise guy. When I arrived in New York, I went to Doubleday and told them that every black American goes back ancestrally to someone who was taken, as Kunta was, from some village, chained in the hold of some stinking ship, sold onto some plantation to live out his years in slavery—and had children whose children's children's children are still struggling for freedom. So the story of any one of us is really the saga of us all. I told them I wanted to write that story in a book called *Roots*. They told me to go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Did you visit Cousin Georgia to tell her the news?

HALEY: Listen, let me tell you one of the major reasons why I feel that this book *Roots* was simply meant to be. Just before leaving on that second trip to Africa, I had visited old Cousin Georgia, who was

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Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

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	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mjds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
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in the hospital, recovering from a stroke, and in her dramatic, deeply religious way, she'd exclaimed to me as I prepared to leave: "Boy, I'm jes' a soldier on God's battlefield, an' I been *hit*! But you go on!" But now, when I came off the plane and telephoned my brother George, he interrupted my greeting to tell me that while I was gone, Cousin Georgia had died—at the age of 83. Later, after making time-zone calculations, I realized that she had passed away literally within the very *hour* of my arrival in Juffure. I truly believe that as the last survivor of those ladies who had told the family story on that porch in Henning, it had been Cousin Georgia's job to oversee me into our ancestral village—and then she'd joined the others up there watchin'.

PLAYBOY: Did that inspire you to go on?

HALEY: That, combined with the mystical nature of my entire experience in the Gambia, filled me with a sense of mission and fired me with an obsessive passion I have felt ever since.

PLAYBOY: Where did that passion drive you next?

HALEY: Before I knew where to go next, I had to piece together what I'd learned so far, like clues in a detective story. From what the old ladies on the porch had told me, the ship that brought the African across the ocean had landed at "Naplis," which had to be Annapolis, Maryland. And now I knew that the ship had to have sailed from the Gambia River. What I *didn't* know were the only things that really mattered. What ship? And what voyage?

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to track them down?

HALEY: The *griot* had told me that Kunta had disappeared "about the time the king's soldiers came." Projecting backward six generations to Kunta, that must have been somewhere in the mid-18th Century. And since slavery was first and foremost a maritime industry conducted predominantly by England and her American colony, I figured there might be a record somewhere in London of a military expedition to the Gambia around that time. I was right. After weeks of digging among British parliamentary records, I discovered that a group called Colonel O'Hare's forces had been dispatched to protect Fort James on the Gambia River from attack by the French in the spring of 1767.

So now I knew approximately when Kunta's ship left. Somewhere among the many thousands of voyages logged in shipping records during the two centuries that the slave trade flourished, there must be the record of a voyage by some ship from the Gambia River to Annapolis in the spring of 1767.

PLAYBOY: Where did you look?

HALEY: I soon discovered that various repositories here or there in London held

a maze of old shipping records, some dating back to the 16th Century; and included were countless records of slave ships. Hardly pausing to eat or sleep, I breathed dust and squinted over yellowing records for nine hours a day every day for the next seven weeks. Finally, in the British Public Records Office one afternoon, I was about halfway down a list of 30-odd sailings in my 1023rd set of records when my finger traced a line that read: "Lord Ligonier, registered in London, Captain Davies, sailed from the Gambia River July 5, 1767, destination Annapolis"—with a cargo that included 140 Africans.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

HALEY: For some reason, it didn't seem to register right away. I jotted down the information, stuck it in my pocket and went next door for a cup of tea. I was just sort of sitting there, sipping away, when it hit me. I still owe the lady for that tea. Without even stopping off at my hotel to pick up my bag, I grabbed a taxi, told the driver, "Heathrow!" and got the last seat on that day's last flight to New York. All the way across the Atlantic, I could see it in my mind's eye—a book I'd come across several months

"A few slaves threw themselves overboard to the sharks rather than wait to get eaten in the land of white cannibals."

before in the Library of Congress: *Shipping in the Port of Annapolis, 1748-1775*. Before I slept, I was going to have my hands on that book. And I did. Turning to ship arrivals starting in September 1767—allowing at least two months for the crossing—I found it in ten minutes: The Lord Ligonier had docked in the Port of Annapolis on September 29, 1767. In the Maryland Hall of Records, I looked up ship arrivals for that date, and there was the cargo manifest for the Lord Ligonier. On it were listed "3265 elephants' teeth, 3700 pounds of beeswax, 800 pounds of raw cotton, 32 ounces of gold and 98 Negro slaves." Forty-two had died en route.

PLAYBOY: Almost a third. Wasn't that an incredibly high fatality rate?

HALEY: It was about average. The slaves on the Lord Ligonier were stowed "loose pack," as they called it, on their backs, shoulder to shoulder, on shelves. When they were shipped "tight pack"—on their sides, up against one another like spoons in a drawer—the death rate was even higher.

PLAYBOY: Then why would they be shipped that way?

HALEY: The reasoning was that since more

slaves could be fitted on board tight pack, the ship still might arrive with more salable merchandise alive.

PLAYBOY: What was the cause of most of the deaths?

HALEY: Disease and debilitation, from being forced to lie in their own excrement and vomit, chained together at the wrists and ankles on shelves four or five deep for an average of two and a half months. After a few weeks—bitten by rats, infested with lice, often bloated with tapeworms ingested in tainted slop, rolling back and forth on the rough planks beneath them—they were a mass of ulcerated and often gangrenous wounds so deep, in some cases, that muscle and bone showed through. Some died of beatings; others were killed in insurrections; and a few threw themselves overboard to the sharks rather than wait to get eaten in *Toubabo-Koomi*, the land of white cannibals to which many thought they were being taken. What's surprising is not that so many died but that so many *survived* the nightmare.

It's ironic that, percentagewise, more whites than blacks died on the slave ships. The Lord Ligonier left Gravesend, England, with a full crew of 36 and arrived in Annapolis with 18. Whites were less resistant than blacks to many diseases, but most fell victim to the same afflictions that killed their captives; every week or so, the crew members had to scrub off the slaves and muck out the holds.

PLAYBOY: Were they well paid for that kind of work?

HALEY: On the contrary, the crewmen earned around two or three shillings a day—if they lived to earn *anything*. The fewer of the crew to survive the journey, the fewer of them had to be paid. More crew members than slaves died from floggings by brutal captains and mates; they were recruited—in some cases, shanghaied—human dregs of the waterfront and were regarded as far less valuable than their black cargo.

Shipowners and the great insurance companies that bank-rolled the trade found it enormously profitable, however. Nor did the slave-ship captains do badly, either. In fact, they earned far more doing that sort of dirty work than they ever could have done at the helm of a warship or a tea clipper. Most of them were castoffs from military service or trading lines, competent sailors who had been disgraced or dishonorably discharged for drunkenness, insubordination, and so on. They had to earn a living at the only thing they knew—the sea—and it was a lucrative one. But many of them seemed to be ashamed of it. I learned in my research that some of our favorite hymns were written by retired slave-ship officers. *Amazing Grace*, for example, was written by an ex-first mate named John Newton. The familiar line "I once was lost but now am found" takes

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on a poignant new significance in that light.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out about all this?

HALEY: By reading scores of slave journals, captains' memoirs and especially the records of the antislavery society. One of the most revealing tidbits I unearthed in this way was the fact that the surest mark of veteran slave-ship captains and mates was the number of human teethmark scars they carried on their lower legs—sustained while doing their job, which was to keep as many slaves as possible from dying, and to patch them up well enough to command a decent price on delivery.

PLAYBOY: What sort of price would an average slave command?

HALEY: That would depend on the state of the market at the time, but the principal determining factors were obviously age, strength and health. The tribe a slave came from also sometimes made a difference to knowledgeable buyers. The Wolofs, who were quick, intelligent, natural leaders but proud and defiant, tended to sell for less than members of other tribes that were regarded as more tractable and hard-working. In 1767, an average field hand in prime shape was worth anywhere from \$500 to \$800. Though they weren't capable of the same kind of hard work, female slaves often commanded more than \$1000, especially if they were young and attractive, because they could both provide pleasant diversion for their masters and increase their inventory of human livestock by breeding children.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to discover Kunta Kinte's sale price?

HALEY: About \$850 is my best guess, based upon then prevailing prices in the Maryland and Virginia area. But I found a specific record of when and where he was sold. In the microfilm records of the *Maryland Gazette* for October 1, 1767—two days after the Lord Ligonier docked—I found an advertisement in the far-left-hand column on page two, announcing its arrival and inviting interested parties to an auction in Annapolis three days thence of its cargo: "98 choice, healthy slaves."

PLAYBOY: Was there any written record of those sold at the auction?

HALEY: Not that I could find. But I already knew who had bought Kunta, if the family story continued to prove as accurate as it had so far. Grandma had said Kunta had been sold to a "Massa John Waller," who named him Toby, and later, after his foot had been cut off, he had been sold to John's brother, Dr. William Waller, who put him to work in the garden at his plantation in Spotsylvania County, Virginia.

Since slaves were considered property, just like a horse or a plot of real estate, I reasoned that there might possibly be a record of Kunta's sale from one brother to the other somewhere among the state legal deeds on file in Richmond. So I

began searching through those documents, starting a few months after his original purchase, to allow time for his four unsuccessful escape attempts. Finally, I found a deed—dated September 5, 1768—transferring 247 acres of land from John to William Waller. On the second page, like an afterthought, were the words: "And also one Negro slave named Toby." I sat staring at the document, unable to believe my eyes. It was impossible, but I'd done it: traced a man who had been dead for almost two centuries all the way from his home village in western Africa to a plantation in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. I felt like leaping up and shouting back across the years to Grandma and the rest of the ladies on that porch: "It's true! It's all true! Every word of it! It really happened just the way you said! We've found him!" One less detail in the family story, one missing document in my search to confirm it, and the trail could have petered out anywhere along the way. Somehow, just enough fragments had survived from what the African had told Kizzy, and what she and the others had passed on down

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through the generations, to lead me finally, there in that Virginia library, all the way back to my great-great-great-grandfather.

PLAYBOY: Were you ready to begin writing the book?

HALEY: Hardly. I had traced my own ancestor all the way from freedom in the Gambia to slavery in Virginia, and I knew the outlines of the family story pretty well from that point on. But if *Roots* was going to stand a chance of transcending the story of one family and becoming the saga of an entire people, I knew I'd have to find out what it had been like not only for Kunta Kinte and his descendants but for millions like them on both continents from that time to this. I felt my job now was to immerse myself in research on two vast areas: tribal life in Africa and slave life in America. Since Africa's where the story began, I decided to study it first.

Most of what I'd read so far had been written by outsiders, predominantly white missionaries and anthropologists, and even among the most knowledgeable and

well intentioned of them, the tone was somewhat paternal and condescending. Their insights and observations were inevitably limited by the cultural chasm separating them from their subjects. So I began going back to Africa, maybe 15 or 20 trips. Setting out with my interpreters into the back country, I'd arrive in a village with a gift of kola nuts or something and ask to speak with the most honored elders. And I'd sit for hours with three or four of those old men, asking them about their boyhoods—and about whatever they could recall their fathers telling them about *their* boyhoods. I was digging not only for firsthand cultural history but also for personal anecdotes that would illuminate the lifestyle and the character of these people; sensory impressions of taste, touch, smell and sight that would help me bring the story to life in a way that the reader could not only appreciate but at least vicariously *experience*.

PLAYBOY: How much of what you learned conflicted with your preconceptions about Africa?

HALEY: Most of it. The worst misconception I had—in common with most Americans—was conditioned by the cartoon image of Africans as semisimians with bones through their noses, swinging from trees and dancing around fires over which missionaries were cooking in big pots. What I found out about my own ancestors, the Mandinkas—a fairly representative tribe among the thousands in Africa—was that they were a poor people, most of them simple farmers at the mercy of the harsh elements of western Africa, which range from flood to famine. They live in what we would consider primitive conditions, and during the hungry season they sometimes eat rodents and even insects to stay alive. But they are a highly civilized and sophisticated people who are brought up to be aware of, and proud of, a rich cultural heritage, and they have a deep respect for the value of all life. Most are devout Moslems, the men are literate in Arabic and not only conversant in their own language but schooled from childhood in Koranic recitation.

Conditioned as I was to think of Africans as savages, I was deeply moved when I learned about the age-old Mandinka ritual of child naming, which is still practiced in the back country. On the eighth day of his life, a newborn child is brought out before the people of his village in his mother's arms and held up before his father, who whispers three times into the infant's ear the name he has chosen; it's the first time that child's name has ever been spoken aloud, because the Mandinka people believe that *each human being should be the first to know who he is*. That night, the naming ritual is completed when the father takes his child out beyond the village gates and holds the infant above him with his little face turned toward the heavens. "Behold,"

says the father, "the only thing greater than yourself." As a black American, brought up to regard myself as second-class at best, my knowledge now of that simple ancestral declaration has profoundly changed the way I feel about my value as a human being.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to collect that kind of firsthand research?

HALEY: Perhaps four years; then another six months organizing it into dozens of notebooks, including one for each year of Kunta's life in Africa, distributing every shred of information I'd been able to find on everything from weapons to kitchen utensils, from morning prayers to evening campfires, from birth to death, into what I feel is as comprehensive and authentic a profile of African cultural life as has ever been assembled.

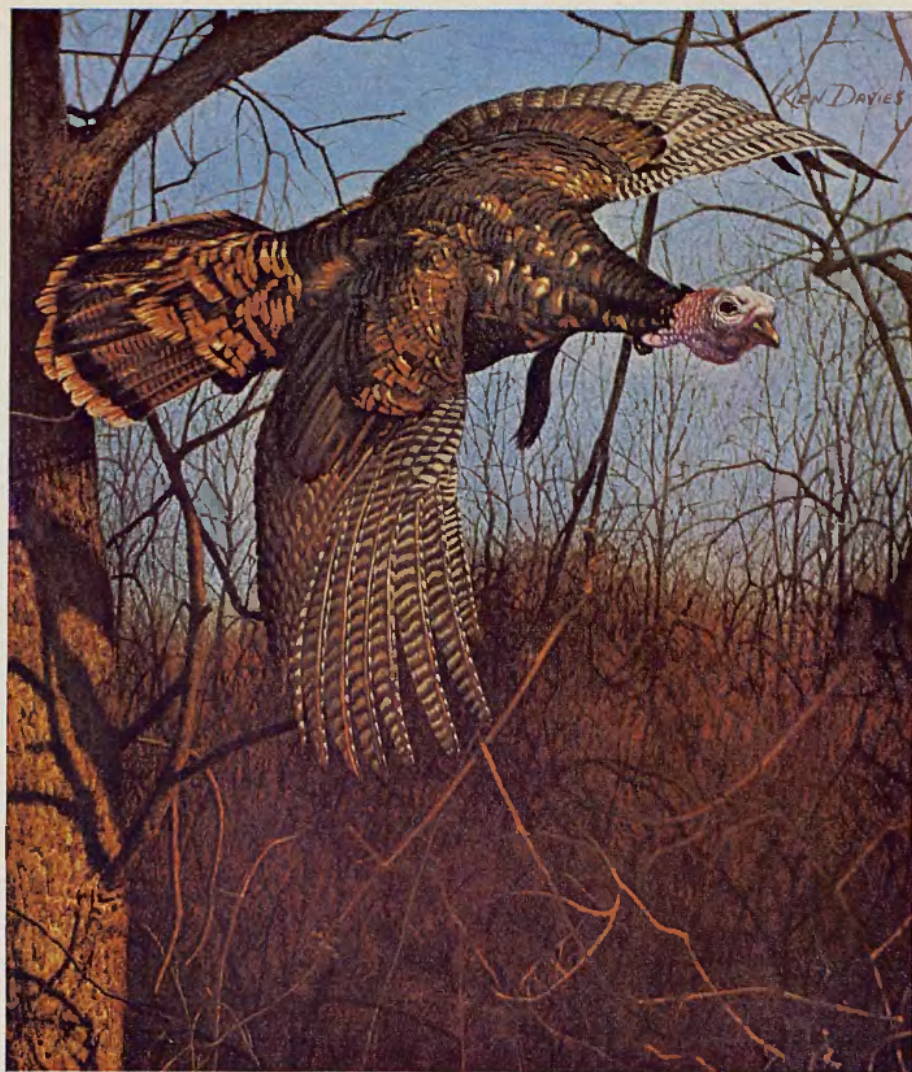
PLAYBOY: Were you as meticulous in researching the slave life in America?

HALEY: Maybe more so. It certainly *took* longer. There was hardly anybody to talk with who had direct experience of the period I was interested in, and the culture itself, unlike that of back-country Africa, had changed beyond recognition. So I had to rely almost entirely on reading. Digging long and deep in sources that had the ring of validity, finally I unearthed solid material—out of antebellum memoirs, diaries, personal correspondence, and the like, by slavemasters and mistresses; out of the Library of Congress, the Library of the D.A.R., the Widener Library at Harvard, the New York City Library's Schomburg Collection in Harlem, the Moreland Collection at Howard University, the Fisk University and Morehouse College libraries, and a good two-score other specialized source places—my quest, my mission, being to get at the *truth* of slavery. I read the works of prominent ex-slaves such as Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman and Phillis Wheatley, an African girl who grew up to become a celebrated poet. But the most invaluable—and heartbreaking—research I used in the book was gleaned from the transcripts of several hundred interviews with completely unknown ex-slaves that had been conducted by unemployed writers as a WPA project during the Thirties. Many of them are in a book titled *Lay My Burden Down*, which I recommend to anyone interested in the true and terrible story of slavery as told by its last survivors.

From all this reading, I finally amassed a staggering mound of research, which I then began to condense and classify into a second set of dawn-to-dusk, life-to-death, A-to-Z notebooks that constitutes, I think, a portrait of plantation America at least as exhaustive—and fully as authentic—as my research on tribal Africa.

PLAYBOY: Did what you found out about slave life in the South force you to revise any more preconceptions?

HALEY: Many—but most of them, I'm



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happy to say, weren't my own. The worst of them, of course, was the popular white stereotype of slaves as ignorant woolly-heads who grinned and shuffled around the plantation with nothing on their minds but sex and watermelon; a lot of whites still think that way about us. But the *fact* is that most slaves were innately as smart as their masters, and not a few who got the chance at freedom and an education went on to excel in those fields they were allowed to enter.

But there wasn't a single slave who wasn't smart enough to lull white folks into thinking he was ignorant. As long as they were thought to be dumb, they'd pretty much be left alone. What whites seldom realized was that through a highly effective grapevine, nearly every slave out in the cotton fields learned in minutes just about everything that went on in the "big house," even behind closed doors. House slaves eavesdropped on most words their masters and mistresses spoke; they suckled babies, changed the bed sheets, fed their owners and then emptied their slop jars. Yet their masters knew next to nothing about *them*.

PLAYBOY: What about the old stereotype that slaves were lazy and shiftless? Did your research shed any light on that?

HALEY: The facts are that they were worked *very* hard six days a week, usually from dawn till long after dark. House slaves, of course, didn't have the same kind of backbreaking responsibilities as those who worked in the fields; some of them, in fact, grew close to their white owners and enjoyed special privileges, rather like house pets. But field slaves were worked sometimes until they literally dropped dead. It's not surprising that they took every chance they could get to lighten up whenever they thought the overseer's back was turned; or that after emancipation, they tilled the same land with more dedication as sharecroppers than they had as slaves.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the special treatment accorded to house slaves alienate them from field slaves?

HALEY: It didn't exactly create a bond between them, but more important than the fact that one group sweated in the fields while the other wore starched uniforms, fanned the "missy" with ostrich feathers and ate leftovers from the master's dinner table was the fact that they all recognized they were enslaved together. If any of them showed the slightest disrespect toward any white—or was even *suspected* of it—they'd all suffer the same consequences.

PLAYBOY: What kind of consequences?

HALEY: Beatings were administered regularly by overseers, and often by white layabouts who happened onto slaves out alone on the road or in town. But all kinds of unimaginable cruelties were commonplace, for the most capricious pretexts. Ears were cut off for eavesdropping and hands for stealing, genitals for

real or imagined evidence of any untoward interest in a white woman.

A particularly sadistic case among the hundreds I documented in my research was about an attractive young slave girl who had been raped by her master. When he died, his wife, who had been forced—like so many plantation wives—to endure in silence the humiliation of his infidelity, took a poker and beat the girl nearly to death; broke her jaw in several places, put out an eye, disfigured her for life.

But the atrocity I remember most vividly was the chopping off of Kunta Kinte's foot by those poor-white "pate-rollers" who caught him after his fourth attempt to escape. I found myself morbidly obsessed with it. Over and over in my mind's eye, I watched as Kunta, bound by his waist to a tree, struggled vainly to escape as his right foot was tied firmly across a stump. I saw the ax flash up, then down. I heard the thud, the horrible scream, saw his hands flail downward, as if to retrieve the front half of his foot as it fell forward, gouts of blood

"The fact is that most slaves were innately as smart as their masters, and not a few who got the chance went on to excel in those fields they were allowed to enter."

jetting from the stump. It was like a recurrent nightmare: I could see it, hear it. But I couldn't *feel* it. Finally, after studying the physiology of the foot, I began to internalize the agony he must have felt as the ax sliced through skin, tendons, muscles, blood vessels and bone and thudded finally onto the stump. Only then did I feel that I could write about it. And only when I did was I able to purge myself of the obsession.

PLAYBOY: In *Roots*, you describe another attempt to empathize with the sufferings of your ancestor, when, boarding a freighter bound, as the Lord Ligonier had been, from western Africa to America, you spent every night of the crossing stripped to your shorts, lying on the rough planking of the dark hold. Did that help you lose yourself in the character—and his ordeal?

HALEY: I don't know. My discomfort, of course, was sheer luxury compared with what he went through. I felt I had to do *something* to make it more real for me, but lying there night after night seemed to drive me deep inside *myself*, instead of him. I couldn't seem to get inside his skin so that he could cry out, through me, the

agony he had endured. And that agonized *me*. But even beyond that, I felt myself sinking into despair over my inadequacy to the task I had undertaken, at my effrontery in taking it upon myself to tell the saga of an entire people. I had been working on the book for years. I was beginning to think I'd never finish. Finally, one night, I found myself standing at the aft rail of the ship, looking back at the waves behind us, and very slowly, not with despair but with a sense of exhilaration, it began to dawn on me that the solution to all my problems lay just one step before me. All I had to do was slip between the rails and drop into the sea that had been my home for 20 years; it would only be fitting that the birthplace of my career as a writer would be my burying place as well. It would all be over and I could join the others up there—Jesus!—*watching* me at that rail about to bury forever the past they had sent me out to find. So help me, God, I began to hear their voices talking to me—Grandma, Tom, Chicken George, Kizzy and Kunta Kinte—and they were all saying quietly, "Don't do it, son. Go on. Have faith. You're gonna make it." With all my strength, I pushed myself back from that rail and crawled on my hands and knees back across the deck to the companionway. And that night, in my cabin, I sobbed my guts out. After that, when I sat down at my typewriter and began to write, it flowed, it poured out of me like lava, the whole story of the slave-ship cruise, and I hope it hurts to read it as much as it did to write it.

PLAYBOY: In your zeal to relive the story so totally, did it occur to you that you might be getting carried away by it?

HALEY: I *knew* I was getting carried away. I was lost in it, hopelessly in love with it. In the single-mindedness of my determination to track down every lead that might take me to something I thought I had to know or feel, I went days at a time without food, nights without sleep, months without touching a woman. Carrying every scrap of research I'd collected along with me in a pair of very heavy satchels that never left my side, I traveled maybe half a million miles, interviewed hundreds of people, read hundreds of books, pored over thousands of documents in more than 70 archives on three continents. I could have gone on that way forever, never satisfied that I'd learned quite enough, always hoping that tomorrow I'd stumble across one more piece of evidence that I couldn't do without.

PLAYBOY: What stopped you?

HALEY: I simply ran out of two basic commodities: time and money. I was exactly four years behind my deadline for delivery of the manuscript, and though no one knew it, except you, I'd actually *written* only the African section and the slave-ship crossing. The eternal optimist, I would always convince myself that I'd be able to sit down and grind out the rest

in six months of 18-hour days at the typewriter. But then I'd run out of money—I'd lost all of my credit cards and friends to borrow from—and I'd have to stop work on the book entirely for weeks at a time to go on the lecture circuit, *talking* about the book, to earn enough money to get back to it for a few more months. I must have spoken before more than a million people about "My Search for Roots" over a period of several years, and people were beginning to say that the book was just a shuck to get me lecture bookings. Even friends like you, who knew better, began to lose patience with me.

PLAYBOY: But not faith.

HALEY: Well, yours lasted longer than mine. Finally, in exasperation, my attorney, Lou Blau, told me, in so many words, to just stop runnin' my mouth about it, take the research I had—which was enough for ten books by then—get off on some desert island somewhere and *write* the goddamn thing. I swore I would and promised—for the last time—to deliver it in six months; Doubleday gave me some money to live on until then. Squirreling myself away in a remote hilltop cottage in Jamaica, West Indies—beyond the reach of telephones—I sat down to do just that.

But as the months passed, I found that mail and telegrams were managing to find me—and nearly every one seemed to be an announcement from some collection agency that I'd better pay up or else; or a command from the IRS. It was hard to find a single creditor who was willing to accept my honest explanation that all those debts had accumulated—and couldn't be paid off yet—because of my desperate efforts to research and then write an important but seemingly interminable book. What with one thing or another, when I sat down and figured out what I owed various people and institutions, it was a total of around \$100,000, including late charges, and just realizing that had what you might charitably call a deterrent effect on my creative output. If I didn't find a few bones to throw to the biggest and hungriest of those wolves howling at my door, I knew I wouldn't have a typewriter to finish the book on or a roof to do it under.

PLAYBOY: Since you *did* finish, you must have found a few bones. Where?

HALEY: I did something I'm not proud of, but if it hadn't worked, I'd be even less proud of it. With just a few days left before my six months were up—knowing that I'd need at *least* another six months to finish—I wrote the first 20 pages of the next section of the book, polishing each and every word until it gleamed, and also the last few pages of the book, where I tell everybody what it all means. I didn't really have any *idea* what it all meant at that point, but I made up something that sounded good, and then I typed up about 750 pages of my research

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to the same margins, stuck them between the first 20 and the last few pages, numbered them all in sequence, put a big rubber band around the whole thing, stuck it in a satchel and took the next plane to New York, arriving in the office of my editor, Lisa Drew, exactly on deadline day.

Sitting at Lisa's desk, chitchatting for the first five or ten minutes, I could see her glance fastened hypnotically on that satchel at my side, so at the appropriate moment, I opened it up, pulled out this massive manuscript and set it before her on the desk. Her eyes narrowed warily as I explained that it was still just a rough draft but that I'd brought it along to reassure her that I was making progress. Then she began to read the first page, then the second and the third, and she began to smile, wider and wider. But when she kept on turning pages, I started talking and kept talking, faster and faster, asking so many questions that she finally began just skimming and then riffling around page 15. Then, as I knew she would from long acquaintance, she turned to the last page and read it carefully. I'd really poured it on at the end, and when she looked up, it was with moist eyes and a tremulous smile.

While she was still in a tender mood, I apologized abjectly for letting her down once again, after crying wolf so many times. All the more so because I would have to ask her one *last* time for another six-month extension—and another modest advance on my royalties, just enough to buy groceries, pay the electric bill and keep me in typing paper until I'd put the final polish on the manuscript. Flinching, sighing, but obviously impressed by the apparent existence of a rough draft for a book she had just about decided she'd never see, she authorized a check—for considerably less than I'd asked for, of course—and sincerely wished me good luck and Godspeed. And a warning that this was the last penny I'd see until the final draft was in her hands exactly six months from that day.

PLAYBOY: Was it?

HALEY: Delivered on time or the last penny I saw?

PLAYBOY: Either.

HALEY: Neither. One way or another, I managed to eke out enough of both time and money to finally finish the book—about a year later—but not without pulling one last shameless ruse. The last 100 pages of the manuscript, which I turned in to Doubleday as finished copy only five days after the final, final deadline—when I was told bricks would begin to tumble from the roof of the Doubleday building—were actually a kind of novelized synopsis of the actual copy I intended to write while the manuscript was being typeset. When I received the galleys for correction about a month later, I simply substituted my 200 new pages for the last

100 pages they had set in type. They fumed, of course, but it *was* incomparably better than the original version. I offered to pay for the cost of resetting—hoping they'd have the kindness to turn me down, which they did, since they knew I'd have to ask them for another advance to do it. But as things are turning out, it looks as if neither Doubleday nor I will have to hassle over the printing bills.

PLAYBOY: Or any other bills, it would appear, since *Roots* seems destined to become the best seller of the season—and perhaps, when the 12-hour television adaptation debuts at the end of this month, one of the best sellers of all time. After all those years of dodging creditors, how do you feel about the prospect of becoming a millionaire?

HALEY: Well, I still owe enough money that it'll be a while before I see a dollar without somebody else's fingers attached to it. But when it starts rolling in, I'm pretty sure I'll prefer it to poverty. The main thing I look forward to is being able to go to the mailbox and find a few checks in it instead of a pile of window envelopes with notes inside that begin: "Final notice: If you fail to call this

*"It'll be a while before
I see a dollar without
somebody else's fingers
attached to it. But when it
starts rolling in, I'm sure
I'll prefer it to poverty."*

number within 24 hours. . . ." Apart from that, and the creative independence it'll buy for me, the only reason I'm really excited about making some money is so I can fix up my back yard and maybe get me a nice stereo system for the living room. That's about it.

PLAYBOY: Will you laugh all the way to the bank over some of the criticisms that have faulted *Roots* for having a "pulpy style that smacks of conventional romance"; for your reliance on the use of a slave dialect that becomes "wearing and ludicrous"; for devoting too much of the book to Kunta's "boring" life in Africa, which one reviewer found, "for all its troubles, a primal Eden"; and for glossing over the more recent generations of your family in "a hasty, sketchy, unsatisfactory way"?

HALEY: When almost all of the reviews received by a book are as admiring, and in some cases adulatory, as those written about *Roots*, you've got to expect your share of pot shots from some quarters. They roll off. But if you want me to comment on the specific criticisms you mentioned, I'll be glad to. As for my pulpy

style, I'd rather describe it as I intended it to be: simple, direct, descriptive, dramatic—a style well suited to the story it tells, I think; and many other reviewers seem to feel as I do. The use of slave dialect, too, is not only intentional but authentic: some critics may find it ludicrous, but the fact is that that's the way those people talked. Should I have made them speak the king's English like their white owners? Differences in language were both symbolic and symptomatic of the vast gulf between slave and master. The reason I devoted the first 126 pages of the book to Kunta's life in Africa, which some critics found both long and boring, was that so little has been known up to now in the West, by white or black, about the depth and richness of African culture, which I happen to think we can all learn something from. I also wanted to plant Kunta's roots so deep, as I told the story of his life from birth to capture, that the wrench of his being torn from the soil of his homeland would be as heartbreaking for the reader as it was for me. As for depicting Juffure as a primal Eden, maybe it was, and still is, in many ways, compared with America's urban jungles; but I certainly made no attempt to romanticize the harsh realities of tribal life in western Africa.

PLAYBOY: How about the criticism that the book glosses over the more recent generations of your family?

HALEY: I'd be inclined to agree with that one. I wish I'd had another year or even two to flesh out the lives and characters of Tom Murray and his family and all the others who came after them, all the way down to me, as I had been able to do with the rest of the book—from Kunta and Kizzy through Chicken George. The latter part of the story is just as rich as all that went before, and maybe someday I'll have the chance to go back and do it the justice it deserves. But the reason I didn't do it is that time, as I said earlier, simply ran out. Multimillion-dollar book-publication and TV-production plans had been set irreversibly into motion, and there was finally no way to resist them any longer. But the whole story is still there; I don't think the impact or the importance of the book has been diminished in any significant way.

PLAYBOY: The final—and most frequent—charge is that, despite all your attempts to document the history of your family, *Roots* can't really be called nonfiction, because so few specific details could be corroborated that much of the book is a work of imagination.

HALEY: That's the one thing it's *not*. All the names and dates are real. All the major incidents are true, and the details are as accurate a depiction of what happened to my family, or to thousands of families like us, as years of research can achieve. When it comes to dialog, thoughts and emotions, of course, I had to make things up; but even those

inventions are based as much as humanly possible on corroborated fact. Call it "faction," if you like, or heightened history, or fiction based on the lives of real people.

PLAYBOY: However they choose to classify it, most reviewers have been ecstatic, hailing *Roots* as everything from "the epic of the black man in America" to "a book of such colossal scope that it arouses not only admiration but awe." Are you embarrassed by all that approbation?

HALEY: If I were, you couldn't tell whether I was blushing, anyway. But what can I say when I see words like colossal and epic applied to a book I spent 12 years of my life working on? That's the kind of thing any author would *dream* of having said about his or her book, and now that such a dream actually is coming true for me, it's a little hard to believe. But because *Roots* is more than just a book I happened to write, because it has come to represent far more than just the story of my family, I find myself able to step back and see it—above and beyond any personal considerations and whatever literary merit it may have—as something that really is an epic: the colossal epic of a people.

PLAYBOY: Some readers feel the book isn't the story of the black man but of *man*. Was that your intention—and is that your hope?

HALEY: It was and is. On its most literal level, it is the story of both my family and my people, for the ancestors of all of us were brought over here in the same way. But as I wrote it, another dimension began to emerge. Besides feeling that *Roots* might help restore to black people some sense of their identity and pride, I felt it might also help the descendants of their owners, and all peoples everywhere—Russian and Chinese, Catholic and Protestant, Arab and Jew—face the facts about the atrocities committed time and again, throughout history, in the name of everything from King Cotton to Almighty God. All of us, at one time or another, in one way or another, are both victim and oppressor, and fate seems to be rather capricious about who plays which role at any given time.

Black or white, for those of us here in America, this is our home. Except for the Indians, who already lived here when we arrived, the ancestors of all of us came across that same ocean on some ship. We must learn not only to live together but—by learning to see one another as *people* rather than as stereotypes—to love one another. That will happen when we face what we are and what we've done and then forgive one another—and ourselves—unconditionally, for everything.

PLAYBOY: That's a beautiful speech. But do you really think that will ever happen?

HALEY: The truth? In the 55 years I've been around, I haven't run across any
(concluded on page 92)

Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

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THE MOTEL is situated somewhere in the United States. The building itself is a simple rectangle, brick on the front and cement block elsewhere, 60 picture windows looking out over a parking lot to a fast-food stand, a topless bar and a lumberyard.

The rooms are painted identically in pastel blue and the carpeting in each unit is a coarse tweedlike material, russet with an occasional glimmering metallic highlight.

The central area of each unit is dominated by an oversized bed and a 21-inch Zenith color-television set bolted to its stand. A small subdivision off the sleeping area serves as a combination bathroom, dressing room and closet.

In each unit, there are two easy chairs, one desk chair and a circular table with marbleized top and a lamp running up through its center like a sapling. The dressing-room lamp is suspended from the ceiling by a large chain of gold-colored plastic. There is an overhead sun lamp in the bathroom operated by a wall timer.

Identical prints, unsigned, decorate the walls of each unit: an overturned boat beached beside coiled fishing nets; a waterfall shimmering in sunlight; a nearly perfect mountain seen behind a forest of Douglas firs. And, finally, in each room, there is a printed notice establishing the price (\$19 for a double, \$14 for a single, \$3.50 for each additional occupant) and the check-out time (noon) and banning the presence of firearms, explosives and pets.

THE ONE AND ONLY

ROSALIE: He's so big and strong; he's so beautiful when he stands up.

WILLARD: I'm glad you

The Motel Tapes

like him. He's the only one of his kind in the world.

ROSALIE: I thought all men had one. . . .

WILLARD: Oh, they have something—I'm not denying that. It's just that most guys have a lot of trouble making them stand up. Another thing, most guys have little teensy-weensy ones—you don't even know it when they're standing up.

ROSALIE: Should I take your word on that?

WILLARD: Sure. Would I kid you about something like this?

WOMAN IN LOVE

WARREN: Why can't we just meet at your place? When your kids are in school.

KAREN: It'd mean too much to me. If I ever let

you come into my home, it'd never be the same for me again. I'd feel your presence in every room of my house. Long after you left, I'd feel your ghost walking around. I've got to have someplace that's all mine. Some part of my life that you haven't touched.

WARREN: I'm working on one little thing—it'd be a way to see more of you. The company is sending me to San Francisco the second week of next month. The gift show. I've told them fine—it'd be a chance for us to be alone. I don't know what your schedule looks like.

KAREN: What schedule?

WARREN: I didn't know whether you could line up someone to watch the kids—

KAREN: That wouldn't be a problem. We'd really be together the whole week?

WARREN: Five nights in a row. I'll have to go over to the exhibits every day, at least make an appearance, but there would be plenty of time together. Dee would want to come out the last weekend of the show and do some shopping, but the rest of the time will be ours.

KAREN: I see.

WARREN: That sounds ominous.

KAREN: Well, I *do* have to get someone to look out for the children; I don't know—

WARREN: You knew well enough a few seconds ago. You're always saying we don't see enough of each other. This is our chance.

KAREN: I don't think I can go through with it. Warren, don't ask me to go with you.

WARREN: I've already asked.

KAREN: I hate to say no.

WARREN: It's because Dee's coming out, too? You think I'm running some

who knows what goes on behind closed doors?
we do

Part one of a revelatory new book
By Mike McGrady

kind of female shuttle service into San Francisco?

KAREN: It's not that. It's because I love you too much. I don't know how I could handle this. I have such trouble leaving you now after spending just an afternoon with you. I sometimes wonder how I'd be able to part if we spent a night together. And after five days and nights in a row—I could never let go of you after that.

HOLDING BACK

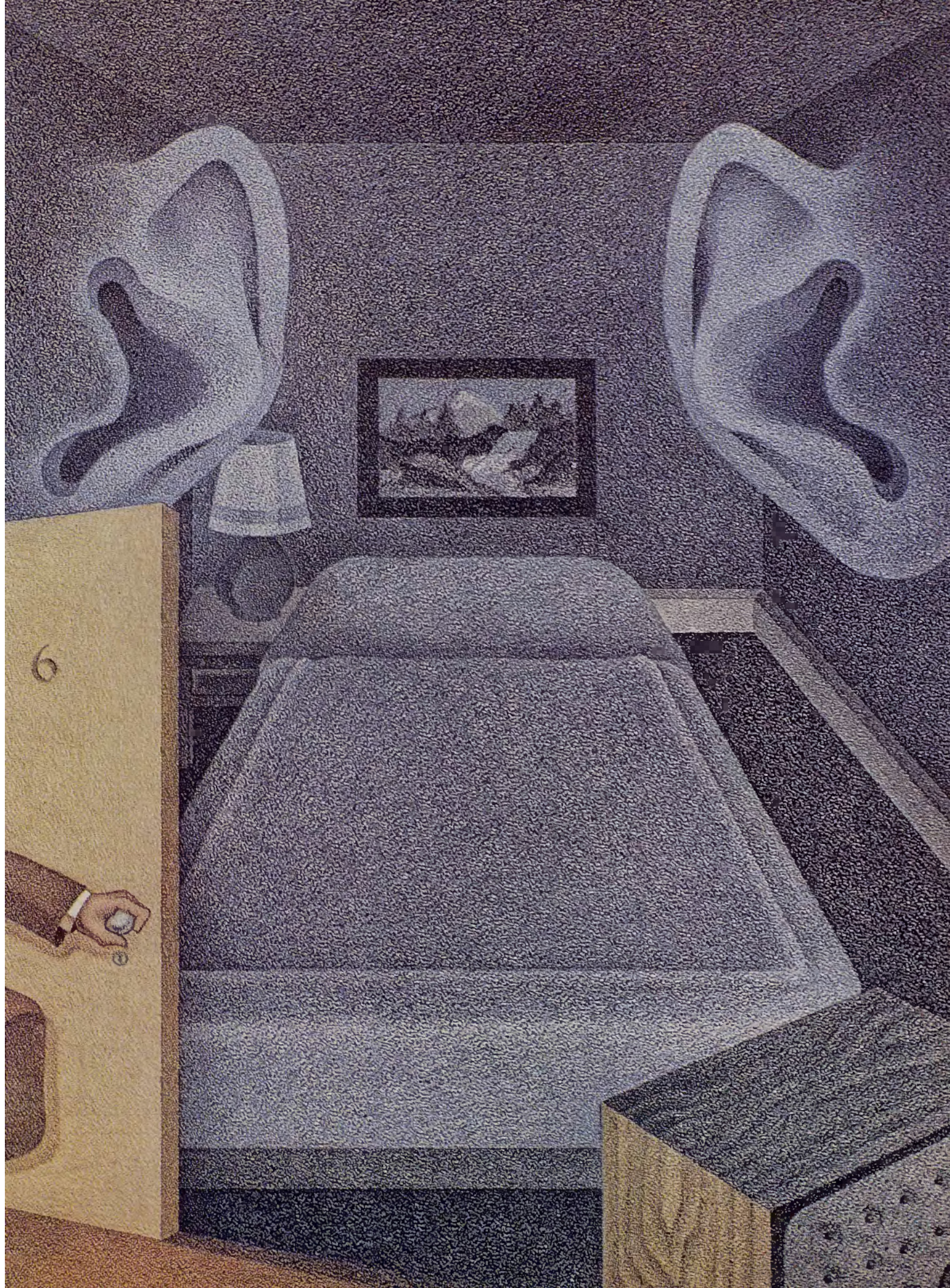
BETSY: Not yet, darling, not yet!

EDWARD: I can't stop.

BETSY: Don't. Please don't.

EDWARD: I can't hold back.

BETSY: Don't you dare. I mean it, Eddie. Listen to



me. Don't do it. Don't come.

EDWARD: I'm right . . . there.

BETSY: Listen to me, then—stay right there. Don't come.

EDWARD: *Freeze!* Just don't move—don't even breathe. You even breathe and it's gonna be all over. It's been too long for me. It's like turning on a faucet.

BETSY: Well, see that you don't turn on that faucet yet, Eddie. What is this? You just got inside—

EDWARD: I'm trying.

BETSY: Keep talking.

EDWARD: I'm sorry, baby, it's just been too long between drinks. It's been bad. I walk into a warm shower these days. I get a hard-on. *Don't!* Really, don't move. You know what happened last week? I had a wet dream, just like some kid. Oh, God, baby, I can't hold it back. Don't move. Betsy, I'm telling you, *just don't move!*

BETSY: Try to think of something else.

EDWARD: Sure. I'll just think of something else. It's no good, Betsy, the stuff is just leaking outta me.

BETSY: Stop! Think of cemeteries.

EDWARD: Graveyards?

BETSY: Think of people dying. Think of cancer.

EDWARD: Never mind, Betsy.

BETSY: Think of cancer, Eddie. Think of a real awful case of cancer. Think of pus. Think of losing an arm.

EDWARD: Betsy, it's too late.

BETSY: It's not too late. Think of a person getting their leg cut off.

EDWARD: I'm sorry, Betsy, but it's all over. I couldn't hold it. It was like I said, like turning on a faucet.

BETSY: You came and I didn't even know it was happening.

EDWARD: I hardly knew it.

BETSY: Eddie, that was such a dirty trick.

EDWARD: You think I could help it? I swear. Give me a few minutes and I'll be good as new.

BETSY: Terrific. You'll be as good as new. You want to know what I'm thinking about? I'm thinking about someone's arm dropping off from cancer.

THE COATRACK

MARILYN: What's so funny?

TONY: You.

MARILYN: What's so funny about me?

TONY: Your nose is hilarious.

MARILYN: To-ny . . . what was it? Why were you just laughing?

TONY: Oh, nothing.

MARILYN: Oh, something, you mean. Why won't you just tell me what I said—when I'm being funny, I'd like to know about it.

TONY: It's not something that you said—and it wasn't that funny, anyway. It was the way you came into the room.

MARILYN: How did I come into the room?

TONY: You hadda see it. It was the way you did it. It was like you had lived here all your life. You walked directly to the coatrack, hung your coat there on the hanger and then you opened up the drawer and put your gloves in. Next thing I expected you to fry up an egg or something.

MARILYN: *Damn you!*

TONY: Hey, what's the matter? How could *that* make you mad?

TONY: Seriously. What was it that made you mad?

MARILYN: I don't think you'll ever understand.

TONY: Not unless you tell me.

MARILYN: It was *what* you were laughing at. You were laughing at my feeble efforts to be domestic. Funny, fun-ny! Oh, shit, Tony, you don't know what funny is until you try to infuse a relationship like this one with any domestic qualities at all. I added it all up the other day and you know how much time I spend with you? I spend a total of four hours a week with you.

TONY: It can't be.

MARILYN: It can't be, but it is. Yesterday I sat down with a pencil and paper and that's what it came out to, a big, fat four hours a week. For you, I'm just an extra thing in your life—but you're my whole life. I've got four hours a week to live my whole life. A grand total of four hours a week in which to satisfy all my domestic urges. *You* see that as funny. OK, if that's funny, then my whole life is a scream.

TONY: Take it easy, honey, huh?

MARILYN: I'll tell you why you were laughing. What was so funny. You know how impossible it is. It's like one of those cartoons, some duck wearing roller skates trying to climb some mountain. You think that's easy? You think it's easy to walk into a motel room with you and pretend we're walking into our own little home? Tony, I do everything I can, everything I can think up, to make this into something . . . decent. Forgive me if I don't find it funny.

TONY: You're a hundred percent right. I wasn't thinking. And I'll tell you something. I liked it. I liked the way you hung up the coat. It was cute.

MAN LOOKING FOR REAL TRUE LOVE

TRACY: You get yourself undressed. I'm goin' into the little girls' room.

STEVEN: You know something? You haven't told me how much this costs yet.

TRACY: What'd Bryan tell you?

STEVEN: Bryan said to talk to you. He said you do your own bookwork.

TRACY: It's whatever you want to pay.

STEVEN: Give me a number.

TRACY: Sixty-nine, thass my favorite number.

STEVEN: You're not being fair.

TRACY: Who you callin' not bein' fair? Whatever you want to give me, what could be fairer 'n that?

STEVEN: All right, a dollar-fifty.

TRACY: Are you gettin' undressed or what?

STEVEN: I never met a woman so anxious to get me undressed.

TRACY: I just can't wait to see the goodies.

STEVEN: You think I'm a cop, don't you?

TRACY: You a cop?

STEVEN: That's it, huh? What's the story? Cops don't get undressed. Do I look like a cop?

TRACY: No cop ever looks like a cop. Until I give 'em a price, then all of a sudden he looks like a cop. Thass the reason they get those guys who bust the workin' girls, just 'cause they don't look like cops.

STEVEN: Do I look like a cop now?

TRACY: Where you from, anyway?

STEVEN: Boston.

TRACY: Does everyone in Boston speak like you? You got some tan for Boston.

STEVEN: I got the tan on Montego Bay.

TRACY: Yeah, lucky you. Where that at?

STEVEN: Jamaica.

TRACY: Thass some scar—you have yourself an operation?

STEVEN: No, I had myself an auto accident.

TRACY: Well, you don't look like no cop.

STEVEN: They never get undressed?

TRACY: If they do, it's their ass in trouble. Shee-it, I've had lots of cops in here and sometimes they say, right when they doin' it, that they a cop and how I like that? Long's they humpin' me, I know they ain't about to bust me.

STEVEN: OK, maybe now you can tell me how much it is.

TRACY: Same thing. Whatever you want to pay.

STEVEN: Bryan said most of the girls get 20.

TRACY: If Bryan say that, Bryan should know.

STEVEN: That's what he said. Twenty and the room. I'd like to make a better deal with you. Twice as good. I'll give you \$40 and all I want you to do is pretend I'm your boyfriend.

TRACY: I pretend you're my man?

STEVEN: That's it.

TRACY: Shee-it, I always get the crazies.

STEVEN: Yeah, right, how about it?

TRACY: Hey, Joe, whataya smokin'? How you even know I got a man? What

difference it make? I suck him, I suck you—what difference to that?

STEVEN: So play along with me. I've been a couple of places and so far it's nothing. Most of you . . . working girls treat me like I'm a piece of dirt.

TRACY: Yeah, maybe I treat my man like he some piece of dirt.

TRACY: What're you doin' now?

STEVEN: You know what I'm doing.

TRACY: You gonna just hump me?

STEVEN: What?

TRACY: I don't know what you think. You think my man just jump on me like some tall dog on a street and hump me.

STEVEN: I guess not.

TRACY: I tell you one thing—he wouldn't be my man for long. My man eats me. He knows what I like and he eats me like I'm brown sugar. That's right. And while my man is eatin' me, he likes if I play with him. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, he eats me good.

STEVEN: Could I ask you something?

TRACY: Ax away.

STEVEN: Did you get anything out of that?

TRACY: You mean if I like it? I like it fine. I was almost gettin' it on there and I don't go round gettin' it on. You feel like some 69 now?

STEVEN: Yeah.

TRACY: Hey, my man, he don't stop and rest in the middle of things, dig?

STEVEN: Could I ask you something?

TRACY: Sure, sugar, what's on your mind now?

STEVEN: How many other men did you see today?

TRACY: When you say how many I see, you mean how many I hump?

STEVEN: Yeah.

TRACY: Shee-it, at least a dozen. Do that bother you?

STEVEN: Yeah, kinda. You had a dozen guys in there today and still you tell me to go down on you.

TRACY: Hey, sugar, whose idea was that? You were the one who say you want to be my man. While my man he always eat me out and he don't never ax how many guys in there before him.

STEVEN: What're the odds against catchin' something?

TRACY: Catching a dose? Not likely. If I go round givin' out the clap, I be outta business pretty soon.

STEVEN: I wish I could be sure of that.

TRACY: Hey, sugar, you know back there at the Alcove, they got a little machine. In the little boys' room. You so worried about catchin' the clap, next time you buy yourself one of them rubbers.

STEVEN: I hate those things.

TRACY: Don't worry yourself, sugar, you ain't sick comin' in here, you ain't goin' to be sick goin' out.

DADDY'S GIRL

SYLVIA: No.

BILL: No?

SYLVIA: No. Really. You don't have to.

BILL: I want to.

SYLVIA: It's not necessary. Really. I'm more tired than I thought. We don't have to make this into a big production number.

BILL: I thought you'd like—

SYLVIA: Don't get me wrong, Will, I—

BILL: It's Bill.

SYLVIA: Will, Bill—same difference. Don't worry, I know who you are. It may surprise you to learn I've wanted you for a long time, a good long time. Ever since you started coming into The Shack.

BILL: You've got beautiful breasts. I'd never have guessed they were so large. You must strap them down.

SYLVIA: Don't. Don't kiss. Really. You don't have to do anything at all. Just hold me. Just relax and enjoy yourself.

BILL: I am enjoying myself.

SYLVIA: Just don't work so hard, huh? I'm too tired for a lot of hard work tonight.

BILL: Ohh.

SYLVIA: Come on, darling. Come on, my darling. That's right. Oh, yes, that's right. I'm all shivers.

BILL: Oh, yeah.

SYLVIA: Don't hold back. Come on, darling.

BILL: I'm there. I'm there right now.

SYLVIA: Ah. Ah, yes, that's good. That's my good darling.

BILL: You didn't have to do that.

SYLVIA: How do you know?

BILL: Huh?

SYLVIA: How do you know what I have to do? You don't really know anything about me. Not really.

BILL: I know what you feel like.

SYLVIA: I guess so. That's what you know about me, how I feel. It's just that if we ever do this again—

BILL: *When*—you mean when we do this again.

SYLVIA: No, I mean *if*. I better warn you about something. I can't stand people who think they know what's going on in my mind. If we do this again, I have one request to make. Don't worry so much about making me happy. I don't want to be happy, so stop thinking about that aspect of it. It's enough that I can see you're getting pleasure from me. That's what's important to me. So I don't want you to go crazy trying to make me happy.

BILL: What's the deal? Do you have another guy?

SYLVIA: That's not a bad guess.

BILL: Is that it?

SYLVIA: You might say that. Oh, Will, don't look like that. He's dead.

BILL: Oh.

SYLVIA: Don't sound so sad. He's been dead for six years.

BILL: Who was he?

SYLVIA: You'd be shocked.

BILL: Was he someone famous?

SYLVIA: No, he was never famous.

BILL: You can tell me. I don't shock easy.

SYLVIA: He was my father.

BILL: Your *father*?

SYLVIA: I thought you said you don't shock easy. Everyone gets so uptight about that.

BILL: Do you mean your *natural* father?

SYLVIA: No, I mean my unnatural father. Oh, Bill, of course my natural father. He was very old when I was born. The day I was born, he was 65 years old. By the time he did anything to me, he was senile.

BILL: How old were you? When he screwed you?

SYLVIA: You mean when he made love to me. He did love me. And he never touched me until after my mother died of cancer. There was no one sleeping with him then and he just started in sleeping with me. It all seemed very natural.

BILL: You're making this up. I can't believe any of it.

SYLVIA: You know something, Will? It doesn't require your belief or your approval or your anything.

BILL: It's Bill.

SYLVIA: Why is it Bill, not Will? What possible difference can that make?

BILL: To me there's a difference. You've got to admit it's all a little weird.

SYLVIA: Is it? Maybe not as weird as you think it is. I personally happen to know two other women who've slept with their fathers. That's two who volunteered the information. You've got to admit that's the kind of information not many people would volunteer.

BILL: He must've been sick.

SYLVIA: He may have been, at the end.

BILL: The minute he first touched you, he was sick then.

SYLVIA: Oh, I don't know how sick he was. You've been telling me all night how beautiful my breasts are, how nice my body is. It is a good body. It's a body designed to accommodate a man. Any man. My body never knew the difference between my father and another man.

BILL: What're you talking about?

SYLVIA: When my father came to me, I was only nine years old. He was 74.

BILL: That's terrible.

(concluded on page 226)

NATURAL EIGHT

if barbara leigh
werent so wary of
the superhype.
we'd say she
was fabulous.
instead, we'll just
ask you to
see for yourself

YOU'VE SEEN HER in those Winston ads, svelte in tube top and sailor jeans, her long hair streaming in the (studio) wind. You may also have seen her trotting on horseback in the British Sterling TV spots, a bottle of the touted cologne on a silver tray precariously balanced in one hand. Or in any one of two dozen other television commercials Barbara Leigh has done.

Barbara is back. Three and a half years ago (PLAYBOY, May 1973), clad for the most part in only a Navaho concho belt, long-legged Barbara was "Indian," the girl in our pictorial about her Cherokee origins. This month we find her in the (text concluded on page 203)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON



"I hate the macho trip. Authentic masculinity is something that doesn't have to be proved. I prefer an understated man who doesn't brag or go around wearing skintight shirts. I adore men, but I really like having one guy. I used to be looking for some kind of salvation in a man. Now I just want to give. When I find the one who can be my best friend, that man will be my lover."





"After I got to Hollywood, I learned the importance of self-esteem. There is a lot of insecurity and role playing here. I did a lot of foolish things. I was always looking for the right man. When I learned to love and respect myself, people had a lot more respect for me. Now I take responsibility for myself and try to develop my career. The competition is really tough—there's a turnover of beautiful girls every three years. But I've made as much as \$12,000 for two days' television modeling."





"I like California for the freedom. Growing up in a Southern home for girls, I didn't have all the attention or the restrictions that most girls get. That made me a very independent person. I learned to think for myself."



"Mysticism fascinates me. I've always loved horror films. When I was 12, I saw 'Horror of Dracula.' I was hooked! I've seen every vampire film since then. They're very sexy—I've had all kinds of fantasies about them. It's just the opposite of my Baptist upbringing."



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 79)

great signs of a new awakening. On an individual basis, yes; now and then, a spontaneous act of kindness and understanding, here and there heart-warming cases of genuine brotherhood—like our own 15-year friendship, if you'll allow me to get personal. But I can't say I feel too optimistic about the perfectibility of mankind. On the other hand, I'm encouraged by the tremendous upswelling of emotion that *Roots* seems to have set in motion, an emotion that—to judge from the outpourings of sometimes even tearful gratitude I'm encountering wherever I go these days—seems to be not only cathartic but, in some way, *healing*. If people hadn't wanted and needed that, hadn't been ready for it, in some deep way, I don't think the book would be nearly as important as it seems to have become.

PLAYBOY: Aren't people also responding to some pretty old-fashioned virtues in *Roots*? Whatever else it may be, isn't the book a kind of tribute to the family unit as a force of continuity in human society and the repository of its values?

HALEY: Say that again slow and let me write it down; I didn't know how profound I was. But, yes, to me the family has always been the source and heart of every culture. I didn't set out with that thought in mind as one of the messages of the book, but I guess it is. In the 40 or so years since I grew up in Henning, the family has been shrinking and drifting apart as America has moved from the country to the city, from huge, messy old homes echoing with the noise of three generations to closet-sized, \$400-a-month apartments for swinging singles eating TV dinners alone in 600-unit high-rises; from sitting on front porches, listening to grandmothers tell family stories like the ones I heard, to sitting in suburban rec rooms with baby sitters while Mom and Dad go out; from screen doors left unlocked to steel doors triple-locked; from walking home after school by way of the fishing hole, the sand lot and Miss Scrap Green's house, where she'd always have a plateful of hot cookies waiting on Thursday afternoons, to riding home through cursing mobs behind the barred windows of school buses with armed drivers.

I don't mean to run down urban America; I live in Los Angeles and I drive a Mercedes. And I don't want to romanticize our past; when I was a boy, we did without a lot of conveniences—like electricity—that have made life easier for everyone, and I grew up in a segregated town. But there's no question that somewhere along the way between then and now, we've lost something very precious: a sense of community, which is nothing more than a congregation of *families*. Everybody in town knew everybody else in town; there wasn't much privacy and there weren't many secrets, but there was

no such thing as loneliness, anonymity, psychiatry. People didn't think about "role models" or worry about losing their identities. They weren't so anxious to leave home and go "looking for themselves" in the big city when I was growing up. They usually wound up doing more or less what their fathers and mothers had done and spent their whole lives within a mile of where they were born. And felt good about it.

It was small-town America, and it was pretty much the same in Henning, Tennessee, as it was in Plains, Georgia, or Emporia, Kansas. I say *was* because the binding hardships that created them and the simple pleasures that held them together *are* slipping away, dying off even in the back country, along with all those square values like trust, decency, neighborliness, patriotism. Even those of us who never grew up there, as I was fortunate enough to do, feel a sense of loss and longing, as the media and the supermarkets and the exurban industrial complexes slowly homogenize the land from coast to coast.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that process is

*"My fondest hope is that
'Roots' may start black,
white, brown, red, yellow
people digging back for
their own roots. Man, that
would make me feel 90
feet tall."*

inevitable—and irreversible?

HALEY: Probably, but I don't think it's inevitable that the moral and spiritual values that give meaning to our lives—that we most cherish in ourselves—have to disappear along with the rural America that nurtured them. This sense of self-worth can be revived and sustained—but only by restoring pride in who we are and what we mean to one another. We need, among other things, to start holding more family reunions; however sophisticated we become, that's where we all come from, and we can't afford to forget it. But my fondest hope is that *Roots* may start a ground swell of longing by black, white, brown, red, yellow people everywhere to go digging back for their own roots, to rediscover in their past a heritage to make them proud. Man, that would make me feel 90 feet tall—to think I was the impetus for that!

PLAYBOY: You don't expect people to go through the kind of ordeal you did, do you?

HALEY: No, just go rummaging through those old trunks up in the attic, in those old boxes under the bed; and don't throw anything old away if it has to do with the family. But the first thing they ought to do is simply open their ears. The richest source of family history you could find anywhere in the world is the memories of your parents and your grandparents—memories that will tell you things you never knew or have long since forgotten about yourself; but perhaps even more importantly, they will reveal to you, perhaps for the first time, the true identities of those who gave you life—and shared theirs with you for so many years. This will make them feel needed, relevant, *alive*—and that will bring out the same response in you. And almost certainly, this exchange of caring will deepen the blood bonds that can make a close-knit family the strongest social unit in the world. And in ways that will be understood best by those who belong to such families—the kind that eat together, stand up for one another, share births and deaths—it may leave you profoundly changed. The giving and getting, the sense of belonging and contributing to something larger than yourself, to something that began before you were born and will go on after you die, can make it possible for you to *accept* life in a way that makes you wish the whole world could realize how easy it is to feel as you do, and wonder why they don't. That's what having roots—and writing *Roots*—has done for me. I pray that *reading* it—and then reaching out for their families to join in a search for their own—will do the same for everyone.

PLAYBOY: One last question: What do you think your ancestors would think about all the acclaim over *Roots*?

HALEY: I hope they would approve. I often think of the Mandinka belief that Kunta's father expresses in the book: that there are three kinds of people living in every village: those you can see, walking around; those who are waiting to be born; and those who have gone on to join the ancestors. That idea was brought alive for me again recently while I was on the set, watching them shoot the TV series based on *Roots*. I found myself wishing Grandma and the others could be there, too. I could almost *see* Grandma, wearing that hat she reserved for state occasions such as a revival meeting—the one with a feather like an apostrophe on it—and I could just *hear* her making her own private commentary on the film: Her father wasn't *that* fat, her grandfather wasn't *that* bald. And then I suddenly realized that she really *is* watching, along with Tom, Chicken George, Kizzy, Kunta and all the rest. *All* of them are up there watchin'—and not just over me now, but over all of *us*.





"Here is that little creep who wants to pay for it with his drawings."

THE PARTS LEFT OUT OF THE PATTY HEARST TRIAL

including groucho marx, fresh nail
polish, tribal thumb
and the rock in patty's purse

*What one cannot do to a dog is
to make it salivate by telling it a
story about food. This is something
which can be done to a human.*

—"THE IMAGE"

*If you feed a starving person Ex-
Lax, all you get back is the Ex-Lax.*

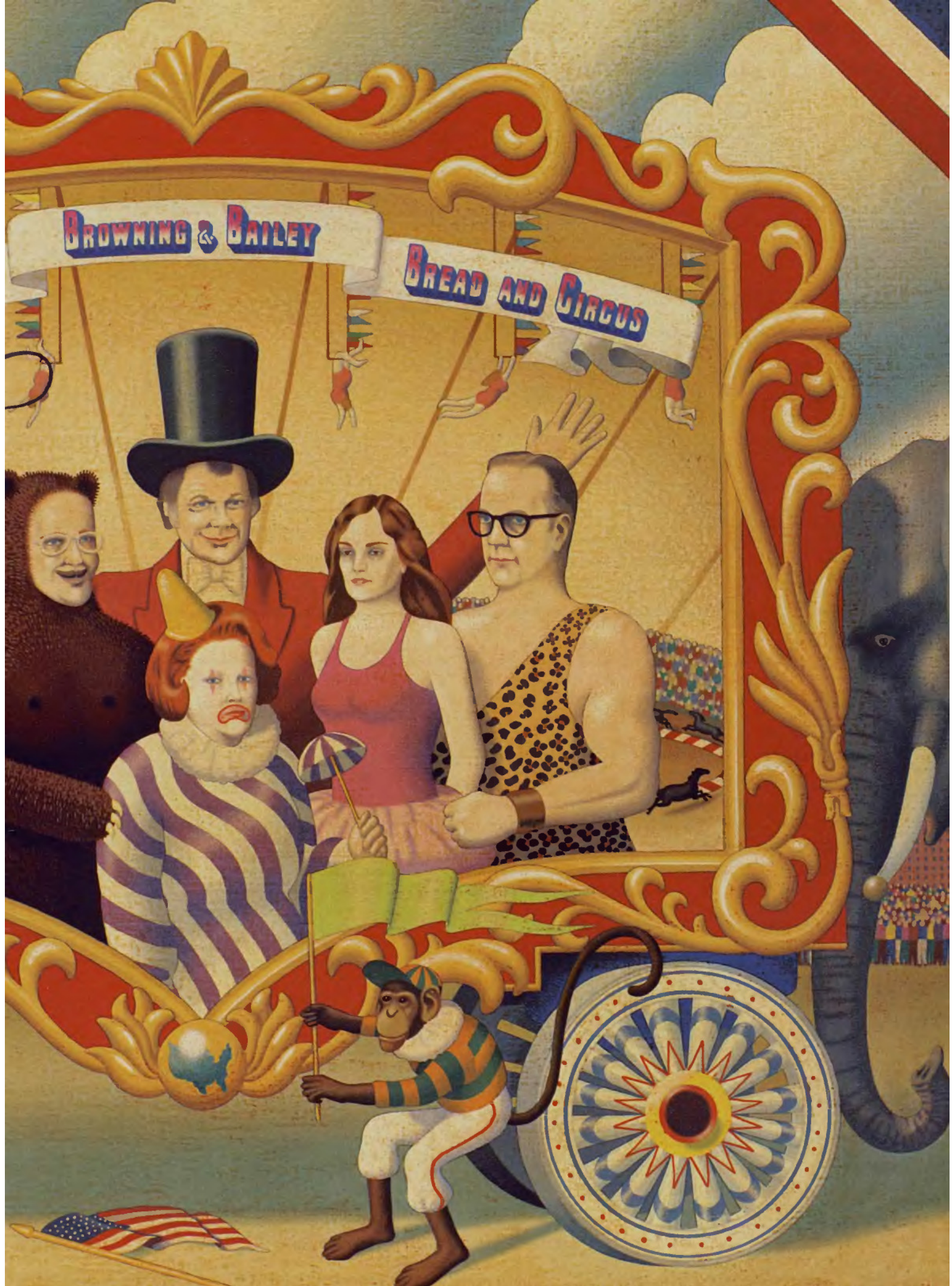
—ALEXANDER KING

GROUCHO MARX muttered during an interview back in 1971, "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination." He was not subsequently arrested for threatening the life of a President. In view of the indictment against Black Panther David Hilliard for using similar rhetoric, I wrote to the San Francisco office of the Justice Department to find out the status of its case against Groucho. And I received this reply:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Responding to your inquiry of July seventh, the United States Supreme Court has held that Title 18 U.S.C., Section 871, prohibits only "true" threats. It is one thing to say that "I (or we) will kill Richard





Nixon" when you are the leader of an organization which advocates killing people and overthrowing the Government; it is quite another to utter the words which are attributed to Mr. Marx, an alleged comedian. It was the opinion of both myself and the United States Attorney in Los Angeles (where Marx's words were alleged to have been uttered) that the latter utterance did not constitute a "true" threat.

Very truly yours,
James L. Browning, Jr.
United States Attorney

Five years later, I found myself sitting in a Federal courtroom every day to observe The Browning of America. This same U. S. Attorney was prosecuting a bank-robbery case that seemed more like some perverted vision of a Marx Brothers movie.

Originally, Patty Hearst was going to be defended by the radical team of Vincent Hallinan and his son, Kayo. Hallinan was in Honolulu when the FBI captured Patty and he assigned Kayo to visit her in jail. Although as Tania she had called Vincent a clown in a taped communiqué, now, as Patty, she said of Kayo, "He's good. Like, I really trust him politically and personally, and I can tell him just about anything I want and he's cool." It was, however, a lawyer-client relationship that would not be permitted to mature.

When Patty described her physical reaction to having her blindfold removed while in captivity, Kayo recognized an urgent similarity to reactions to LSD. Patty agreed there had been something reminiscent of her acid trips with Steven Weed in the old Hearst mansion. Besides, there was circumstantial evidence that the S.L.A. could have dosed her with LSD. The brother of Mizmoon reported that she and Camilla Hall had taken acid; in *TV Guide*, Marilyn Baker claimed that drugs had been found at the S.L.A. safe house in Concord; and on the very first taped communiqué, Patty herself had said, "I caught a cold, but they're giving me pills for it and stuff." Her defense was going to be involuntary intoxication, a side effect of which is amnesia. So Patty would neither have to snitch on others nor invoke the Fifth Amendment 42 times for her own protection. In response to any questions about that missing chunk of her life, she was going to assert, "I have no recollection." The Hallinans instructed her not to talk to anybody—especially psychiatrists—about that period.

But her uncle, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., editor in chief of the Hearst newspaper chain, flew in from the East

Coast to warn his family that the entire corporate image of the Hearst empire was at stake and they'd better hire an establishment attorney—fast: Enter F. Lee Bailey and his partner, Albert Johnson, who visited with Patty for a couple of hours at San Mateo County Jail in order to encourage her to tell the psychiatrists everything and not say "I have no recollection." She could trust these doctors, they assured her, and nothing she said could be used against her in any way. Patty had been kidnaped again.

Ah, yes, that philosophical puzzle that has plagued the history of human consciousness—is there is or is there ain't free will?—was finally going to be weighed by a jury. This would be the crux of its decision. But it was not exactly a jury of Patty's peers. None had ever been forced to undergo an experience beyond paranoia, only to be constipated in a closet for ten days, then granted instant relief in the form of Ex-S.L.A.x, a revolutionary catharsis.

While the trial was in progress, Richard Cole reported in *Sundaz!*, a Santa Cruz weekly, that Research West—the private right-wing spy organization that maintains files supplied by confessed political burglar Jerome Ducote—"was purchased in October of 1969 with funds provided by Catherine Hearst" and that "after the Hearst connection became known to employees . . . at least one [San Francisco] *Examiner* reporter was told to drop any further investigation into the Ducote case." The *Sundaz!* story stated not only that Catherine Hearst gave or lent most of the \$60,000–\$70,000 purchase price for the company but also that prior to the purchase, the foundation supported itself through "contributions" averaging \$1000, provided by Pacific Telephone, Pacific Gas & Electric, railroads, steamship lines, banks and the *Examiner*. In return, the files were available to those companies, as well as to local police and sheriff departments, the FBI, the CIA and the IRS. The *Examiner* paid \$1500 a year through 1975 to retain the services of Research West.

It was not an easy task for Stephen Cook to report about the trial of his boss's daughter, what with the boss sitting right there in the front row of the courtroom to oversee him, but he did not spare his employer from embarrassing testimony and, to the credit of the *Examiner*, he was not censored. However, another *Examiner* reporter, Dick Alexander, who was writing feature material on the trial, had his copy changed so drastically that he requested his by-line be dropped. The first day of the trial, he had worn a tie with the legendary fuck you emblazoning the design. Randolph

Hearst chastised him for this, but to his credit, he continued to wear the tie, as though it were a God-given mantra. Perhaps it reminded Randy of the time Patty screamed, "Fuck you, Daddy!" at his *Examiner* office. Now a syndicated cartoon by Lichty—with the caption "I don't know whether she was brainwashed, but she should certainly have her mouth washed out with soap!"—appeared only in the first edition of the *Examiner*.

The trial was also grist for the TV entertainment mill. On the Merv Griffin show, the audience voted 70–30 that Patty was guilty as charged. On *Maude*, the British maid studying for her citizenship test had to answer the question "Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" She was given a hint that the initials were P.H. She did not guess Patrick Henry. And Johnny Carson in his opening monolog wondered whether F. Lee Bailey would get Lockheed off "for kidnaping our money."

Soap-opera actress Ruth Warrick, who starred in *Citizen Kane*, now says, "My name was not printed in any Hearst paper for five years after that film was released. I could be the star of a movie and my name couldn't even be mentioned in the ads in Hearst papers." Patty has never seen *Citizen Kane*. Throughout her trial, there was a screen set up in the court, but instead of Orson Welles, over and over and over again like some recurring nightmare she would view footage of herself helping rob the Hibernia Bank. One witness at the bank was convinced that it was all merely an episode for *Streets of San Francisco* and that Patty was just an actress.

Nancy Faber of *People* magazine became the unofficial courtroom fashion advisor. If you wanted to find out exactly what color Patty's pants suit was, she would know that it was Iranian rust. But while Patty was wearing light-brown eye shadow or pearl-gray nail polish to indicate that she didn't have the hands of a criminal, the San Quentin Six were appearing before their jury each day in shackles and leg irons. Shana Alexander was the only journalist who skipped a day at the Patty Hearst trial to enter into the separate reality of the San Quentin Six. A rhetorical question had been asked of the press: "How can you justify extensive coverage of Patty Hearst and say little, if anything, about the San Quentin Six, in which the state has admitted not having any real evidence?" KQED interviewed media folks, who rationalized that they were only giving the public what it wanted. But when you have a TV program like *Mowgli's Brothers*, an animated cartoon based on Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Books*, in which an abandoned

(continued on page 100)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

it isn't easy coming up with those
down-to-the-wire goodies. playboy lends
the harried mr. kringle a hand



Above: The Super 7, a portable radio with seven bands, features FM, AM, TV sound, citizen's band (23 channels), public service (hi), aircraft and instant weather; squelch and tone controls included, by General Electric, \$76.95.

Below: When you feel your masculinity is being threatened, reach for Macho spray cologne for men, Fabergé's new scent that comes in a 3¼-fl.-oz. nonaerosol spray container, \$12.50.



Above: Portacall, the portable telephone that works without an extension cord, includes a radio receiver and a transmitter that operate simultaneously in the high-frequency spectrum, by TeleTronics United, \$395.



Above: The Model 051 copier for home or small office, will copy single sheets, photos and bound material; features a dual-process system that requires no liquids or powders, by 3M Company, \$199.

Right: The Porsche Watch, a waterproof/shockproof chronograph with an automatic movement, day-date indicator, second, minute and hour counters and a tachymeter—finished in black-matte steel, from Rafael, \$475.



Below: A pair of 18-kt.-gold and enamel Ralph Lauren—designed cuff links with regimental stripes, from Tiffany, \$495.

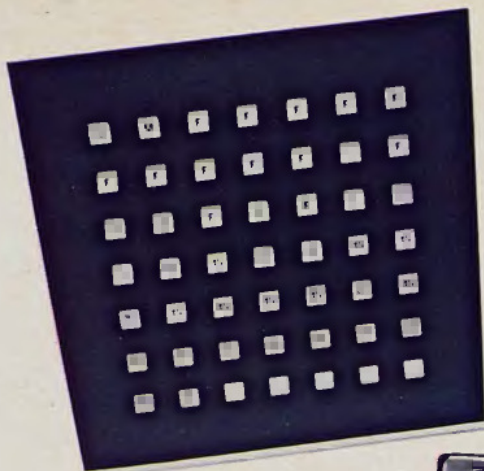


Above: Othello, the game for two that takes a minute to learn and a lifetime to master, includes a playing board with disk compartments, 64 two-color disks, rules and tactics, by Gabriel, \$9.99.

Below: Craig's Model 4354 Scanning Monitor Receiver is a three-band, 12-channel unit (including FM and weather) that can be pre-programmed to bypass high-traffic channels—or whatever spectra you don't wish to hear, \$169.95.



Above: A battery-powered facial brush, by Remington, has a unique orbital action, plus a gentle back-forth motion for deep cleansing, two speed settings and single or twin rotary brush operation, \$22.

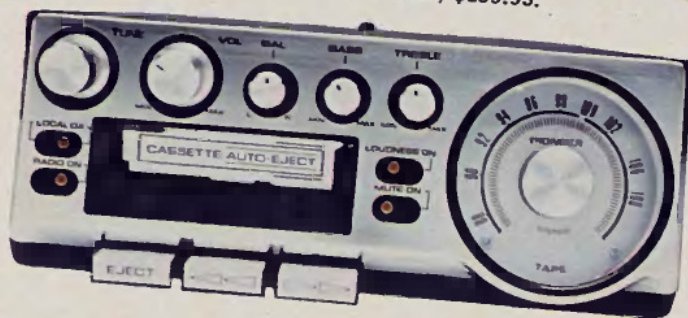


Above: Timeframe, the perpetual calendar that's made of hand-finished polystyrene, measures 8" x 8"; a quarter-clockwise turn causes the dates to change for each month, by Designframe, \$12.95.

Right: For guys on the go, a heavy-gauge canvas-duck shoulder bag with brass zippers, double stitching and metal slides on the bottom, by Abdalla of Atlanta, \$40.



Below: Model KP-500 cassette car stereo with FM, offers less noise and greater stability, plus muting and special distance switches, along with automatic cassette ejection, by Pioneer, \$159.95.



Above: A fully insulated Ernest Sohn-designed crystal-clear acrylic ice bucket measuring 9 1/2" x 9 1/2", has a three-quart capacity, brass trim, top and tongs, from Etco Industries, \$55.

Below: Model R2000 Instaprojection unit shows both standard-8 and super-8 movies on a 9" x 12" viewing screen without dimming the lights; features automatic threading and shutoff, slow motion, reverse and freeze-frame, plus conventional large-screen projection, by Eumig, \$390.



Above: The minimal look comes to clocks; here, a strikingly handsome J. R. Strignano-designed desk model with contrasting face, hands and base, by Quadrant, \$52.50.

PATTY HEARST TRIAL

(continued from page 96)

baby is adopted by a couple of compassionate wolves who talk to him—and right in the middle there's a commercial with Tony the Tiger telling the young viewers they should eat Frosted Flakes—is that giving the public what it wants, or is it brainwashing? Have an equation: The San Quentin Six is to Patty Hearst as sassafras root is to Frosted Flakes.

Patty's mom and dad are there on view when the jury is selected, although the press is excluded. (How can the judge be sure that Randolph Hearst won't leak the story?) And now they sit here, in the front row of the courtroom each day, so that their protective image will continue to lurk behind Princess Patty in the subconscious memory of the jurors. What's really on trial is the royal nuclear family—floor sample of a consumer unit that also serves as the original source of authority. If Patty had not "belonged" to her parents, why would anybody want to kidnap her? And if the princess had lived her prekidnap life inside the safety of the castle, then how could any old S.L.A. get her? The message of this trial is clear: Destroy the seeds of rebellion in your children or we shall have it done for you. Opera glasses scattered around the courtroom focus on Patty and her parents, who are busy pretending that they aren't being watched for reactions. They have become a captive audience by being forced to listen in public—this time to a tape-recorded communiqué from the princess abdicating her right to the throne:

Mom, Dad, I would like to comment on your efforts to supposedly secure my safety. The PIN giveaway was a sham. . . . You were playing games—stalling for time—which the FBI was using in their attempts to assassinate me and the S.L.A. elements which guarded me. . . .

I have been given the choice of, one, being released in a safe area or, two, joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army. . . . I have chosen to stay and fight. . . .

I want you to tell the people the truth. Tell them how the law-and-order programs are just a means to remove so-called violent—meaning aware—individuals from the community in order to facilitate the controlled removal of unneeded labor forces from this country, in the same way that Hitler controlled the removal of the Jews from Germany.

I should have known that if you and the rest of the corporate state were willing to do this to millions of

people to maintain power and to serve your needs, you would also kill me if necessary to serve those same needs. How long will it take before white people in this country understand that whatever happens to a black child happens sooner or later to a white child? How long will it be before we all understand that we must fight for our freedom? . . .

At the end of the tape, Donald DeFreeze (a.k.a. Cinque) comes on with a triple death threat, especially to Colston Westbrook, accused of being "a Government agent now working for military intelligence while giving assistance to the FBI." This communiqué was originally sent to San Francisco radio station KSAN. News director David McQueen checked with a Justice Department source, who confirmed Westbrook's employment by the CIA. Assassination researcher Mae Brussell claims to have traced his activities from 1962, when he was CIA advisor to the South Korean CIA, through 1969, when he provided logistical support in Vietnam for the CIA's Phoenix program; his job was the indoctrination of assassination and terrorist cadres. After seven years in Asia, he was brought home, along with the war, and assigned to run the Black Cultural Association at Vacaville in 1970, where he became the control officer for DeFreeze, who had worked as a police informer from 1967 to 1969 for the Public Disorder Intelligence Unit of the Los Angeles Police Department. If DeFreeze was a double agent, then the S.L.A. was a Frankenstein monster, turning against its creator by becoming in reality what had been orchestrated as a media image. When Cinque finked on his keepers, he signed the death warrant of the S.L.A. When his charred remains were sent from Los Angeles to his family in Cleveland, they couldn't help but notice that he had been decapitated. It was as if the CIA had said, "Bring me the head of Donald DeFreeze!"

Consider the revelations of Wayne Lewis in August 1975. He claimed to have been an undercover agent for the FBI, a fact verified by Clarence Kelley and William Sullivan. Surfacing at a press conference in Los Angeles, Lewis spewed forth a veritable litany of conspiratorial charges: that DeFreeze was an FBI informer; that DeFreeze was killed not by the SWAT team but by an FBI agent, because DeFreeze had become "uncontrollable"; that the FBI then wanted Lewis to infiltrate the S.L.A.; that the FBI had undercover agents in other underground guerrilla groups; that the FBI

knew where Patty Hearst was but let her remain free so it could build up its files of potential subversives. At one point, the FBI declared itself to have made 27,000 checks into the whereabouts of Patty Hearst. It was simultaneously proclaimed by the FDA that there were 25,000 brands of laxative on the market. That means one catharsis for each FBI investigation, with a couple of thousand potential loose shits remaining to smear across NO LEFT TURN signs. Patty had become a vehicle for repressive action on the right and for wishful thinking on the left.

Brainwashing does exist. Built into the process is the certainty that one has not been brainwashed. Patty's obedience to her defense team parallels her obedience to the S.L.A. The survival syndrome has simply changed hands. Bailey is Cinque in whiteface. Instead of a machine gun, he owns a helicopter company—Enstrom, an anagram for Monster. Instead of taping underground communiqués, he holds press conferences. It's all showbiz.

A three-month-old baby, whose mother wanted to expose her to the process of justice, was being breast-fed in the back of the courtroom while Patty testified that she had been raped in a closet by the lover she once described as "the gentlest, most beautiful man I've ever known."

Now, on cross-examination, Browning wanted to know, "Did you, in fact, have a strong feeling for Willie Wolfe?"

"In a way, yes."

"As a matter of fact, were you in love with him?"

"No."

A little later, he asked if it had been "forcible rape."

"Excuse me?"

"Did you struggle or submit?"

"I didn't resist. I was afraid."

Now Browning walked into the trap: "I thought you said you had strong feelings for him?"

"I did," Patty replied triumphantly. "I couldn't stand him."

It sure seemed fake. And yet . . . and yet . . . there was this letter to the *Berkeley Barb*:

Only a woman knows that the sex act, no matter how gentle, becomes rape if she is an unwilling partner. Her soul, as well as her body, is scarred. The gentleness of Willie Wolfe does not preclude rape. Rape, in this instance, was dependent upon Patricia Hearst's state of mind, not Willie Wolfe's. We must all remember that *only* Patty knows what *she* felt; and if we refuse to believe her, there can be no justice. . . .

(continued on page 114)

THE ABILITY to fashion classic repartees on the spur of the moment and deliver them with style is, indeed, a God-given gift. Most of us mere mortals, when confronted with the opportunity to say something singularly witty or derisive, are tragically reduced to blurting out the first idiotic thing that comes to mind. Others of us concoct piercing retorts long after the opportunity has passed and are thus ineffectual. Since most of us will never achieve the dazzling heights attained by

the Winston Churchills, Benjamin Disraelis and Dorothy Parkers of the world, we've compiled 50 of the best comeback lines ever. If you fancy yourself a great wit among men, try covering up the last lines of each paragraph and thinking up a better comeback.

It was no secret that Benjamin Disraeli and William Gladstone were arch political enemies. After a particularly heated debate in the House of Commons,

GREAT COMEBACK LINES

compiled by JOHN BLUMENTHAL

fifty of the most resounding retorts ever—delivered by such masters of the art as mark twain, dorothy parker and winston churchill



Gladstone, addressing Disraeli, shouted, "Sir, you will come to your end either upon the gallows or of venereal disease."

To which Disraeli calmly replied, "I should say, Mr. Gladstone, that depends on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

As a rookie reporter for the *New York World*, young Heywood Broun was told to interview Utah Senator Reed Smoot.

"I have nothing to say," Smoot told him.

"I know," replied Broun. "Now let's get down to the interview."

A heavy drinker, Herman Mankiewicz, the journalist-screenwriter, once attended a very proper formal dinner party at the home of producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Blitzed by mid-meal, Mankiewicz suddenly vomited on the dinner table, to the horror of host, hostess and guests. A long silence ensued but was finally shattered by Mankiewicz, who turned to his host and said, "Don't worry, Arthur. The white wine came up with the fish."

Winston Churchill, accused of ending sentences with prepositions, said, "This is the type of arrant pedantry up with which I will not put."

During the period he was writing for the Marx Brothers, George S. Kaufman often had disagreements with Groucho concerning some of the latter's ad-libbed lines. Once, when one of Groucho's bits had bombed, Kaufman was critical.

"Remember, George," Groucho said, "they laughed at Fulton and his steamboat."

"Not at matinees, they didn't," was Kaufman's reply.

While delivering a speech, Abraham Lincoln was rudely interrupted by a heckler, who said, "Do I have to pay a dollar to see the ugliest man in the country?"

"I'm afraid, sir," replied Lincoln, "that you were charged a dollar for that privilege—but I have it for nothing."

Drama critic Alexander Woollcott was once invited to attend one of Arturo Toscanini's orchestral rehearsals at NBC's Studio 8H. He was directed to the back elevator, over which there was a sign that read ORCHESTRA ONLY.

Undaunted, Woollcott entered the elevator only to be stopped by the operator. "I'm sorry, sir," the man said, "this car is reserved for musicians only."

"That's all right," replied Woollcott. "I have my organ with me."

While governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson was informed that one of the United States Senators from that state

had died. Shortly after getting the news, Wilson received a phone call from a New Jersey politician, who said, "Governor, I'd like to take the Senator's place."

"That's perfectly agreeable to me," said Wilson, "if it's agreeable to the undertaker."

During an audience with President Harding, comic Will Rogers said, "I would like to tell you all the latest jokes, Mr. President."

"You don't have to," Harding answered. "I appointed them all to office."

Present at an official state dinner in Washington, the famous Chinese diplomat Dr. Wu Ting-fang was approached by an American woman who did not know who he was.

"What 'nese are you?" she inquired politely. "Japanese, Javanese or Chinese?"

"I am Chinese," Wu explained. "And what 'kee are you? Donkey, monkey or Yankee?"

Having just exited from a restaurant, Robert Benchley instructed a uniformed man at the curb to hail him a taxi.

"Sir," replied the man haughtily, "I happen to be a rear admiral in the United States Navy."

"All right, then," Benchley said. "Call me a battleship."

During an operatic recital at the White House, while the nervous soprano was doing her best to please the First Family, one of the guests turned to President Coolidge and asked, "What do you think of the singer's execution?"

"I'm all for it," Coolidge replied.

Winston Churchill was leaving a party one night when he bumped into a lady.

"Mr. Churchill," she observed, "you are drunk."

"Madam," replied the Prime Minister, "you are ugly. You are very ugly. In the morning, I shall be sober."

Al Smith was delivering a campaign speech when a heckler in the audience yelled, "Tell them all you know, Al—it won't take long."

"I'll tell them all we both know," said Smith, "and it won't take any longer."

James Thurber was once accosted by a female admirer who could not stop praising him. At one point in the conversation, she mentioned that she had recently read one of Thurber's books in French and that the French version was superior to the English one.

"I know," Thurber quipped. "It loses something in the original."

When asked to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, Benjamin Disraeli said, "If Gladstone were to fall in the Thames, it would be a misfortune; but if anyone dragged him out, that would be a calamity."

As the G.O.P.'s Presidential candidate, Theodore Roosevelt, addressing a rally, was interrupted by a drunk who stood up and yelled, "I am a Democrat."

Roosevelt calmly asked him why.

"Because my grandfather was a Democrat and my father was a Democrat."

"Let me ask you this, sir," Teddy said. "If your grandfather had been a jackass and your father had been a jackass, what, then, would you be?"

"A Republican," the man replied.

Shocked at the exorbitant prices at a certain New York restaurant, Harpo Marx turned to George S. Kaufman and, while perusing the menu, said, "What the hell can you get here for fifty cents?"

Kaufman's reply: "A quarter."

Attending a University of Illinois homecoming football game, Ring Lardner almost jumped out of his seat when the school's military honor guard fired a salute for Illinois governor Len Small, as he entered his box.

"What the devil was that?" Lardner inquired.

"For the governor," he was told.

"Good heavens!" cried Lardner. "They missed him."

When two mammoth egos meet, chances are sparks will fly. Such was the case in the first meeting of Mark Twain and artist James Whistler. After the two had stared at each other for several minutes, Twain approached one of Whistler's canvases in progress and came very near to touching it with his gloved hand.

"For the love of God, be careful, Clemens!" Whistler exclaimed. "You don't seem to realize that the paint is fresh."

"That's all right," quipped Twain. "I have my gloves on."

When asked by a certain skeptic whether she was actually the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Harriet Beecher Stowe replied, "I held the pen; God dictated."

On the sidewalk outside Chasen's restaurant, W. C. Fields was accosted by a fledgling actor who commenced to badger him for a handout. Fields listened patiently for a moment, then spoke: "I'm sorry, my good man," he said, "but all my money is tied up in currency."

A particularly long-winded speaker was delivering a rather boring speech on the

(continued on page 108)

SPERMULA



*it's not your
run-of-the-mill
earth-invasion
movie*

The femmes fatales
from another planet-
(at left) thrive on
fellatio. Right now,
they could go for
a nice cool one.

WOULDNT YOU KNOW that a French director would be the first to see the erotic potential of vampirism? Charles Matton's science-fiction sex fantasy *Spermula* has an odd angle: The female vampires do not live on blood alone but, rather, on semen taken from helpless male victims. The mysterious society lives in perfect harmony (we can see why) until it is caught up in a mania of shuttle diplomacy. An expedition of French-kissing Kissingers travels to Earth. The ladies hope to cure the disorder that reigns on the planet by draining world leaders of vile virility—via fellatio. The mission of mercy is headed by Spermula, a spectacular beauty who can carry on successful negotiations above and below the table. Unlike most diplomats, she doesn't put her foot in her mouth. This film should be required viewing for the State Department.

The lady is a vamp. Dayle Haddon, at right and below, a former Disney star and a top fashion model, plays Spermla, the queen of the invading virgins.



The erotic astronauts set up headquarters near a typical French cabaret (above right) inhabited by a kinky artist (Marie-France) who is built, er, peculiarly. The dwarf is undoubtedly a dwarf. Vive Toulouse-Lautrec!

The vamps find that Earth is ruled by phalocrats (French for tricky dicks). The local leader is a bishop played, appropriately, by Christian Chevreuse (right). He is attended here by his maid, who gives good confession.





Billiards, anyone? In an obvious cinematic tribute to *The Hustler*, director Matton has one of the phallocrats attempt a three-cushion shot (below).

News of the invasion causes the local villagers to react in panic (bottom). Complete chaos reigns as all normal activities cease. Well, almost all—these are the French.



Udo Kier (right), the star of *The Story of O*, is shown here conducting an examination of one of the invaders. On a clear day, you can see forever.



The cabaret also houses a sculptor who has an obvious way with women. Willing to do anything for art, Angela MacDonald (above) has posed in the nude and now admires the likeness of herself.

At first, the earthlings try to resist the vampires. The lord shown at right has apparently discovered that the best defense is a good offense. Do unto others before they can do unto you.





The vamps drain victims of precious bodily fluids via oral sex (left), leaving the men helpless and forever slaves to the cause. All right, we surrender.

The invaders lose their power when they lose their virginity (below). It's not quite the same as a wooden stake through the heart, but it will do.



GREAT COMEBACK LINES

floor of the House of Commons, when he noticed that Winston Churchill was dozing. "Must you fall asleep while I'm speaking?" the orator demanded.

"No," replied Churchill, keeping his eyes shut. "It's purely voluntary."

Producer Sam Goldwyn's occasional linguistic lapses were so famous they became known as Goldwynisms. Once, after James Thurber commented that Goldwyn's production of *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* contained too much violence, Goldwyn immediately wrote to Thurber, saying, "I am sorry that you felt it was too blood and thirsty."

Thurber's reply: "Not only did I think so but I was horror and struck."

"It's a pretty poor work of art," Oscar Wilde once said of a pencil sketch Whistler had done of him.

"Yes," conceded Whistler, "and you're a pretty poor work of nature."

During a campaign speech in Ohio, Presidential candidate William Howard Taft was rather raucously interrupted when a dissenting member of the audience threw a cabbage at him.

Said Taft as the cabbage flew by, "I see that one of my opponents has lost his head."

Actress Joan Fontaine once visited a set on which Orson Welles was doing a role that called for him to be burned to death in bed. Flames rising around him, Welles called out, "I'll be glad when this is over. Now I know what Joan of Arc endured."

"Keep your spirits up," Fontaine advised. "We'll let you know if we get the odor of burning ham."

At a dinner party, Calvin Coolidge was once approached by a rather stuffy social matron. "President Coolidge," she said, "my husband has bet me that I won't be able to get three words out of you all evening."

"You lose," Coolidge replied.

Sarah Bernhardt and Oscar Wilde were known to have traded some rather sharp put-downs from time to time. During a rehearsal of Wilde's play *Salome*, they had a serious disagreement over a part in the production. In an attempt to relax the heated mood, Wilde said, "Do you mind if I smoke, madam?"

To which the Divine Sarah replied, "I don't care if you burn."

"I've got an act to offer you which you will never have the chance on again," a man once said to Oscar Hammerstein.

"It will take Broadway by storm. All you

(continued from page 102)

have to do is put \$25,000 in escrow for my wife . . . and then I'll commit suicide on the stage of your theater."

Astounded, Hammerstein pondered the offer. "Hmmm," he finally said. "But what will you do for an encore?"

Guests at a Halloween party thrown by Herbert Bayard Swope were involved in a party game when Dorothy Parker arrived.

"What are they doing?" Miss Parker inquired.

"They're ducking for apples."

"There, but for a typographical error," she sighed, "is the story of my life."

"If you were my husband," Lady Astor said to Winston Churchill, "I'd poison your coffee."

"If you were my wife," Churchill replied, "I'd drink it."

At a Hollywood dinner party, George S. Kaufman was buttonholed by an author who commenced to heap insults upon the reputation of a certain actress. "And," said the man, "she's her own worst enemy."

"Not while you're alive," Kaufman replied.

During a scene in *Lohengrin*, Czech tenor Leo Slezak was supposed to ride across stage on one of the mechanical swans, but they were moving too fast and he had missed several. Embarrassed, he turned to a stagehand and quipped, "Can you tell me what time the next swan leaves?"

A great wine connoisseur once invited Johannes Brahms to a dinner party.

"This is the Brahms of my cellar," the host informed his guests, pouring some rare vintage into the composer's glass. Brahms examined the color of the wine, took in its bouquet, took a sip and, saying nothing to his anxious host, put his glass down.

"Don't you like it, maestro?" the puzzled connoisseur asked apprehensively.

"Hmmm," said Brahms. "Better bring up your Beethoven."

Alexander Woollcott was a man of great proportions, physically speaking. He once gave a bad review to a show by composer Arthur Schwartz and lyricist Howard Dietz. Dietz responded to the pan by calling Woollcott "Louisa M. Woollcott."

The next time Woollcott ran into Dietz, he said, "Dietz, are you trying to cross me?"

To which Dietz, taking in the sight of Woollcott's obesity, replied, "Not without an alpenstock."

Dorothy Parker was told over drinks that Clare Boothe Luce had a habit of being kind to her inferiors.

Replied Miss Parker, "Oh? And where does she find them?"

Charles MacArthur, the journalist turned screenwriter, eventually married Helen Hayes. Their first few meetings were auspicious. "I'm rehearsing in Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*," Hayes said to the admiring MacArthur.

"I wish I could play the asp," was MacArthur's reply.

A rather windy actor was holding forth at a party attended by none other than the acerbic Dorothy Parker. The actor had the habit of using various English pronunciations. For instance, he would continually refer to his "shedule."

Miss Parker sat quietly for a while, but finally she could endure it no more. "If you don't mind my saying so," she said, "I think you're full of skit."

Noah Webster, the man who compiled the dictionary, was, predictably, a stickler for grammar. As the story goes, he was once caught kissing the cook in the pantry. His wife was aghast.

"Why, Mr. Webster," she said, "I'm surprised."

"No, my dear," Webster replied, "I'm surprised; you're amazed."

A pianist by profession, a wit by avocation, Oscar Levant was once asked by Alexander Woollcott to play a short piece by Brahms on Woollcott's radio show. When Levant arrived at the studio, he was asked if he might shorten the piece by 30 seconds. The program was running a bit late that night, Woollcott explained, and Levant agreed, only to be asked again to cut the piece by another 20 seconds. Levant obliged again and was subsequently asked whether he would mind making one more cut. "I won't mind," Levant replied, "but you'll hear from Brahms in the morning."

Calvin Coolidge had just arrived home from church when his wife, who had been too ill to attend, inquired about the subject of the sermon.

"Sin," said Silent Cal.

"And what did he say about it?" Mrs. Coolidge asked.

"He was against it."

During a session of the House of Commons, Lady Astor was in the middle of a rather lengthy debate on farming when Winston Churchill interrupted: "I venture to say that my Right Honorable friend knows nothing about farming. I'll

(concluded on page 202)



GREAT COMEBACK L

floor of the House of Commons, noticed that Winston Churchill was sleeping. "Must you fall asleep while speaking?" the orator demanded.

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"I've got an act to offer you which will never have the chance on Broadway," a man once said to Oscar Hammerstein. "It will take Broadway by storm."

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EST

article By DAN GREENBURG



playboy's gritty pilgrim on the road of life stops at another way station and finds—himself(er, maybe)

WHAT YOU WILL GET OUT OF THIS ARTICLE

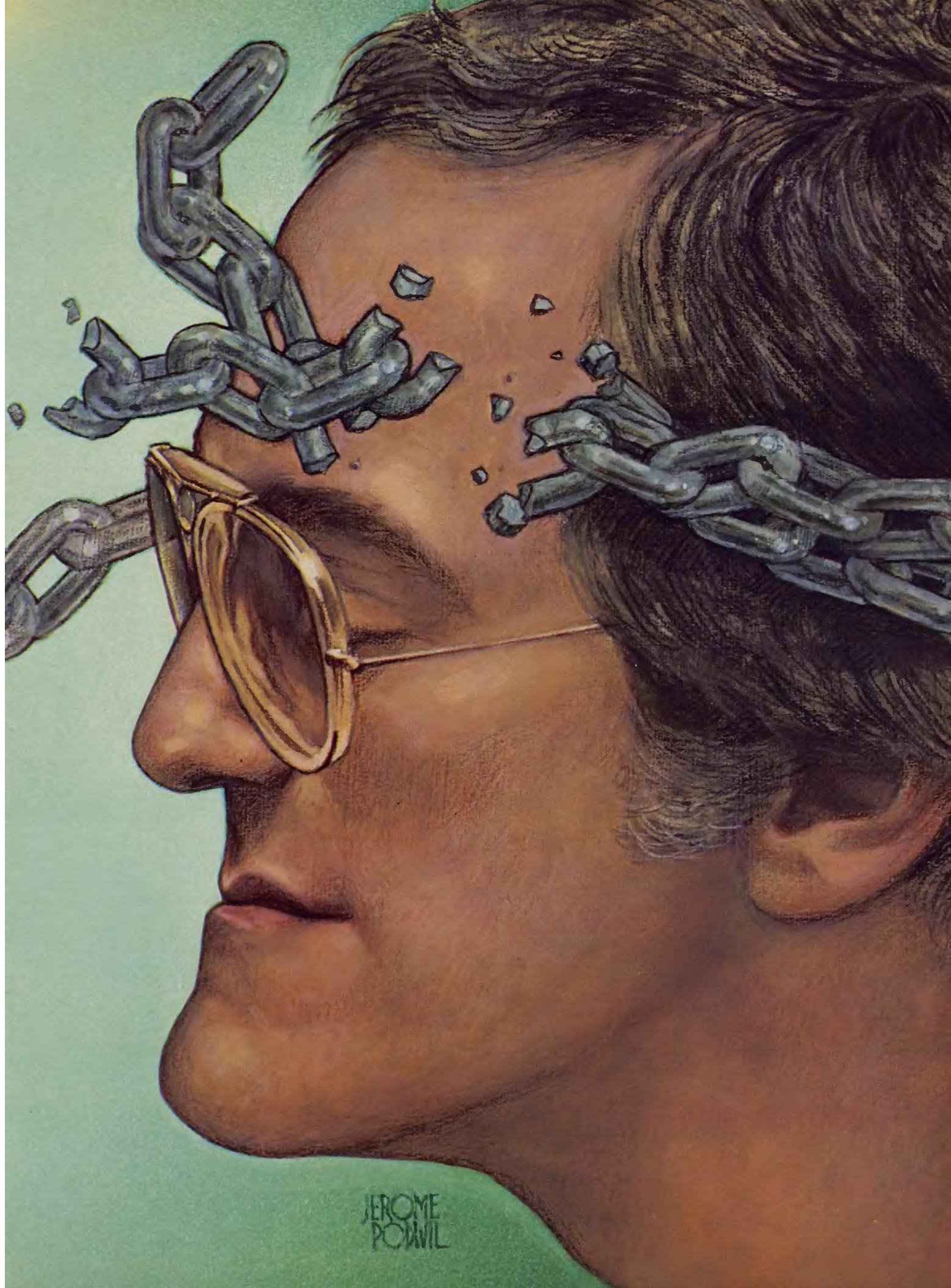
This article will tell you what it's like to take the est training and to hang out with Werner Erhard, the founder of est. Reading about my experience is as good as having done it yourself, plus which you will have saved yourself a lot of pain, boredom and \$250.

Now, if you buy that last statement, then perhaps you will also buy it if I told you that last night I met Catherine Deneuve at a party, she invited me back to her suite at the Sherry Netherland, where she proceeded to take off all my clothes and cover me from head to toe with Reddi-Wip, and then slowly licked off every bit of it, and that my description of this experience would be as satisfying to you as if you had had it yourself.

HOW I GOT INVOLVED WITH EST

How I got involved with est is that one night nearly two years ago—February 21, 1975, to be precise—I allowed myself to be dragged to hear some guy named Werner Erhard speak at the Commodore Hotel in New York. I had no idea who Werner Erhard was or what est was, but I agreed because I figured it would be only an hour or so and then we'd go out to dinner, and that would be fun. I figured Werner Erhard was some old German geezer.

My friend Dory and I arrived at (continued on page 210)



JEROME
POWIL

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor By JUDITH WAX

The Dems picked Carter as their man
To follow Ford and Nixon.
(And orthodontists everywhere
Lined up to get the fix in.)

Ingmar Bergman left his land;
How much can any man take?
They tried to make his wallet look
Just like a Swedish pancake.



He aims each day to build his herd
And never does that goal waver
(Since Reverend Moon proclaimed the word
That he's the one true Seoul saver).

The rites of British royalty
Are much too staid for flipness.
Yet Princess Margaret left her lord
And then became Her Hipness.



Capote squealed on scores of pals
Who, helpless to refute him,
Considered now that "Answered Prayers"
Means take Trum out and shoot him.

The pay phone in Paul Getty's house
Was there at his insistence.
(He left 12 ladies nicely fixed
To call him, now, long distance.)

The G.O.P. yelled out its choice;
It shouted, "Ford and Dole!"
The Dems had roared with just one voice:
"Roll, Barbara Jordan, roll!"

Savalas, said the British press,
Was zonked from nightly rounds
Of swinging. So he went to court
And gained a lot of pounds.



A Mideast ambassador, dashing and tan,
Gave Elizabeth Taylor a whirl.
Though a glamorous man, he comes from Iran
And Liz is a nice Jewish girl.

Food critic Gael Greene took up a new pen
And when her first novel was finished,
The tale was so sexy, her fans were assured
Her appetite hadn't diminished.



Political analysts grilled him each day.
How much could poor Reagan endure
Of really tough questions, like "Where is the gray?"
(Only Ron's wife knew for sure.)

Ms. Exner has taken up writing.
Is Judith a belle-lettre wonder?
Take a critical look, since you can't tell a book
By the covers its author was under.

"All the President's Men" was the flick of the year,
A Woodward and Bernstein big smash.
If they don't look like Hoffman and Redford, no fear,
The beautiful part was the cash.

The search for Scotland's monster
Went raging on full tilt.
(The biggest question scholars face:
Does Nessie wear a kilt?)

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '76

Mills's maid has made a million;
Onscreen, Foxe bared her soul.
Though Fanne stars as Fanne,
It's an Esther Williams role.

McCartney did a U. S. tour.
It proved the way time flies
When kiddies asked their elders,
"Daddy, what three other guys?"



Ms. Comaneci, the teenage peach,
When in Olympic orbit,
Displayed such ~~flair~~ it gave gray hair
To old dames like Ms. Korb.

The raid at Entebbe got hostages loose
As rigged by that derring-do band. A
Message, said Israel—sauce for the goose
Is kosher-style sauce for Uganda.

Japan's Tanaka got a jolt;
The pen might be a pad for him
If proved in court he didn't thwart
The yen that Lockheed had for him.

Ms. Javits claimed her right to work,
As basic women's tenet. Her
Jack said, "No, Iran must go;
I ran as New York Senator."



When Lasser was arrested
For a small illegal stash, her
Fans were just as shocked as
If they'd seen the Fernwood Flasher.

Her job as chief of protocol
For Mrs. Black is simple.
'Cause when in doubt, she'll just trot out
That Shirley Temple dimple.



Veeck put the White Sox into shorts,
For years they'd been deplorable.
It didn't help the team,
But, Bill, their legs were just adorable.

Bernie Cornfeld's wedding garb
Had the gossips humming;
The groom wore white, which gave a hint
Of diapers, soon forthcoming.



All Congress was vexed (what would she say next?)
At the tale of Elizabeth Ray's.
The book sales were hot, 'cause she'd spiced up the plot
With scenes from her role-in-the-Hays.

The Chairman, Sinatra, chalked up a big year
Of landmarks on life's rugged course;
He married his girl—and columnist Earl
"Boswell" Wilson he sued for divorce.



Ms. Walters' TV million
Is the biggest news pay drawn,
And Barbara gets a bonus;
Now she gets to sleep past dawn.

Though Clarence Kelley got some gifts,
Prez Ford saw little reason
To slap his wrists. Perhaps it was
Just Christmas out of season?

PATTY HEARST TRIAL (continued from page 100)

Here was the kind of viewpoint that sends you scurrying back and forth along that certain tightrope between spontaneity and feminist consciousness, trying to keep your kite up in the air, its tail flying the ultimate political question in the wind: *Is seduction the lowest form of rape?*

Patty also said that her intercourse with Cinque was "without affection."

The S.L.A. women had insisted they were not "mindless cunts enslaved by big black penises."

"You need seven inches," a reporter was explaining, "for a by-line in *Newsweek*."

"PATTY FRIGID AFTER DEFREEZE," stated a headline that was set in type but not used in *The Daily Californian*, campus newspaper at her alma mater.

"HEARST BLOWS WEED," stated a later headline that was used in *The Daily Californian*.

"Is the Government saying," objected Bailey, "that everyone who smokes grass is a bank robber?"

Oh, that's right, this is a bank-robbery trial, isn't it? "Were you acting the part of a bank robber?" asked Browning.

"I was doing exactly what I had to do. I just wanted to get out of that bank. I was just supposed to be in there to get my picture taken mostly."

Ulysses Hall testified that after the robbery, he managed to speak on the phone with his former prisonmate, Cinque, who told him that the S.L.A. members didn't trust Patty's decision to join them. Ironically, she didn't trust their offer of a "choice," since they all realized she'd be able to identify them if she went free—and so they made her prove herself by "fronting her off" at the bank with Cinque's gun pointed at her head. Out of the closet, into the bank! Patty testified that Patricia Soltysik kicked her because she wasn't enthusiastic enough at a dress rehearsal, and Cinque warned her that if she messed up in any way, she'd be killed. Before the trial, prosecutor Browning had admitted that it was "clear from the photographs she may have been acting under duress." And during the trial, Bailey, with only 15 minutes to go before the weekend recess, brought out the Government's suppression of photos showing Camilla Hall also pointing her gun at Patty in the bank. Moreover, in a scene right out of *Blow-Up* or an aspirin commercial, a "scientific laboratory" had used a digital computer "to filter out the grain without changing the content," then scanned the photos with a laser beam, all to indicate that Patty had opened her mouth in surprise and recoiled in horror at the firing of shots in the bank and that it was merely a shadow that made her look as if she were smiling

during the robbery, although Cinque had given her strict orders to smile whenever she met anyone who was supposed to know it was Tania, because the original image of Patty, the one that was disseminated around the world, had her smiling broadly, remember?

No wonder KQED artist Rosalie Ritz was approached by a promoter willing to pay her to design a Patty doll with a complete change of clothes so it could be turned into a Tania doll.

It did not come out in any testimony that Dr. Louis "Jolly" West once killed an elephant with an overdose of LSD—U.P.I.'s Don Thackrey calls it a case of pachydermicide—nor that he once spent eight straight hours in Dr. John Lilly's sensory-deprivation tank. According to Kayo Hallinan, Patty "hated" West because she was already aware of the fascistic implications of his proposed UCLA Center for the Study and Reduction of Violence, which would practice what it preaches against—violence—in the form of electrode implantation and aversion therapy. Obviously, then, some kind of coercive persuasion must have been used to get her to talk to him. Perhaps she had been reduced to a state of infantile helplessness—once again. A letter from a prisoner in the San Mateo County Jail:

I was coming out of the doctor's office when I saw Tania being taken out the front door. The guards had cleared the hallways of all prisoners and it was by mistake that I was let out at that time by the jail nurse. Tania was taken out by one female and three males.

When I called to her, I was dragged out of the hallway. Our comrade was exhausted and frightened, lethargic in her movements and appeared drugged. While I was in the doctor's office, I had noticed a three-by-five manila envelope—the type used to hold medications given to prisoners—which had written on it, HEARST. There is little doubt she is being drugged. . . .

A.P. reported that "a source close to the specialists conducting the examination . . . said that the dosages of 'anti-psychotic drugs' listed on Miss Hearst's medical report would themselves cause lethargy and disorientation." Would she eventually emerge from this psychiatric kidnapping only to proclaim, as she had previously done on an S.L.A. tape, "I have not been brainwashed, drugged, tortured or hypnotized in any way?"

There was also a question in the minds of reporters and attorneys alike: Why did Bailey put Patty on the witness

stand? He asked her what Cinque had done on one occasion to show his disapproval. "He pinched me." *Where?* "My breasts"—pause—"and down—" *Your private parts as well?* "Yes." Even rape must have its foreplay. The jury mulled over this scene while celebrating the combined birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, then returned for Browning's cross-examination. *Did he pinch one or both of your breasts?* "I really don't remember." *Was it under your clothing?* "Yes." *In both places?* "Pardon me, I don't think that the other was under my clothing." *All right, your breasts he pinched by touching your skin. The pubic area he did not touch your skin. Is that true?* "That's right." Good God, this is supposed to be the Trial of the Century and the Government wants to know if Cinque got bare tit.

Early in the trial, I had a lunch appointment with Willie Hearst, assistant to the editor at the *Examiner* and grandson of *Citizen Kane's* prototype. Although he claims that his status as Patty's favorite cousin is a media creation, he was the very first one she requested to see after her arrest. The receptionist at the *Examiner* did a slight double take when I gave her my name, possibly because she had just read in Herb Caen's *Chronicle* column that I had been caught shoplifting at a Safeway supermarket. Anyway, Willie came out. "It's a bad day," he said. "San Simeon has been bombed." So we postponed the lunch. Later, I received a communiqué from Jacques Rogiers—an aboveground courier for the underground New World Liberation Front—in which credit for another bombing, of the Hearst retreat in Wintoon, was taken by the Lucio Cabañas Unit of the N.W.L.F., with a repetition of the demand that Randolph Hearst give \$250,000 to the William and Emily Harris Defense Fund. One underground source insisted that the Cabañas Unit was infiltrated by a Government *provocateur* for the purpose of spreading fear and justifying a police state, but that accusation may have amounted to speculation.

In court, Bailey fought unsuccessfully to have Patty testify about the bombing of the Hearst castle, so that the jury would know she was still, indirectly, afraid of the Harrises. But, once more, Browning let Patty trick him during cross-examination. He was asking why she hadn't taken advantage of opportunities to phone for help. "It wasn't possible for me to call, because I couldn't do it, and I was afraid of the FBI." Now, Browning is certainly not going to disagree with Bailey's contention that Patty suffered from "a misperception about the
(continued on page 230)

THE ROLLS-ROYCE LOVE AFFAIR



flash! a peek at the steamy successor to "fear of flying" fiction **By ERICA JONG**

*If I do it once, I'm a philosopher.
If I do it twice, I'm a pervert.*

—WITH APOLOGIES TO VOLTAIRE

MY LIFE was pushing me westward and away from 77th Street—although I didn't know it at the time. Couriers appeared to bring the news that it was time to leave the old block, time to pull up roots, time to move on. Rosanna Howard was one such courier. The day her Rolls-Royce Corniche pulled up on 77th Street, it was clear to somebody—if not yet to me—that everything was bound to change.

Rosanna was a student of mine who had

been pursuing a friendship with me for months. You couldn't fail to take special notice of her, because she appeared at the writing seminar (which met in my apartment) in that chauffeured Rolls-Royce Corniche, satin jeans and rhinestone-studded T-shirts suitable for a rock star. She also wore black lipstick, platform sandals with six-inch spikes and a heavy musk body oil that suggested that the very rich *were* different from you and me. Just *how* they were different, I was not to know until much later. She wrote poems about decaying family mansions and kinky sex. I

found her moderately interesting, but I was too busy for a new friend (I barely had time to see my old ones that year), and, besides, I had known lots of rich girls before and was not fascinated by them. The very rich like to collect writers and I do not like to be collected. It makes me nervous. But one morning, after a particularly bad scene with Bennett, Rosanna happened to telephone.

"This is Rosanna Howard." The voice was crisp, Midwestern, boarding schoolish. I must have been disappointed to hear from her, (continued on page 140)



"I'm just a cowgirl. I like the outfit. It feels great to wake up in the morning, pull on some jeans, tuck in a Pendleton shirt, tug on some boots. It's very physical."

THE SUNSHINE KID

meet susan lynn kiger,
a lady who lives for today,
and so far her todays have
been just fine, thank you



○ K. TIME FOR another lesson in American history. Topic: the California girl. More than a decade ago, The Beach Boys released a song praising the particular heart-stopping qualities of the girls of the Golden State. Subsequently, Brian Wilson went into seclusion and refused to come out of his bedroom for several years. Perhaps he had one or two of the creatures stashed away. How else can we explain the sacrifice involved in not looking upon the likes of Susan Lynn Kiger, the lady who graces our gatefold this month? Miss January is a genuine California girl, a top-of-the-line model who (except for one brief trip to Hawaii) has never left the state. She is, like others of her kind, spontaneous, agile, sun-tanned, lithe, athletic, willing and able to take on all comers. She can drink the best of us under the table, having learned that trick at rugby games, where she was keeper of the chest. Exhausted teams would come off the field and ask, "Hey, wasn't there a six-pack in there a minute ago?" Smile. She will do almost anything on a dare. When a friend asked her if she would pose for a Kansas City Meat Company poster explaining the choice cuts of a well-turned back ("You can't beat Western meat"), Kiger donned a stetson and obliged. Nowadays, she lives in an apartment with her sister and dreams of the day when she will have a yard big enough for a large dog and a horse. (She grew up riding bareback through the surf at Laguna Beach.) Also big enough for a one-on-one

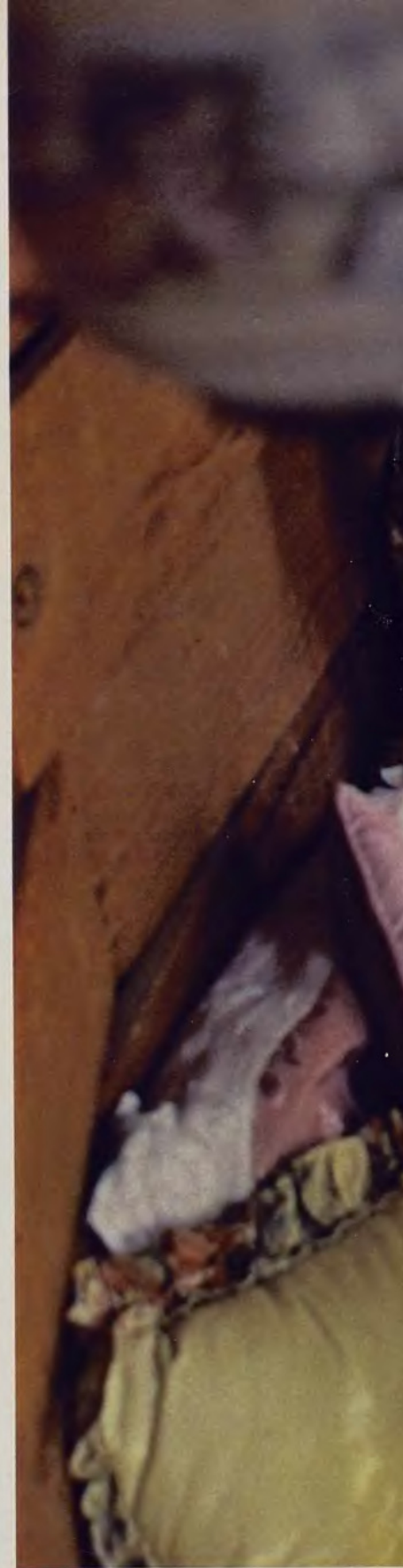


"Last winter, I took my savings and moved into a cabin at Mammoth Mountain. Skiing is like everything else—the only way to learn is to do it nonstop every day. By the end of the season, I wasn't half bad."



"Après-ski? Are you kidding? At the end of a day, the only thing I can think about is going home, taking off my clothes and jumping into a heated water bed with my boyfriend. I want to get warm."





"A girl inevitably picks up a lot of her hobbies from the men she dates. I've been turned on to barefoot water-skiing, rugby, dancing and skinny-dipping in apartment swimming pools, not to mention a few things about sex."



relationship. Kiger needs space. Mind you, Susan gets along well enough with people, she just likes her privacy. She worked for a year as a cocktail waitress at a place called Charlie Brown's, then used her money to spend a winter in the mountains. Getting away from the crowds seems to be her main occupation these days. ("I plan to take the money I earn as a Playmate and invest it in land—my own piece of the earth.") Being a California girl has its drawbacks. Susan has a collection of stories about run-ins with other kinds of Californians—such as the Hollywood weirdo: "If a man is old, rich and unattached, he's a pervert. Take my word for it." Miss January describes herself as old-fashioned: She wants to marry and have kids. Well, someone has to supply the demand for California girls, right?





"I like to sing. On a trip to Palm Springs, I'll throw on a tape of Johnny Rodriguez and let loose. Unfortunately, not all of my friends care for my singing. I sound an awful lot like Lucy Ricardo."



"The music I listen to depends a lot on what mood I'm in. Elton John is perfect for the nights when I feel crazy and deranged; Linda Ronstadt is more suited to the evenings when I sit quietly by myself."



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I'm fairly uninhibited. I've made love in deserts and outdoor Jacuzzis, like any California girl. But I prefer the peace and quiet of a bedroom. It's more intimate and exciting."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

They had been thrown together in the lounge at the ski lodge, where the poor snow conditions were an inevitable topic of conversation. "The forecast mentions the possibility of three to five inches tomorrow," sighed the girl, "but they say they can't promise it."

"On the other hand," said the fellow softly, "I could guarantee you seven tonight."



We understand that the pretty lab technicians in busy sperm banks are sometimes asked to lend a hand.

*An odd English sculptor named Keith,
Caught humping a lamb on the heath,
Blurted out, "I've a part
In the service of art—
I'm at work on a baa-baa relief!"*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stacked virgin* as a cherry tomato.

When a man complained to a marriage counselor that his recent bride was wearing him down with insatiable sexual demands, the advisor said, "It would be drastic, but why not stop bathing so she finds it unpleasant to be too near you?"

The next day, the fellow was back in the counselor's office. "I thought that nonbathing routine would take too long," he explained with a shrug, "so, instead, I smeared some Limburger cheese on my cock last night . . . and damned if my wife didn't chase me into the bedroom a few minutes later with two slices of pumpkinnickel and a bottle of beer!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *voyeur* as a window fan.

Because the door was open a teeny bit, I saw Mommy and Daddy in bed together this morning in their bare skin," confided the small girl to a small boy playmate.

"Gee!" exclaimed the playmate. "Tell me, Sally," he asked, his eyes widening, "were they . . . you know . . . were they doing it?"

"Nah," yawned Sally, "they were just balling."

A tourist who had lost his way on rural back roads stopped long after dark at an isolated farmhouse to ask if he could be put up for the night. "Well, we're a mite crowded, since there's already somebody in the spare room," replied the farmer. "But I guess you can stay if you don't mind sharing the bed with a red-haired schoolteacher."

"Look," said the tourist, "I want you to know that I'm a gentleman."

"Well," mused the farmer, "as far as I know, so is the red-haired schoolteacher."

Some time after their bitterly contested divorce, a man happened to pull up alongside his ex-wife at a stop light. The woman recognized him with a sneer and then snapped, "Out looking for a little, eh?"

"No," answered her ex-husband. "You taught me what a little is—so now I'm out looking for a lot!"

*A kinky young soldier named Blunt
Preferred his wife's bung to her cunt
Till the night that she shrieked,
"I resent being Greeked!"
And he had to return to the front.*



Mr. Rabinowitz, a Los Angeles widower in his 80s, refused to be placed in a rest home unless it served kosher meals. His son found one that catered to the orthodox elderly and established his father there. A few days later, the son paid the old man a surprise midday visit and found him fondling a giggling young nurse's aide who was as naked as a jay bird. "Poppa!" cried the shocked visitor. "How could you? Who is this girl?"

"This, Max," replied the elder Rabinowitz with great dignity, "is Maria Concepción—but I'm not eating."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I just had a great idea! We could start serving food!"

MR. DEATH



we all know the cia has secret weapons. now meet the man who spent 20 years designing them

article

By LAURENCE GONZALES

The subject of this interview is an explosives expert who worked for 20 years designing assassination devices for the CIA while holding various cover jobs in military research and development. While still in high school, he was regularly approached by CIA contacts with requests for poisons, explosives, guns, silencers and specially designed gadgets for killing or incapacitating people. He worked his way through a number of employers during this period and finally ended up director of research at a large, well-known firearms manufacturer, where he continued to do work for the CIA as well as implement projects for the gun company, which, in turn, sold its work to the military.

His career began in the early Fifties. In the late Sixties, he had two heart attacks in as many years. His absence from work due to illness finally forced him to quit and in 1970 he had his last official contact with the CIA. At this meeting, he said he did not want to do any more work for the agency. For a number of months, they followed him, thinking that he was running guns to radicals or showing them how to build terrorist weapons. They finally left him alone, as far as he was able to tell.

To establish his credibility, I verified that he did hold the jobs he claims to have held. In addition to this, I saw extensive documentation of the type of work he was doing. He also showed me several devices that he had built for the CIA, including a modified butane cigarette lighter that fired a tiny poisoned dart capable of penetrating a heavy coat. He brought out an explosive .22-caliber bullet, which I tested in the presence of a firearms expert. It did explode. His activities were also verified by others in the intelligence community who are involved in similar fields. And, finally, he was given a series of lie-detector tests, which indicated that he was telling the truth.

The subject wanted to remain anonymous to protect his family. Chemical and material names have been deleted in some cases to avoid providing a "cook-book" of weapons and tactics.

Q: During the Senate select committee's investigation of intelligence activities of the CIA, chairman Frank Church was shown a "poison dart gun" by William Colby, former CIA director. During the

week of September 15, 1975, this was shown on television and on the front pages of newspapers around the country. Do you know anything about that gun?

A: I must have seen half a dozen different dart guns at one time or another, because I was testing either ballistics or methods of applying poisons. The one in the Church committee was said to be electric. I doubt that very much. The electric guns I saw used magnetic bullets, but they had to be much larger.

Q: Do you think the CIA was lying?

A: It wouldn't be the first time.

Q: But you did say you worked with poisons. What type of work was that?

A: Basically, I was asked by the CIA to devise methods and devices for assassination. Almost everything I worked with was designed to kill people. The three major assassination techniques I dealt with were shooting, poisoning and explosive devices. There was a lot of emphasis in those days—say, from 1952 to the late Sixties—on low-profile devices. The agency wanted things that would be lethal but that would not leave "U. S. Technology" signatures.

Q: Can you give us an example of a weapon that used poison?

A: Yes. In the mid-Fifties, my CIA contact came to me with a problem he wanted solved. These things were always put hypothetically. For example, suppose you wanted to kill someone on an airplane without attracting a lot of attention. Well, the simplest answer is a contact poison. I was given a substance called [deleted], a liquid that penetrates the skin and carries with it anything you mix in. Put a drop on someone's clothes, in his shoe. That would be the most basic tool for this type of thing.

Q: Did you deliver that to your CIA contact?

A: No, I went a step further. I started fooling around with snake venoms, mixing them with [deleted]. I used lyophilized [freeze-dried] tiger-snake venom at first. There's another snake called the boomslang that I finally settled on, because the symptoms are very subtle. It causes internal bleeding and can take days to finally kill you. It would be hard to tell what had happened to you. And I took a ballpoint pen, substituted a wick for the refill, soaked it with the liquid and mixed in some ink. I actually invented the felt-tip pen, but it never occurred to me to patent it. Anyway, you could just touch someone with this and that was it.

Q: Did you have to get approval to build the gadget?

A: As I remember it, I went back to my contact with the idea after I thought about the problem for a while. He said, "Will it work?" I said, "Well, I don't have any volunteers to test it on; are you

interested?" Incidentally, like all the other types that I ever met, he had no sense of humor. I mean zero, zilch. He just gave me a very calm "No. We'll take care of the testing. You make one." My contact was kind of strange, anyway. He looked like the Penguin from the *Batman* comics and spoke out of the side of his mouth, as if he had been hurt. At any rate, the snake pens apparently worked, because later he seemed very pleased. I remember making some comment like "I trust you tested them in house." No reaction.

Q: Where did you get boomslang venom?

A: It used to be easy to get exotic animals from pet stores, back in the early Fifties. Now it's a bit harder if they're dangerous. Incidentally, never try to milk a boomslang. A bad snake. They're damn dangerous, hard to get, not very cooperative, and because their fangs are in the rear of their mouth, it is hell on wheels extracting venom. Anyway, I milked them, put the poison into the solution with [deleted], soaked the wicks for the pens, sealed them up and delivered them.

Q: You say those jobs were given to you hypothetically. Did your contact ever get specific?

A: One of the only times he had to get specific rather than just give me a "What if" was when he wanted to extract a black guy who drove a Jaguar.

Q: Extract?

A: Yes, that was their euphemism. Lovely term, isn't it? Anyway, this black man had to die at a certain point in the ride he was to take, say eight minutes after he started—for what reason I don't know, perhaps to keep him from crashing into something. I had to know a lot—body weight, was he right-handed, that sort of thing. They eventually brought me the steering wheel from a Jaguar and a photograph of the man driving, which was just his hands on the wheel. That's how I knew he was black. I don't know why, but that seemed strange to me. This was somewhere between 1954 and 1959. The poison could have been for use anywhere, Jamaica, Ghana. Anyway, I mixed up a batch of [deleted] and good old sodium cyanide, which I told them to paint onto his steering wheel where he'd normally put his hands. I adjusted the dosage so that knockdown time would be the eight minutes or whatever the figure was. Apparently, they were pleased with that.

Q: How could you tell they were pleased?

A: Well, a guy I knew pretty well invited me to my first outside job then and I got the impression that it was being offered as a bonus for work well done.

Q: What do you mean by outside?

A: Out of the country.

Q: What sort of job was it?

A: I was picked up in a car. My friend was there. We were driven to an airplane. Then we flew all night, it seemed like. We landed somewhere. Another car

picked us up. We were driven out into the countryside. Some guy had an anti-tank weapon and said, "Do you know how to use this thing?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, use it." I asked what he wanted it used on and he pointed to a convoy of military trucks over the rise on a little road. So I blew away a couple of the trucks.

Q: Do you know what that was all about?

A: No. It was in Caracas. As soon as I had blown away the trucks, my friend sent me back to the car and he went over to "finish them off," as he put it.

Q: Meaning what?

A: He just took his pistol and put a bullet through each guy's head to make sure he was dead. Anyway, it was my impression that that was my reward for doing a good job with the poison systems. It wasn't my idea of a reward. Later, I asked the guy who had invited me what it was all about. He just looked at me with a stunned expression and said, "But didn't you enjoy it?"

Q: So far, we're talking about chemical systems. Did you also design gadgets like that dart gun?

A: Not quite like that, but quite a number of other things. After the automobile episode, my contact came to me with another hypothetical problem: Suppose you're in a situation in which it is impossible to bring into a room any firearms or unconventional things that would be suspect. How would you take care of a roomful of guys? Well, next question is: How taken care of? I mean, do you want them extracted, do you want them blinded temporarily? Biological assault?—always loved that term. It sounds obscene. Well, in this particular instance, my contact said, "We want them extracted for sure. A fair number of them, in a moderate-sized room." And I wound up with one of the nastiest nasties that I came up with. That, incidentally, was the jargon for those gadgets: Assorted Nasties. This one was a subminiature bomb, roughly the size of a .45-caliber cartridge. You threw it and it exploded. It was loaded with hardened steel shot, like bird shot, which was coated with poison. Eventually, I replaced that with small pellets of [deleted]. If you get hit with an incandescent fragment of it, you go into anaphylactic shock almost instantly. It kills you faster than you can believe. I've seen films of tests on monkeys. The knockdown is truly remarkable. Load it into a shell, fire it at someone and his whole central nervous system goes berserk.

Q: Wasn't that a bit dangerous for the person throwing it?

A: It certainly was. It would kill him outright.

Q: Didn't the agency object to that drawback?

A: No. And I found that interesting. They

(continued on page 138)

TOP DESIGNERS CREATE LOOK-AHEAD
LOOKS ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY

GUIDING LIGHTS

ATTIRE BY ROBERT H. GRIFFIN

THIS YEAR'S Creative Menswear Collection points up the re-emergence of both elegance and eclecticism in male wardrobes today. (The startling costume look, thankfully, is now reserved for Halloween.) On this page, Pierre Cardin takes a traditional three-piece suit and gives it new character through the use of unexpected fabric combinations. The velvet jacket is coordinated with a subtly striped wool vest and pleated trousers. Banker's gray never looked so good.





Left: Perfect for summer days or evenings,
a cotton shirt and matching socks from
Yves Saint Laurent. The pullover top has
a drawstring waist and large patch
pockets; the pants are straight-legged.



Above: Shades of Newport. Bill Bloss's navy cotton double-breasted blozer, piped in red and white, is worn with white cotton slacks, white button-down shirt and a rep-stripped tie. Right: This easy, elegant outfit for summer resort wear, by Egon Von Furstenberg, consists of an unbleached cotton knit pullover with soilecloth pocket and hood. The unbleached cotton muslin slacks have pockets and a drawstring waist.



A full-page photograph of a smiling man with dark, wavy hair wearing a thick, brown and grey fur parka. The parka has a large fur collar and a wide fur trim along the bottom. Overlaid on the image are several thick, orange, hand-drawn scribbles that crisscross the frame, partially obscuring the man and the fur. The background is a solid, light blue-grey color.

For the toll man who can wear it, Halston has created something to really howl about—an ultracomfortable three-quarter-length coyote parka with full hood and front pockets.

Carlo Palazzi's new interpretation
of an old classic—a tweed raglan-
sleeved trench coat trimmed in leather.
Underneath it, there's a sweater on
sweater worn with gray pleated slacks.



MR. DEATH

(continued from page 132)

did ask that I make two versions, the second being one that would give the guy a chance to survive. It had what amounted to a fuse you could light with a cigarette or something. Another version lit like a road flare. You could remove a piece of tape that covered a material similar to what's on the tip of wooden kitchen matches. Strike it and throw it. In a third version, I mixed red phosphorus with [deleted]. When you wet this down with chloroform, it will not explode. But if you let it dry, it becomes highly explosive. You could just plop it into the middle of a room and it would explode. You could put it on the top of a door, put it under a toilet seat or any place where it would get bashed. Once it was armed, it was not easy to disarm, either.

Q: How many of those did you make?

A: Maybe 15 or 20. I also loaded a lot of small-arms ammunition with incendiary bullets made of [deleted]—.22s, nine-millimeter, shot shells. Those were for rapid kill. And there were strange requests. I made some ammunition that was loaded with an explosive called tetryl, so that when you fired it, it blew you and the gun all over the ceiling. The Walther PPKS .22 was a fairly standard firearm with the CIA people I knew. I was issued one that had a barrel threaded to accept a silencer. And I was once asked to modify one so that the slide would blow back and take the guy's head off. I assume that was for one of our own people.

Q: Do you mean to say that they were assassinating their own people?

A: I have no idea what they did with that device—or any of the devices, for that matter. I was only building them. But others within the agency had given me the distinct impression that they would kill their own people if it suited them to do so. And, at that time, it seemed odd that they wanted that particular gun modified in that particular way. It's certainly not standard equipment for any army or government I can think of.

Q: When you say you were issued that weapon, in what sense do you mean that?

A: Well, again, it was given as a kind of reward. I did some job that pleased them. Then a friend of mine—the same one who took me to Caracas—took me to lunch one day. He indicated they were pleased. Then he gave me a package. At the time, I was working at the [deleted] Institute. So I took the package back and fluoroscoped it to see what was inside—

Q: Why didn't you just open it?

A: Well, I thought if they were so pleased, they might want to send me to heaven. Seriously, it was just a standard precaution. And, lo, there was a brand-new Walther with a nice new silencer custom-fitted to it.

Q: So far, is the work you've described representative of what you were doing throughout the mid- and late Fifties?

A: Yes, but, of course, I had a regular job as well. I was doing research for the [deleted] Institute, which was involved in everything imaginable. One of my first projects for them was to design and test miniature detonators. I knew they had a vault where they locked secret reports, and I used to go in and read reports on everything imaginable, just because I was fascinated. Nuclear stuff, cannon technology. They were very heavily into the study of flame fuels. Thixotropes, for instance. A thixotrope is a gel that turns into a liquid when you move it; for example, if you pump it. There were reports discussing the reality of building a death ray with laser beams—that was in the Fifties. Of course, they have now actually developed it and it's something the Defense Department won't even mention. It is a breakthrough in technology equal to the atomic bomb. When I worked there, the laboratories were in the basement and included a fully equipped range for firing anything up to and including 20mm cannon shells. I felt like a mole. Especially in the winter, I'd go down in the early morning and it was dark and I'd come up at night and it was dark again. I never saw daylight.

Q: Was this institute a secret operation?

A: No, not the institute itself. Most of the work I did was classified, but parts of the place were open to the public. There were public exhibits upstairs from us. And the institute did a lot of unclassified work, stuff that had nothing to do with the military, like testing the strength of a certain kind of toilet tissue or something equally strange. But the fact that people were allowed into the place and that we were obviously working for the military had some funny results, because we got a reputation for being able to handle strange objects. If somebody found an old pineapple grenade in his attic, he'd bring it down to the institute and ask us if it was safe or to dispose of it.

Q: Did you personally have to deal with people's leftover war souvenirs?

A: Yes, for a while, anyway, until one day, when my boss called me up and said that some little old lady had brought in this thing her son got in the war. He didn't recognize it and neither did I. It was about the size of a frozen-juice can, plain metal, and had a T-shaped handle. No markings. So I took it down to our range, taped a blasting cap to it and as I was wrapping the wires, I accidentally hit the handle and heard this clickety, clickety, clickety—a timer going—whereupon, being very brave, I dropped it, ran like hell and slammed the armored doors. Nothing

happened. So I told the range attendant to leave the doors barred, put up a sign and I'd be back after lunch. I had a very long lunch that day, but when I went back, nothing had happened. Then, as I was opening the doors, that mother went off. It caused the first miniature earthquake in town and scared the shit out of me. The blast took a big hunk out of the concrete floor and scored the walls.

Q: What was it?

A: It took me two years to find out. It was a very rare Italian World War Two demolition device. They were made with variable-time fuses ranging from—get this—two seconds to several hours. After that, I flat-out refused to accept any unknown devices and sent a memo to my director, saying, FUCK YOU; STRONG MESSAGE FOLLOWS.

Q: Was all of your work there oriented toward ordnance?

A: No. I worked on methods of applying gold to the edges of Bibles. Some company wanted to find a way to do this by machine, because at the time, it was all handwork done by old craftsmen who were dying out. I was up to my asshole in Bibles for a long time. I found that kind of ironic working with one hand on that and with the other making miniature land mines or something.

Q: You mentioned miniature detonators. Were they for the CIA or part of your official work for the institute?

A: Both. Officially, I was developing detonators to be used in the warheads of missiles and artillery shells. Unofficially, I was making miniaturized timers and detonators for setting off high explosives. All you do is take a battery-operated wrist watch or a penlight cell to provide power to run that little thing I had made; plug the two together and that's your detonating system. Some arsenal was manufacturing a wrist watch that looked normal except it had terminals on it to which you could connect the detonators I was building. I tried to get one of the watches for myself but couldn't.

Q: What, then, was the difference between the detonators made for the institute and the ones for the CIA?

A: Basically, just looks. The CIA models were most commonly disguised as Marlboro boxes. They had asked that I make them so that they could be disguised as a package of cigarettes and the handiest thing was the Marlboro hard pack. After that, there were some other strange requests. Later, toward the last part of my stay at the institute, the Gravel Mine was being developed. Gravel was the code name for a land mine about the size of a tea bag that contained no metal or moving parts. They were dropped from airplanes and armed themselves by evaporation after they hit the ground. Their

(continued on page 170)

MENDEL I THOUGHT



*could this be the
same man who used to mail letters
in the garbage
can and walk through
glass doors?*

fiction By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER IN THE HEDER that I attended in Warsaw, there was a boy, Mendel, with the nickname "I Thought." That's what the boys called him and the reason for it was that he made countless mistakes for which he always had the same answer: "I thought." For instance—one time, as winter approached, he tried to slide over the sewer in front of our heder. The real frosts hadn't yet started and the sewer was merely covered by a thin layer of ice. Mendel took off on the run and sank knee-deep into the dirty, cold water. The other boys managed to pull him out. When they asked him why he had attempted a slide over such a thin layer of ice, he said, "I thought the ice was thicker."

"Why didn't you test the ice with a stick first?" the boys asked, and Mendel replied:

"I thought it wasn't necessary."

"If you think, you fool yourself!" the heder boys exclaimed in unison.

Mendel lived on a street where the number-22 streetcar ran. But he often boarded other streetcars and strayed off to strange and far-off neighborhoods. When asked why he had taken the wrong streetcar, Mendel replied, "I thought it was number twenty-two."

On one holiday, Mendel drank ink instead of borsht. He saw a bottle of red liquid, (continued on page 206) 139

ROLLS-ROYCE LOVE AFFAIR

because she immediately went on to ask, "Isn't this a good time to call?"

"No," I lied, "it's fine." But I can never conceal my feelings. My voice gives them away on the phone. My face gives them away in person.

"You sound upset," she said matter-of-factly. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No. It's kind of you to ask, but, really, I don't. . . ." Only with Rosanna would I have used the word kind.

"Are you free for lunch? I'd love to take you to lunch."

What the hell, I thought, I won't get any work done today, anyway.

Her car pulled up 20 minutes later. My ass-kissing doorman, an unctuous eastern European named Valerian, genuflected before the chromium hood ornament. "Nize car," he said, "nize peeples." Valerian had no bleeding-heart liberal hang-ups. Money was good, poverty bad. Rich folks were "nizer" than poor folks. Teach a kid communism from a young age and when he grows up, he becomes a raging capitalist. Simple.

Rosanna and I had lunch at the Carlyle, and I made a point of paying, knowing that nothing endears one to the rich more than that.

Rosanna had grown up in Chicago, inherited a "tiny railroad" (which just happened to surround the stockyards), gone to Bryn Mawr (and then graduated from Sarah Lawrence), married an uptight, boring lawyer who loved her money, had one son with him and then left him for a swinging lawyer (who also loved her money, it turned out, but in a way that was less obvious to her). His name was Robert Czerny (and I later came to call him the "bouncing Czech"). To a society girl from Chicago, he represented rebellion, freedom, Stanley Kowalski, sex, self-destruction, excitement. He wore a gold cock ring and \$25 ties—and he went down on her when she had her period (which no WASP would do). The way to a woman's heart.

They maintained an apartment on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago (where the son and the nanny were ensconced), but Rosanna and Robert traveled. When Rosanna decided "to Write," she took a studio apartment in the East 50s, hired a chauffeur for the Corniche and set herself up in New York (like any struggling poet) to make her literary fortune. Robert commuted between Chicago, New York and Washington (where he lobbied for mysterious causes and fucked around a lot). The Czernys had an ultraliberated marriage; they never saw each other. But Rosanna was fiercely defensive of "Rob." He was her rebellion, but he was also her respectability—because, you see, she really liked women. And every reluctant lesbian needs an absent hus-

(continued from page 115)

band to cover her. I never heard anyone use the phrase "my husband" as often as Rosanna.

I uncork a bottle of musk oil to conjure Rosanna. I spread it on my wrist, rub it in, inhale deeply, invoke the genie within, and suddenly it all comes back: the oil-smooth ride of the Corniche, the people staring in at us with a mixture of resentment and awe, the polished parquet floors of Rosanna's writing "studio," the bentwood furniture, the hanging baskets of ferns, the practically bare rooms, the closet full of rock-star clothes, the bed with its white-wicker headboard and monogrammed sheets, and what we did there.

I went to bed with Rosanna out of curiosity the first time, out of horniness mingled with what I can only call bisexual chic the second and out of obligation thereafter. It was stylish to have a lesbian affair that year; I thought I might want to write about it; and Bennett was making me miserable. If men were the question, perhaps women were the answer. I had fantasies of setting up *salon* (if not house) with Rosanna—all very Vita Sackville-Westish or Colette-likes-Missy or Stein-likes-Toklas. We'd take care of each other faithfully and occasionally bring in men we could share.

The first time we made love, I was chiefly exhilarated by the sense of doing something forbidden and not feeling the earth heave open to swallow me. There was something particularly liberating about breaking that taboo. It was not like losing one's virginity—which had been fraught with guilt and tender tears. And it was not like the first adultery—which had been a roller-coaster alternation of panic and pleasure. How can I describe it? The word smug comes to mind. The word smug and the scent of musk. I felt so goddamned superior to all those people who wouldn't dare it; I felt as if I had gone down on my mother.

Ah, sex. A very mysterious force. Was it Lawrence who said, "The more we think about it, the less we know"? I think so. Try to imagine oral-genital relations (as the sex manuals coyly call it) from the standpoint of a Martian or a low-flying UFO pilot from another solar system. How silly it would appear! It would seem like a form of cannibalism, perhaps. And perhaps it is.

What Rosanna was trying to eat through my cunt was my poetry, my vulnerability, my Jewish warmth. What I was trying to eat through hers was her WASP *coolth*, her millions, or perhaps the freedom that I imagined went with them. I had never felt more trapped or more desperate in my life than I did that summer. I had tried everything: fame, fortune, adultery, never looking up from the page, living to write, running

away, coming back, sitting on the razor's edge. Perhaps Rosanna had the answer. There had to be an answer somewhere.

I had never before made love to a student. It was against my principles. If I felt guilty for anything, it was for that—not for touching another woman's creamy, slightly rancid-smelling cunt. Yet I was also fascinated by the act itself, seeing my body's mirror image in another body, not the cosmic crash of cock and cunt but the lilting, soft, safe rocking of woman against woman. *Safe*. That was the word I was seeking. Men were lethal; this was *safe*.

Rosanna must have sensed my need for safety the morning she appeared. She must have sensed my vulnerability. All year she had been hot for me, had looked at me across the writing-seminar table (also my dining table), wanting me, falling in love with me. To me, she was chiefly a curiosity: mannish haircut, tall string-bean body, Mick Jagger clothes, Cartier jewelry and that musky smell. I needed no one new that year. I was so locked within that dying marriage, so hopeless about change, so cynical about love, freedom, breaking loose. Rosanna had to hammer her way through my cynicism to make me hear her.

The Corniche glides up, a chariot from another planet; Valerian genuflects; and off we go in a cloud of musk and carbon monoxide. At lunch we talk about men, jealousy, marriage, mothers, poetry, Bloomsbury, the vintages of wines. We consume two bottles of Mouton Cadet—Rosanna's favorite. Or rather, she consumes them and I help a little. Not being Jewish, she has a hollow leg. As I spill out my story of Bennett's betrayal, she takes my hand. I feel mothered, cared for, vulnerable, understood. And I go on drinking wine.

And then the chauffeur is waiting and we go back to her studio. How easy everything is with a waiting chauffeur! How little one has to think, to consider, to obsess.

More wine, more talk, hot rock music at first, then Cole Porter. Rosanna has the situation well in hand. Her face betrays no emotion but calm and understanding. I am the child again, coming to Mother with my scraped knee. Suddenly, Bennett is nothing more than a scraped knee! A little injury on the smooth skin of my life.

Rosanna excuses herself, goes to the bedroom, comes back wearing a caftan slit to the waist and lots more musk. The top of the caftan opens when she sits down next to me on the couch. I see her small pointed breasts and want to touch them. She sees me looking and reads my mind. She takes my hand and guides it to her breast. The nipple is bumpy and

(continued on page 192)



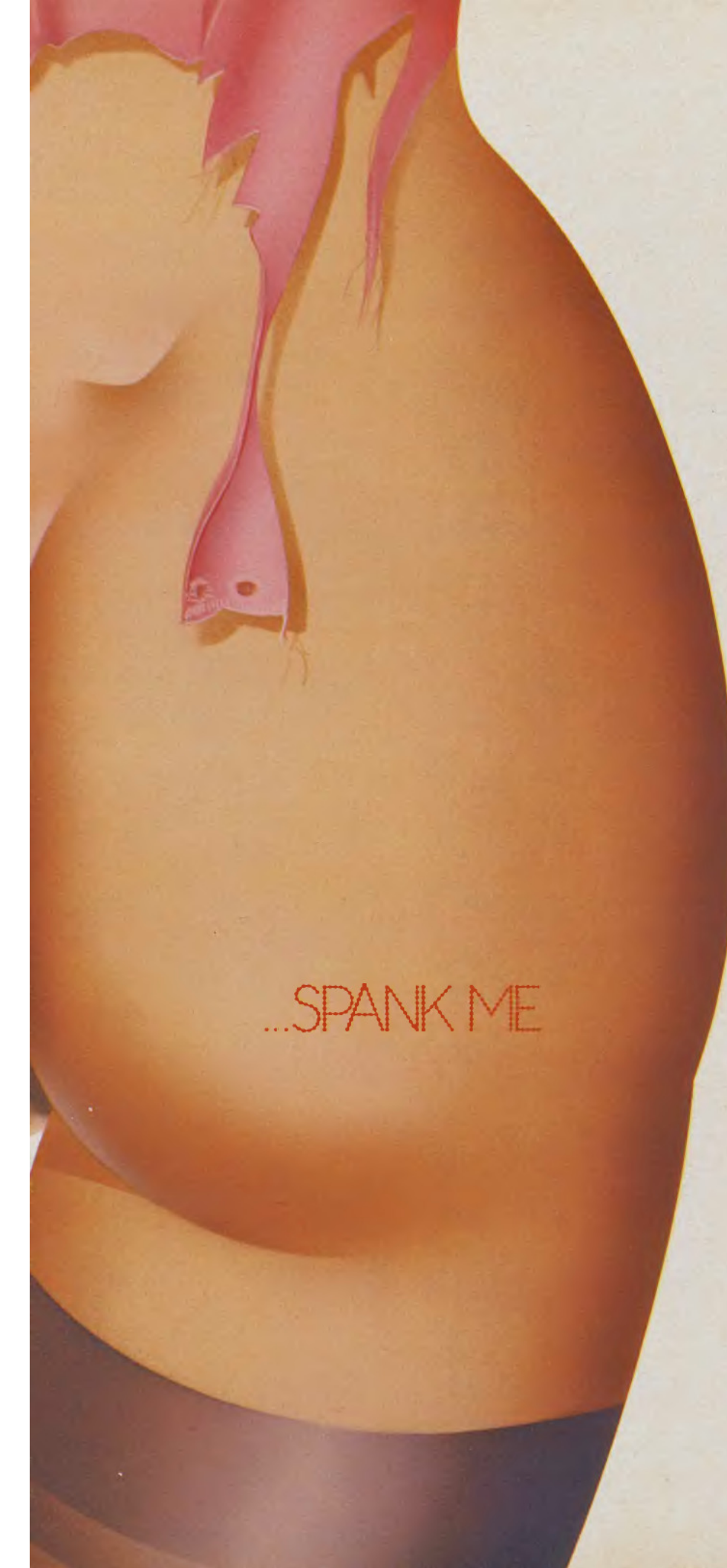
from the new book by
ROSEMARIE SANTINI

it's gone beyond fantasies: women
from all walks of life are doing
what they once merely imagined

TOUCH ME,
FEEL ME...

For some time now, we've been hearing about women's sexual fantasies. In several recently published books, women have admitted what they dream about. Now they're beginning to own up to what they're doing about those dreams. In "The Secret Fire: A New View of Women and Passion," to be published this month by Playboy Press, Rosemarie Santini adds yet another dimension to our understanding of female eroticism. The author interviewed hundreds of

143



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...SPANK ME

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143

women from all walks of life—the arts, the professions, homemaking, prostitution—on the subject of what they want from life and love and how they're going about getting it. The candor of their answers is astonishing. Here we present a handful of Santini's "Secret Fire" sexual case histories of a variety of women, from dedicated S/M practitioners to a motorcycle-gang member's "old lady."

NANCI

Her Boston apartment is a mess; memorabilia of her father's career—he was a well-known playwright—cover the walls. Tiny and 20, looking like a French sex kitten, she is dressed in unchic hotpants with black-lace tights underneath and sequined, ankle-strap platforms. Her long, reddish locks are casual and she speaks softly of her favorite kind of sex—sado-masochism—which for her is as much whipping as she can possibly handle without fainting.

"I get turned on by pain. My former husband used to spank me, and when he saw I liked it, we started to play S/M with bondage. He used to spread-eagle me and tie me to the furniture. Then we got scared, because the S/M play got heavier and heavier.

"I'm amazed at how much pain I can take," Nanci whispers. "Even the next day, there's an afterglow from the bruises on my body." She unwraps her blouse and reveals her purple, bruised shoulders and the marks of the lash on her back.

How does pain become pleasure?

"I don't know how to explain it. There's a lot of sex talk, suggesting things. Once it starts, I feel very calm and a very rosy, warm feeling envelops me. I let the person know what I like and that I can take more. Then I start having spontaneous orgasms from whipping, even without having intercourse. I lose consciousness after I've been whipped for a while. I actually faint with orgasm.

"My ex-husband liked me to wear garter belts and stockings and a corset of leather. The whippings got harder and harder and he began to draw blood with the riding crop. When it started to take more and more pain to reach the same level of pleasures and we began talking about piercing my labia with a ring, I called a halt. I didn't want any permanent mutilation."

Occasionally, Nanci plays the dominant partner. "Recently, I took on the S role. I put this guy in bondage so he couldn't get loose and I used clothespins on his nipples. Then I began whipping him and drew blood. I got hysterical then. It's much harder to act out the dominant role, because I'm afraid of losing control."

DORIS

Doris is a shy, voluptuous Southern woman in beads and denims.

"I've been married to Harold since I was 19," she begins, her eyes glowing. "That was six years ago. This year, I met a madam at a party and really got turned on to her. I started working for her during the day while Harold took care of the children. I loved it. The madam and I were about the same size, and when I'd arrive in my jeans, she'd take me to the closet and let me pick out anything to wear. But the job didn't last long, because the madam told me I took too long when I gave a guy a blow job," she giggles. "Most of those guys never had a blow job like that, because nobody had ever taken the time to play with their cocks. Also, one of the guys I last blew was a policeman," she confides, "and that really freaked me out."

How did her husband feel about her working as a prostitute?

"Well, when I got home, I was always very horny and I would throw the money all over the bed and say to Harold, 'Well, look at this!' And he'd be there with a grin on his face, and then we'd ball and ball. That's how I got the idea of going into business for myself.

"Working with customers can be very satisfying sexually, but it leaves me at a peak. I go home really turned on and really wanting to fuck Harold. He likes to hear what I've been doing. I turn him on. Last week was great! In one day, I fucked seven times, four of those times with my husband and the other three with customers.

"I masturbate a lot, too, especially before I go to sleep. I never used to masturbate in front of Harold or my customers, but I do now. It turns some of them on. I don't have orgasms with penetration . . . never have. My orgasms are from finger-fucking."

Doris then explains her favorite kind of finger-fucking. "A gynecologist showed me a way men can do it to me. The man puts his fingers in behind the clitoris and he spreads them out. You can't do it to yourself. Anyway, the man opens his fingers and rubs really fast inside the vagina, pressing up against the pubic bone. There are two little bulbs that come down on either side of the small lips from the clitoris, and he can only get to them from the inside. Oh, that's a fantastic orgasm. That's what I consider my vaginal orgasm. I always dream that I'm going to find a certain-size penis that can fit into that place. I'm married to a guy with a big cock and I get off better with a guy with a smaller cock."

PATRICIA

At 40, Patricia is a well-proportioned brunette who lives in a luxurious apartment in Baltimore. She swings back

and forth on an old rocker in an antique-filled parlor. "When I see a Nazi film, I really get excited," Patricia explains, picking at her low T-shirt, which reveals her full breasts. "That's because, as an American diplomat's daughter, I grew up in Paris and was very susceptible to those gorgeous six-foot, blue-eyed blonds when they took over the city. Wow! They were really impressive!"

A mattress lies near a window alcove. "That's for sex," she explains. "It's a foam-rubber mat about five inches thick. I've covered it with heavy cotton. It's good for sex, because it's harder than a mattress. It doesn't give. Beds are usually too mushy. Also, I hate to redo my bed every time I have sex. So I just throw a towel over this and it's whoopee!"

"I've got five or six regular boyfriends who come up and have lunch, dinner, drinks or to go to a concert. I don't date men who come here just for sex.

"I sun-bathe on the terrace, topless. Yesterday, there was somebody waving to me from the roof of the next building. I waved back. He signaled about having a drink. We met downstairs, he turned out to be quite charming and we made love that evening.

"When I'm waiting for a traffic light to change, I'll stand there and often there's a man crossing from the opposite side of the street. I'll look straight into his eyes as he's approaching me and I'll smile. Then I'll say good morning. It's really a great opener."

Is she bisexual?

"Sex with women is an appetizer," she replies. "Men are entrees. I like the meat and potatoes of a man. I'm really a liberated person, the most liberated person on this globe. But I do have one rule: I only fuck married men who commute, so I don't have to meet their wives."

VICKI

Vicki, pretty, vivacious and blonde, is seated on a sofa in a green-satin robe that opens as she moves to reveal her breasts, and then again to reveal her contrasting dark pubic hair.

"I like my boyfriend to put shackles on me and use a leather paddle. I have to say thank you after I get stroked. If I forget to say thank you, I keep on getting hit until I do. Then I may have to kiss the paddle or his hand and call him master and show my respect and devotion. While I'm being stroked, he also sexually excites me. He kisses me and fondles me. He plays with my vagina to see if I am getting wet. The more he plays with me, the more excited I get. I can take a large dose of being hit; it doesn't hurt. I like being blindfolded and not knowing where the stroke is



MIKE BROWN

"No, damn it, I don't want to go and look under the tree!"

coming from. Then I get receptive and very, very sexy. Then I begin worshipping him because he's controlling me.

"It all makes me feel very feminine and protected, like a little girl but still a woman. I have a very strong character and I want to be forced to give that up."

Vicki is a sales manager for a magazine, earning \$20,000 a year at the age of 29. As she waits for a husband, she is leading what she calls a decadent and promiscuous life. One night recently, she went to a party wearing her bondage jewelry. One young man came up to her and asked her to go out onto the landing. He took her up near the roof, pushed her flat onto the floor and attacked her. "At first, I resisted and he slapped my face hard. Then he raped me right there. He pulled my pants off and started fucking me hard. I came and came. Then we left the party with a friend of his and went to my house. First, he fucked me again and again, then he gave me to his friend. They tied my hands up and I was pretty excited. Then he told his friend, 'Slap her around a little, she likes it.' He was right, I really loved it.

"Last night, he called me and I was very, very horny. He said he couldn't come over and I told him to send another friend. It was great, a stranger coming into my house and fucking me. I really got off.

"Another thing I love about being submissive is that you're definitely not being ignored. If somebody's going through all this work to tie me up and paddle me and make love to me, obviously, he must care a lot. When I was a child, I got a lot of attention by having temper tantrums, getting into trouble. I used that as a manipulative force."

JENNIFER

Jennifer and Tommy lead a very private life, although both are part of Hollywood's film world and Tommy is famous. "We've been all over the world. In Paris, I bought special underwear, a G string and a white marabou boa. I love to tease Tommy. I wear a simple dress and when we're alone in an elevator, I pull my skirt up and say, 'Look what I have to show you!'

"I fantasize a lot. I fantasize on the subway, in taxicabs, even in the middle of conversations. People know something unusual is happening, because I can see from their expressions that they're getting turned on. I have a lot of fantasies. One is about an older Italian man, like a Godfather. He's in good physical shape and treats me like a little girl. I really love it. I sit on his lap, and kissing him is so incredible I get very excited. I come just from kissing. For some reason, in the

fantasy, we have to wait until the next day to make love, so we have this entire day and night of intense excitement. And the next day, we make love and it's wonderful. I have this other fantasy about sleeping with two or three men at the same time. One is fucking me in the ass and I'm sucking the other off. That's one of my favorites. I don't tell Tommy about my fantasies, because he's very jealous."

NATASHA

Her sculptor's studio in San Francisco, with its coal-black walls and ornate art-deco chandeliers, is a fantasy world: Its sensuous, imaginative creator is Natasha, a Polish Catholic from the Bronx who traded her sturdy black pigtailed for a multicolored Afro, her blue-and-white, Catholic school uniform for a ruby-red silken robe embroidered in gold.

"My sexuality is the same energy I paint with, that I make sculptures with, that I write poetry with, that I fuck with. It comes from the same place. But I'm too much for one man," she says sadly, touching a wild sculpture of a pirate-like male figure with a huge penis ornately decorated in gold leaf. "In fact, I'll never forget one night when I was really getting into it and this guy stopped me and said furiously, 'Please control yourself.' I was really wounded. But after a few minutes, I began screaming and yelling my head off. I know it was cruel, but there are men out there who just don't care very much about women and what they do to them."

What kind of men are suitable for Natasha?

"The imaginative ones. One time, I put this scuba-diving equipment on and my lover put on the mask and fins; we had sex for hours with that stuff on. Another lover invited me to a Halloween party. I put on boots, a coat and jewelry. I rubbed baby oil all over my naked body. I was all shiny and had little golden chains on my stomach. When I arrived at the door, I took him into the kitchen and opened up my coat. Well, he was so turned on that he went into the other room and announced that the party was over. We fucked for two days.

"You know, a lot of men don't understand the nature of a creative woman. If I let myself, I'd fuck my whole life away. But I don't, because I need and use that energy for my work. When I work, I get sexually high. In fact, one time I was so high I took five clean paintbrushes, got under the quilt and masturbated with them. OOOoooooh, it was great! Now I use them all the time. Especially the really fine ones. They're just like the most sensitive tongue I have ever felt."

LIZ

Liz's studio in SoHo, in New York City, is part of a large loft apartment, where she lives with her husband. The walls are painted red, decorated with a dozen or so black-leather accessories: hats, garter belts, a black bra and panties. Liz is wearing a black-lace, see-through blouse, a tight satin skirt and a large black hat. Her upturned nose, her wide, brown eyes dominate her face. She is wearing small golden earrings and many golden rings on her long, slim fingers. Black-leather belt and high-heeled shoes complete this costume, which she calls her "business outfit," apparently oblivious of the fact that the rosy-red nipples of her breasts are visible. Tall, slim, with long, sinewy legs, 28-year-old Liz pouts her sensuous lips as she tells about an experience that vicariously turns her on.

"A friend of mine and her boyfriend go out to Plum Beach. She lies in the front seat of the car, totally exposed. It's usually early evening; men walk up and down the beach and any one of them who cares to can partake of her sexually. Her boyfriend sits over on a bench and oversees the situation, so she won't get into any physical danger. She says she loves it because it is anonymous sex. I've never done that bit, but I find the idea exciting.

"I can put my head into certain fantasies and get really super rushes. I have a favorite called The Cage. It takes place in a low-lit private club, where all the men who attend are black. In the center of the club is a golden cage about three feet wide with wide bars. It is the only illuminated thing in the place. Every night it's a different person's responsibility to bring a nude white woman to the cage, blindfolded. She's put into the cage, where she can sit or stand, as she chooses. If she sits, she's accessible to everyone. During the evening, there'll be big black hands all over her. If she wants to, she can turn and give someone a blow job. She's a captive, but she's in control, because if she wishes, she can stand up in the cage and no one can reach her. Usually, in the course of the evening she's handled by about 15 men—30 hands on her. When you have a lot of hands on you, it really feels incredible.

"I have another favorite, where a girl is brought to a room where everyone is costumed. She's tied down to a Plexiglas form in doggy position, with a large mirror in front of her, so she can see what's happening behind her. Costumed pages bring her a chalice of oil. Everyone is following the directions of a very tall

(concluded on page 178)

OUR FANTASIES about winding highways leading toward distant horizons to the contrary, the mundane fact remains that a vast percentage of American driving takes place in the ruck of urban and suburban streets and freeways. Most of us operate automobiles not in some zesty liaison with a splendid machine on an open road but in the turgid mire of workaday commuters struggling against their own presence to get to and from work. This reality tends to negate the need for interesting, nimble cars and causes many to seek mobility via insulated, hermetically sealed cocoons wherein stereo music and air conditioning isolate them from the chore of driving. This is one rationale, based on the reasoning that most traffic operates so slowly that the need for a machine with any sporting

THE CITY CAR COMES OF AGE

modern living **BY BROCK YATES**

there's a new breed of machine that makes sense in the urban crush and makes tracks on the open road



PLYMOUTH ARROW

JAGUAR XJ6C

PORSCHE 924

instincts whatsoever is akin to hunting quail with a bazooka; there is simply no need for that brand of firepower.

Yet a new breed of automobiles that blends sportiness and practicality to a point where they become palatable alternatives to the standard commuter cocoon is slowly easing onto the domestic scene. What we have are machines that are light and small and keenly suited to enjoyable driving yet are more adaptable to the broad needs of modern, multifaceted living. Whereas the standard brand of sporting vehicle came in two exclusive forms—i.e., the imported, two-place roadster or G.T. car and the Detroit muscle

SAAB 99 EMS

BMW 320i

ENTER →



TOYOTA CELICA GT LIFTBACK

car—we now have the choice of a third type, a Third World of automobiles that offers a neat solution to the man who likes to drive yet needs more utility than that offered in the traditional versions of sporty cars.

This new species is smaller than the normal-sized American car yet can carry four passengers, at least for short hauls. They are, with some exceptions, less than 180 inches in length, with wheelbases under 100 inches. They are light, in the range of 2500 pounds, and, again with a few notable exceptions, are powered by sophisticated, smooth-running four-cylinder engines featuring such exotica as overhead camshafts, fuel injection and the lavish use of special alloys. They are closely

related to the new generation of Datsuns, Toyotas, Chevettes, etc., that are adding extra dimensions of function and performance to the so-called subcompacts, and in a number of cases they share engines, transmissions and body shells with those machines. The differences lie in performance and styling. These Third World sportsters are faster, more powerful, lower, lighter and more expensive than their economy-inspired counterparts and, therefore, open up surprising opportunities for driving fun among the urban-suburban-freeway nomads.

Some of the best examples share the special distinction of front-wheel drive, a particularly suitable com-



HONDA ACCORD



DATSUN 280Z 2+2



CHEVROLET MONZA V8

ponent for small automobiles because it eliminates the intrusion of the drive-shaft tunnel into the passenger compartment. With the added fillip of mounting the engine transversely in the chassis, the entire power train can be tucked into a tiny cubbyhole at the front of the car, leaving a vast percentage of the available bodywork for carrying people and luggage. The classic expression of this concept lies in the dazzling new Honda Accord, which could be the most lucid amalgam of small-car engineering in the world. Here is a sweet-handling, high-mileage (over 30 mpg under all conditions), quiet-running, wonderfully efficient automobile that will carry four adult passengers and their gear without fuss or

bother. While it is slightly larger than its lovable midget brother, the Civic, the Accord is minuscule by American standards. Its over-all length is a mere 162.8 inches, its wheelbase a modest 93.7 inches and its weight just under a ton, ready to drive. Yet the Accord packs a staggering collection of equipment, such as a five-speed transmission (a two-speed automatic is optional), power-assisted front disk brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, etc., into its modest (approximately \$4000) price tag. Like the Civic, it uses the Honda CVCC (Compound Vortex Controlled Combustion—in case you asked) engine, which employs an advanced yet marvelously simple cylinder-head design to produce high efficiency and drivability in association

An illustration of three cars parked in a row in front of a blue building with a sign that reads "LADIES SNACK - BAR MEN". The cars are a light blue hatchback, a dark green coupe, and a bright green coupe. The bright green coupe is in the foreground, and the other two are behind it. The scene is set in a parking lot with trees in the background.

VW SCIROCCO

ALFA ROMEO
ALFETTA GT

RENAULT 17 GORDINI

An artistic illustration of three cars at a drive-in theater at night. In the foreground, a silver Mazda Cosmo is shown from a front-three-quarter view, with its headlights on. Behind it, a white Lancia Beta Coupe and a dark red Ford Mustang II V8 are parked. The background features a large, blank movie screen and a line of dark evergreen trees under a dark sky. An "EXIT" sign is visible on the right side of the image.

LANCIA BETA COUPE

FORD MUSTANG II V8

MAZDA COSMO

with low exhaust emissions on regular gas, yet. With good acceleration, a top speed of just under 100 mph and a wonderful ability to zoom through holes in heavy traffic, the Accord is a perfect machine for the man seeking high levels of commuter-type efficiency in concert with the capability of evening theater-restaurant hopping with his lady and another couple.

The Honda people—who not only dominate the motorcycle market here but are now the *fourth largest* importer of cars—have been accused of flagrantly copying in their Accord the Volkswagen Scirocco. To be sure, the Scirocco antedates the Accord by nearly two years, but there is no question that the Honda effort was on the drawing boards long before the Scirocco appeared. Regardless, the two cars are remarkably alike, both in appearance and in concept. The Scirocco was shaped by the Italian Giorgetto Giugiaro, the hottest automotive stylist in the world today, and is slightly more rakish than the Accord—at the expense of rear-seat headroom. It uses a four-speed manual transmission, as opposed to the Honda's more flexible five-speed, but is within inches and pounds of being identical in size and weight. Although the Scirocco's engine is smaller—97 cu. in. vs. 97.6 cu. in.—its output of 78 hp is ten greater than the Accord's, which gives it a slight edge in acceleration. However, whatever advantage the Scirocco might enjoy in performance is countered by the price—it's nearly \$1000 more than the Accord, with fewer standard goodies.

While there is little debating the fact that the Scirocco and the Accord represent the wave of the future with their transversely mounted, front-wheel-drive engine layouts, there are other sporty machines available that rival them in concept. Certainly, the closest is the Lancia Beta Coupe, a low, square-shouldered little machine that is similar to the Scirocco and the Accord in everything except price. At about \$7500, the Beta Coupe is closer to a 2+2 grand touring car than to an urban sportster (2+2 referring to the fact that the car is actually a two-seater, with a pair of back seats for occasional passengers) and it offers such extras as four-wheel disk brakes, high-quality coachwork, a larger, 86-hp engine and better performance for the extra money. Also in the same league is the Renault 17 Gordini, which is a high-water mark, not only in recent French sports-type cars but in the genre as a whole. Featuring a strong, fuel-injected, 95-hp engine and a five-speed transmission, this is a quick car in any league; i.e., 105-mph top speed and 0-60 in just over nine seconds. Its solid, rather pretty semiconvertible body will accommodate four passengers with ease and it is a silent performer at all speeds. The only basic difference between the

power-plant layout, which places the engine longitudinally in the chassis; this accounts in part for the fact that it is nearly ten inches longer overall, with essentially the same interior space. The solid quality of the Gordini (which is also available in a slightly less powerful, less fancy 17TL version) gives it a price tag of over \$6500, but it is a standout buy.

The Swedish firm of Saab is best known for jazzy jet fighters and rather lumpy, indestructible front-wheel-drive small sedans. It has let its sporty image slump in the United States for the sake of nurturing a reputation for practicality and good sense, but things may be changing. Good sense is certainly not the central theme of the Saab 99 EMS, a romping, stomping, 118-hp, fuel-injected, two-door version of the rectangular body style that has been around for a number of years. The 99 EMS is fast (108 mph) and, thanks to suspension modifications, a handling marvel. Moreover, it will carry four passengers in limousinelike splendor and is even capable of squeezing a fifth on board for short trips. Heavier by about 600 pounds than the Accord/Scirocco types, the Saab is a solid, all-weather machine that for its heady price tag of \$7000 infuses a refreshing dose of sportiness into the solid but somewhat dull presence of the normal 99Es.

Despite the steady rise in the market of front-wheel drive, the much-loved front-engine, rear-drive system remains the staple of the industry, including this subspecies of urban sports cars. New Japanese cars, such as the Toyota Celica GT Liftback and the Plymouth Arrow (built in Japan by Mitsubishi for Chrysler—as is its mechanical twin, the Dodge Colt), are conventional in layout but have a special sporting flavor that gives an extra dimension to their small-car economy and utility. The Celica Liftback, with its 96-hp engine and 2500-pound weight, is larger, faster and at \$4700, slightly more expensive than the Arrow, but both have smooth, efficient overhead-cam engines and five-speed transmissions.

Should your tastes run to American-built automobiles, both Chevrolet and Ford have formidable contenders in this urban sporty-car line-up. Like the Toyota and the Arrow, they are conventional in concept, but both the Chevrolet Monza Spyder and the Mustang II Cobra II are smallish, four-place hatchbacks with a higher-than-average quotient of performance. And, in keeping with Detroit tradition, they are larger, heavier and more powerful than the competition. The Monza Spyder, new for 1977, is one of the opening shots in a new emphasis on sportiness and performance in the domestic industry. First offered with the anemic Vega four-cylinder engine and a tepid 262-cu.-in. V8, the early Monzas, with their sleek lines, were sheep in wolves'

clothing. But now, with a stronger 305-cu.-in. V8 and stiffer suspension, the new Spyder is a legitimate sporting automobile. Heavier, at 3310 pounds, and longer, at 179.3 inches, the Spyder is also the fastest of the lot, with a top speed approaching 120 mph. The Ford Mustang II Cobra II is essentially in the same idiom as the Monza, although it can be purchased with a small four-cylinder Pinto engine, as well as with a 302-cu.-in. V8. The Cobra II option is essentially a cosmetic, paint-and-tape overlay, but the 302 version can be purchased with enough performance items to produce a serviceably nimble automobile. It is not quite the performer the Spyder is, but it contains enough speed and general pizzazz to put a little fun back into the daily freeway crawl for Ford lovers. There are those among us who might consider both the Spyder and the Cobra II to border on the garish, what with their loud paint and acres of decals. Happily, this decor is only skin-deep and both cars may be purchased with essentially the same mechanical components but devoid of the flamboyant trim. Careful selection from the dealer's option list will permit one to select basically the same engine/transmission/suspension packages that come on the Spyder and the Cobra II but contained in a more subdued exterior. However, if you want more power, the Monza can be easily upgraded. One of those famed free-revving 327s from the pre-emission days can be found in a junk yard for \$100-\$200 and bolted directly into the car. The same can be done in the case of the Mustang II with some older, small-block Ford engines.

While most of the cars in this field are three-door hatchback types, which adds to the over-all functionalism of the design, several more traditional coupe types are available. The new BMW 320 i is the slightly larger, faster, more luxurious replacement for the much-loved 2002 series that helped boost the recent fortunes of the Munich-based manufacturer. The 320 i maintains the rather tall, boxy styling theme of the 2002 but is generally a smoother, more civilized automobile, thanks to its fuel-injected four-cylinder engine and its improved chassis and suspension. Because of its squarish roof line, it will carry four adults with ease, although the great unwashed may fail to understand why it costs in excess of \$8000.

The Mazda Cosmo is about \$2000 cheaper than the BMW 320 i, but it is probably the plushiest, most elegantly appointed automobile in this entire collection. Another distinction lies in its power plant, which, like those of all the larger Mazdas, is one of the smooth-running rotaries based on the German Wankel patents. The Cosmo is the premier machine in the Mazda line-up, although

(concluded on page 228)



if you're going to run a successful bar, you've got to keep up with the times

IT WAS A HARD JOB. This particular part of it would take many hours yet, and Vito the workman, built like a tight end, sweat dripping from his chin, stood on the bar and ripped at the insides of this dumb-waiter that for years had blocked customers from being

served at one end of the bar.

"Tough job, Vito," Johnny McGuire, the owner, said.

"Tough job," Vito grunted.

"You want a drink, Vito?"

"No, I got to keep goin'."

Johnny McGuire stared at his drink.

The place was closed and he was alone; he dreaded later on, when the place would be open and crowded. Johnny had turned his saloon, Pep McGuire's saloon on Queens Boulevard in New York City, into a gay bar, and, like any decent Irish Catholic from the

borough of Queens, he was terrified of homosexuals. Here in the gloom of the afternoon, watching Vito work, Johnny McGuire reached for his best companion, depression. To do this, to wrap himself in vacant pain, he merely had to think of any part of the magnificent life that he had led.

For years, he and his partner had spent all their time and energy on gambling. One day they turned around to find that their great saloon business now consisted of a few guys talking about who caught the football or how many home runs Mantle hit in his best season. Soon, Johnny McGuire was trying to pay his Shylocks with no money, something the Shylocks considered to be poor form.

So Johnny McGuire went the only way there was to go, turn the place gay. Gay lives are geared to going out at night. For one thing, few of them have to watch kids. All the other people, all the straight people in a place like Queens, New York City, stay home and watch television with the police dog. The streets are left nearly empty and thus seem more unsafe. Frequently, it seems you are left only with gays twirling through the night on their way to drink and song.

Johnny's problem, trying to be at ease among gays, was made worse by outside pressure: His family and friends seemed to think he was doing something terrible. Which kept Johnny suspended in alcohol. He was a great natural promoter. For his place to last—gay bars change rapidly—he would have to put in all his energy and ability. But none of his friends would talk to him anymore, and he didn't know whether to sell the place or kill himself. And now he sat at the bar and worried and watched Vito work.

"Care for a drink now?" Johnny said to Vito.

"I better just keep goin'."

Johnny looked at his watch. It was 5:30. By eight o'clock, customers would be in the place. He was glad Vito was with him. At least he had somebody he could relate to. Vito's thick arms tore at the insides of the dumb-waiter.

Johnny McGuire comes out of Rockaway Beach in Queens. His parents owned a saloon and raised three sons, two of whom became famous: Dick McGuire, a great backcourt man with the New York Knicks, and Al McGuire, the winning coach of Marquette University. Johnny McGuire had one drawback to athletic prominence: He had no talent. When he came back from war, from the Great War, his leg in a cast, he said he had been shattered by flak over

Berlin and had been given many medals. His mother knew that he had broken the leg while mopping the gym floor at an air base in Nebraska. She promptly ordered Johnny to work behind the bar, leg in a cast and all.

With this background, Johnny did what he was supposed to do: He became badge number 6783, Police Department of the city of New York.

One day in the fall of 1953, Johnny was put on a four-P.M.-to-midnight post guarding the entrance to UN Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's suite at the Waldorf Towers. Threats had been made on Lodge's life by Puerto Rican nationalists. Johnny, exhausted from a hard day battling early races at Aqueduct Race Track, pulled up a chair to Lodge's door and sat on it. It was warm in the hallway. Johnny took off his hat, mopped his wet hair and left the hat on the floor. Soon, the gun on his belt felt too heavy. Johnny took off the gun and placed it on the floor under his hat. Then Johnny clasped his hands and went to sleep.

A great flash awoke him. Here, walking away from him, was a photographer from the New York *Daily News*. Johnny yelped. The photographer began running and Johnny tore down the hall after him. Johnny's shouts brought a lieutenant to the scene. Johnny confessed sleeping on post to the lieutenant. The lieutenant then explained to the photographer that this young patrolman would lose his job if the picture appeared. The photographer said, all right, let's go back and get another picture. Once, people were able to make a few human judgments; today this could never happen; today the photographer would be committing some sort of crime. For the next picture, Johnny McGuire stood at attention at Henry Cabot Lodge's door. It was a great picture of a New York cop, fine-looking tough Irish lad, protecting one of our officials from unseen foreign evil. The picture made the front page of the *Daily News*. Here was intrepid Officer McGuire; here he was, standing at attention but with no hat on and no gun on. The precinct captain took one look at the newspaper and assigned Johnny to a fixed post, which meant he could not walk more than ten yards in any direction and that he was to be checked by supervisors every two and a half hours.

At this time, Johnny was hanging around, for purposes of gambling, one Norton W. Peppis. Blue-eyed, fashionably dressed, Peppy was the most prominent New York Jewish gambler since the late and very great Mendel "Sugar Plum" Yudelowitz. Peppy became upset when he learned Johnny was assigned a fixed post. "That's like making Eisen-

hower do guard duty!" he shouted at Johnny. "Turn in your suit. You're too big for this."

Johnny became the first guy from Queens I ever knew to voluntarily give up the great prize: a police pension. A few years later, he and Peppy opened Pep McGuire's and it was the times, the Sixties, and their energy, having jockeys ride race horses into the place at night, that made it go. "We can't miss at anything we do," Peppy said.

But what they soon were doing mainly was gambling. They had \$5000 on a horse called Hebrides, which won by a length at Aqueduct and would have paid better than two to one if the stewards had not decided to disqualify the horse for cutting another off. In the dining room at Aqueduct, Johnny McGuire put the track program into his mouth and took a bite. Half of the money they had bet was over the phone with a bookmaker. The bookmaker was one of those people who become violent if they don't get paid. As Johnny McGuire chewed and swallowed paper, Peppy told him, "Don't worry, we'll win the next."

At Madison Square Garden, a basketball game, they bet Boston and gave Detroit five points. Near the end, Boston was ahead by five and Bill Russell rushed to the basket and put it in. This put Boston out by seven. Peppy and Johnny ripped off their shirts in joy. They nearly missed the referee's calling a charging foul on Russell. The basket did not count. The lead was back to five points. Detroit went downcourt. Johnny McGuire, covering his eyes, heard a great shout in the arena as a Detroit player threw in a shot just before the final buzzer. This made the number three. The bet now was lost. Johnny McGuire went out into the street and hung over a trash basket. The play had cost him \$7500.

"Don't worry, we'll get them back," Peppy said.

On a cold Sunday morning in December of 1968, Peppy and Johnny were in the saloon, counting receipts, when a guy named Stanley came in. Stanley was the night doorman at the Summit Hotel on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan. At five in the morning, Stanley saw Joe Namath come out of the hotel with a bottle in one arm and a blonde on the other. Namath was to play for the Jets at Shea Stadium that day in the American League championship game against tough Oakland.

"Nobody can go against whiskey and broads all night and then go out and play football," Peppy said. "Don't tell me what saloons can do to you. This dizzy kid don't have a chance today."

Peppy and Johnny grabbed phones. They berated bookmakers who tried to

(concluded on page 168)

Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen



THE YEAR just past was one of celebration; how often, after all, does a nation get to be 200? Readers of PLAYBOY had their own causes for celebration—12 of them, to be exact—and though the Bicentennial is history now, we can bring back the golden days of *that* particular yesteryear for you in the form of our annual *Playmate Review*. So here they are, again, Misses January through December: a dozen girls you'd like to know better. We've checked in with them to see how they've been doing since we last heard from them, and everything's upbeat. Before long, it'll be time to pick one as our Playmate of the Year; the final choice, as always, belongs to our editors, but we'd be glad to hear what you think.





Miss December

Karen Hafter (left), like Erica Jong, has conquered her fear of flying. She still digs trains, especially classics like the one she fantasized about in last month's issue; but when she decided to make her West Coast move a permanent one, time pressures forced her to fly to New York to collect her stuff. "By the time I returned to L.A., I was getting used to it," she says. "Now I'm living in a big house I'm renting by the beach. Guess I'm here to stay."

Miss January

Daina House (right) is somebody you're going to see a lot of on movie screens this year. She plays a whore in *The Winds of Autumn* (with Ann Pennington)—and a "hell-fire-on-wheels" lady motorcyclist in an adventure epic about off-road racing shot in Manila. Last time we tried to call her, we found her on location in Northern California, where she was filming *The Last of the Cowboys*, a contemporary comedy that stars Henry Fonda.





Miss November

Patti McGuire (left) and Hope Olson took a trip down the Colorado, which Patti enjoyed except for the part where she was frightened by a rattlesnake. "The water was pretty cold, too, and we didn't have a lot of clothes on." Look for Patti and Hope's adventures in a future issue of *PLAYBOY*. Our C.B. Playmate has also been keeping busy as an election-campaign volunteer and as a model—and as a waitress in a St. Louis Japanese restaurant.

Miss September

Whitney Kaine (right) has left UCLA and gone to live in a spiritual community on 500 acres of "beautiful country" in Northern California. "In Los Angeles, I felt I wasn't doing anything of value," she says. "Here I'll be able to use my artistic creativity to help develop a new culture." Her group—the Vision Mound Ceremony, which follows the teachings of Bubba Free John—counts approximately 1000 members throughout the world, "about 100 here."

Miss February

Laura Lyons (far right) wasn't feeling much like talking when we called. She'd just had all four wisdom teeth pulled but did manage to mumble something about having been tied to a tiger shark. "A dead one, of course." Turns out her role in the film *Tintorera* calls for her to be chewed up by a shark. "If the director, René Cardona, Jr.—his dad did *Survive!*—hadn't pushed me into the water with some brandy, I don't think I could've handled it."







Miss April

Denise Michele (left) has been commuting between Hawaii and California, which strikes us as a pretty long commute but doesn't faze her. "I spent three months doing some Polynesian dancing in a show for tourists, posed for travel brochures and had a line in a *Hawaii Five-O* episode," she says. "I did a cover for Robert Palmer's new album, too." A trip to Japan last spring whetted Denise's appetite for foreign travel; now she wants to go to Germany.

Miss June

Debra Peterson (right), as readers of October's *Bunnies* of '76 pictorial will recall, has been working at the Playboy Club in Century City—a job that won her a bonus in the form of a Bunny junket to Japan. She's saving up her Bunny money with an eye to opening a Beverly Hills boutique with a girlfriend. Besides posing for PLAYBOY shootings, Debra keeps busy riding her thoroughbred, Ambrosia, and signing autographs on magazine-promotion trips.





Miss October

Hope Olson (left) has been having fun representing PLAYBOY at various events—the Eastern States Exposition, locally known as the Big E, in West Springfield, Massachusetts (she signed centerfolds in a booth shared with author Don Pendleton, autographing one of his *Executioner* books), and the C.B., Music and Audio Fair in Albuquerque. In between she joined November's Patti McGuire in an adventurous trip down the Colorado River—object, a pictorial.

Miss May

Patricia McClain (right) says 1976 wasn't one of her better years—except for her gatefold appearance, of course. She spent two and a half months with her leg in a cast, thanks to a freak accident; it was fractured when she stepped off a curb. "Then I was sick. I'm just now beginning to be able to go out and play." Some radio stations, says Patricia, have offered her disco-jockey work; but, she confides, "I'm not really a working sort of person."

Miss August

Linda Beatty (left), along with most of the rest of the cast of Francis Ford Coppola's forthcoming blockbuster *Apocalypse Now*, was stranded in a Philippine jungle—lashed by a typhoon. That, however, wasn't all bad, because she became friends with Lynda (Wonder Woman) Carter and landed a small part in that TV series' premiere episode of the season. In *Apocalypse Now*, scheduled for summer release, our August Playmate plays a U.S.O. entertainer.





Miss July

Deborah Borkman's strikingly unusual good looks (left)—as you'll remember, she's a mixture of Swedish and Japanese ancestry—have always made her something special. "I won my first beauty contest, a neighborhood affair, when I was nine," she recalls. Since appearing on our gatefold, Deborah has been much in demand for modeling assignments; one of them ended up on last month's cover of *PLAYBOY*. Main problem now is to find time to relax.

Miss March

Ann Pennington (right) is not one to have her head turned by talent scouts. "I've had a lot of offers for acting, but I'm just not interested. I really like modeling better." She did appear in one film, *The Winds of Autumn* (along with Nancy Cameron and Daina House, Misses January 1974 and January 1976, respectively), but to Ann the year's highlight was being voted Best Playmate in Japan by the readers of *PLAYBOY*'s flourishing Japanese edition.



THE VARGAS GIRL

"I see you're ready for my next trick."



IN THE CITY OF FREIBURG lived a rich alderman. He had been married for 15 years but still had no children. This was the subject of many a spat between him and his wife. Each one blamed the other.

One day the good wife hired a healthy young maid to help with the housework. The alderman thought to himself, My wife says I'm worthless. Let me try it with my maid—then we'll see who's to blame! He applied himself vigorously, in order to win her over. The maid finally listened to his urgings and smooth talk. She allowed her master to have his will and he caused her stomach to grow.

Now, however, the laws of the city stated that if an alderman committed adultery, he forfeited honor and estate. What shall I do? thought the poor fellow. If I'm found out, it'll go ill for me. He went to his doctor and bared his terrible predicament to him.

The doctor was a clever man. He consoled the alderman and said, "Do not despair! Go home and lie down in your bed. Say your stomach pains you very much. Have your wife bring some of your urine for me to inspect."

The alderman did all that the doctor bid him do. When his wife brought the urine for the doctor to examine, the doctor looked at it carefully and laughed. The good wife was afraid, for she knew that her husband was very sick. The doctor said, "Your husband is very sick and has a swollen stomach, because he is carrying a child."

The wife answered, "Sir, how can that be? Pray, do not jest with me—my husband is sore ill."

"I am telling you the truth—your husband is carrying a child."

"Sir, how can that be? It is impossible."

The doctor answered, "You women are violent, lusty lovers. You try it all ways and in all positions—that is how your husband got pregnant."

The good wife reddened and thought to herself, Perhaps it is so. She asked the doctor how her husband might be helped.

The doctor told her, "Get a beautiful young virgin who has not yet known a man and give her to your husband. She will immediately receive the child." The wife protested that no virgin would consent to such a thing. "Spare no effort," replied the doctor. "Otherwise, your husband is done for."

Then the doctor said, "You have a maid, don't you?"

"But she is very virtuous and won't hear of such a thing."

"Try her. Tell her you will reward her handsomely for saving your husband's life and will raise the child as your own flesh and blood."

The good wife went home and pleaded with the maid, as the doctor had ordered.

The maid retorted, "Lady, what do you think of me? I am leaving this house for good." But the wife begged even harder. She promised the maid a rich reward for saving her husband and promised to raise the child as her own.

After much haranguing, the maid finally consented and lay down with her master. The maid received the baby and the alderman quickly recovered. But when the maid gave birth in only four and a half months, the wife became sus-

picious and went back to the doctor.

"How is it," she asked, "that my maid bore the child so quickly?"

The doctor answered, "My dear lady, do you wonder at that? You must consider that your husband bore the child four and a half months and your maid a like amount of time!"

"How stupid of me not to think of that," replied the woman, and she went home contented.

—Retold by Charles G. Brooks, Jr. 



McGUIRE'S

(continued from page 154)

flinch at large numbers. By afternoon, they had \$60,000 bet on Oakland against the Jets. All of New York gambling heard about the bets and wondered what Peppy and Johnny McGuire had on the game. "We got plenty," Peppy sneered. At Shea Stadium late that afternoon, Joe Namath went to the left side line on his own 42. He threw a pass into the winter wind and cold and gloom. He threw from his own 42 down the field and clear across it to Don Maynard, who caught the ball at the side line on the Oakland 10 and went to the six. People still maintain it was the greatest pass ever thrown in football. On the next play, Namath, rushed, threw the ball as fast as a baseball past three Oakland defenders and into Maynard's stomach. The touchdown won the game for the Jets.

"We're going to make it," Peppy said. Johnny did not answer. He went to a doctor that night with severe chest pains of undetermined origin.

They borrowed \$40,000 from a Shylock at the interest rate of two percent per week. The Shylock was from the Jewish mob, and he was as big as a refrigerator. Every Monday night they were to pay \$800 in interest to the Refrigerator. If they did not pay, the Refrigerator would swing his door into their faces.

The two borrowed money from a second Shylock and bought into a horse called Assignment. When the horse ran at Santa Anita, they bet \$10,000 on credit with a bookmaker who could be nasty. Late in the afternoon, Lazdro Barrera, the trainer, called from the track in California.

"The horse dropped dead," Laz said.

"That's all right; he probably needed the race. We'll bet him next time," Peppy said. Johnny, paling, felt new twinges in his chest.

"No, the horse actually dropped dead," Laz said.

Johnny had a hand over his mouth as he headed for the men's room.

Two years ago, Peppy became gravely ill. He died staring at the telephone in the hospital room.

Johnny McGuire was left with a shut-off notice from the gas company, implied threats from the Refrigerator and five guys at the bar arguing over Tom Seaver of the Mets. Johnny tried to hold out, but he could not do it the old way, boys and girls.

Now, alone at the bar, watching Vito work, Johnny was confused. He needed his old enthusiasm to keep the place alive. But how could he have any drive when everybody was telling him, "How could you have your family name associated with such a thing?"

"What time is it?" Vito asked.

"Seven fifteen," Johnny said.

"What if I stay another hour?" Vito said.

"Fine," Johnny said. Bartenders were setting up for the night. Customers would be in soon and Johnny wanted one straight guy around him on this night. While gay saloons have to be cleaner than the average saloon—Johnny's bartenders were busy placing flowers around the bar—he knew customers wouldn't mind some chipped plaster as long as it signified something that soon would be more pleasing architecturally.

"Now, you understand that the people coming in are a bit gay," Johnny said to Vito.

"Won't bother me," Vito said.

"I just don't want you getting upset," Johnny said.

"Don't worry, I can handle anything," Vito said.

Vito the workman worked on, black hair matted, face and arms glistening with sweat.

The first knots of customers glided into the saloon. Foremost among arrivals was Dominguez the Hairdresser, hips and arms writhing to the music filling the place. Dominguez the Hairdresser had short cropped black hair, earrings for pierced ears and a counterful of jewelry on his wrists and fingers. Dominguez smiled happily to the music. Then Dominguez saw Vito the workman.

"That body is not to be believed," Dominguez said.

"What did you say?" Vito glared down.

"I said, that body simply is not to be believed."

Vito was down from the ladder, work boots thumping on the floor, hands out to destroy. Johnny got an arm between Vito and Dominguez the Hairdresser.

"Vito, come on, now, I told you. That's the way it goes," Johnny said.

Flames went out in Vito's eyes. He shrugged, grunted and went back up the ladder.

Dominguez the Hairdresser tossed a shoulder. "Primitive straights!" He flounced to the far end of the bar.

A half hour later, Vito came down from the dumb-waiter. "Now I could use that drink."

"Terrific," Johnny McGuire said.

Vito had aquavit with a bottle of Tumborg Beer as a chaser. This is a combination that could put a hole in the Grand Coulee Dam. "Give us another," Vito kept saying.

Alcohol relaxed Vito. The gays arriving, waving, blowing kisses to one another, holding hands, pecking didn't bother him as they would if he were sober. Johnny McGuire was saying how the

gays, when out in the street, were somber and troubled. "The whole world gets on them, you know. These guys are oppressed."

Vito agreed. He had another aquavit. Halfway through the beer, he looked down the bar. "Hey!"

"Yes, hon?" Dominguez the Hairdresser said.

"I want to apologize and buy you a drink."

"Why, of course." Dominguez slid down the bar. Vito said he was sorry, he had been a little tired. Dominguez said, don't be silly, everybody has problems. Why, only yesterday, there were these six women in to have their hair done all at once and when they began complaining about the wait, Dominguez exploded. "I told them," he was saying to Vito. "I threw the comb down and I said, 'Fuck you all.' And I walked out."

"That's how to tell off anybody," Vito said. "Good boy. Have another drink."

Johnny McGuire started to talk about news from Rhodesia. Vito never noticed him leave. When Johnny came back, Vito and Dominguez were talking about watches. The bar was crowded and Johnny could only get an elbow in. "Let's have a drink," he said.

"I'm just dying for a joint," Dominguez said. "Care to join?"

"Absolutely," Vito said.

He walked out to smoke on the sidewalk, walked out as if he didn't know Johnny.

The place was crowded by now and Johnny, half stiff with whiskey, lost track of time and motion. He did not know how long Dominguez and Vito stayed out on the sidewalk. But the next time he saw them, it was obvious that whatever the whiskey had not done to Vito, the pot had. Here were Vito and Dominguez, out there on the dance floor, Vito's eyes rolling, head rocking, work boots thumping on the floor.

"Anybody who doesn't like what I'm doin'," Vito roared to Johnny, "if they don't like it, they can go and—"

"It's Vito's coming-out party!" Dominguez squealed.

"They can go screw!" Vito roared.

His work boots thumped on the floor and Johnny McGuire ran to the bar and pushed through for a drink. The hell with people, he told himself, he was going to run the liveliest gay place in New York.

Dominguez captured the costume-ball prize at McGuire's last July. He went as a pineapple. Vito was seen in the gay-liberation march at the Democratic National Convention. And in Queens, Johnny McGuire's place is so big with gays that now he is known as the King of Queens.



BLANKET APPROVAL

*a wild and woolly brace of outercoats that
are too good for horses*



The winter-wise chap, who's obviously cuddled up with something other than a good book, is wearing a wool hooded parka, by Europa Sport, \$75; Shetland wool crew-neck, by Broemar International, about \$25; plaid cotton flannel shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$32.50; and cotton socks, by Gont, \$37.50. His close friend is Joyne Marie Mansfield, who's keeping warm in a his/hers Indian-blanket coat, by Michael-McCobe, about \$350. Pleasant dreams!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

MR. DEATH

(continued from page 138)

purpose was to be sown by air in vast quantities as an area-denial system. They didn't kill. When stepped on, they detonated and would shatter every bone in your foot. Actually, my task was to develop a disarm system, because of a meeting in which I had asked a casual question, like, "Hey, if you sow thirty-jillion-trillion Gravel Mines and you go to take the territory again, what is everybody going to do, walk on stilts?"

Q: Was this work for the institute or for the CIA?

A: Again, it was both. My job was to develop a disarm system. I made some Gravel Mines that were conventional in the sense that they functioned as they were supposed to. I also made some for the CIA that contained poisoned glass fragments. I made others that would appear to be disarmed but were not. With one system, the Gravel Mine would change color if it was disarmed. So I made some that would change color but not really be disarmed. I made them by hand and delivered them to my contact in Maxwell House coffee cans. For some strange reason, that was specified. Sealed in the cans. The institute had no knowledge of it. I had to buy the Maxwell House coffee, open the cans, resolder them, sand them and repaint them so they looked as if they hadn't been tampered with. Why, I don't know. I understand that in Guam, where Gravel Mines are still stored in great Quonset huts, some of them have become armed in the magazines. They're manufactured wet and if they dry out, then they are armed. Apparently, that happened there. Makes for an interesting problem. I think what you do is push the island away with a big stick.

Q: Was the mine ever used?

A: Jesus Christ, yes. Vietnam must be one large Gravel Mine. It wasn't a lethal thing. It just pulverized every bone in your foot. I mean to jelly. A nasty bastard. I know because I saw them tested, which was truly horrible.

Q: How did you test them?

A: We had to take severed legs from cadavers—which were, incidentally, legs stolen from guys killed in Vietnam. Their families were told the legs were lost in combat. Anyway, we'd put a foot in a regulation Army sock, insert that in a combat boot and then rig it to a machine that applied it to the Gravel Mine with the force of a 170-pound man stepping on it. We were so disgusted when we finished that job that we mixed up a batch of straight 200-proof ethanol with Coca-Cola. I got stoned blind and so did my buddy. We took a fork-lift truck, went into the janitor's supply area and took

out a 55-gallon drum of concentrated detergent. Outside, there were huge fountains. In the summertime, they were turned off in the wee hours of the morning and then turned on again about 5:30 or six o'clock. They were off, so we took the drum out and dumped the entire contents into the biggest fountain, right in the middle of the road. Then we waited for the sun to come up while we were singing and dancing and carrying on. When those fountains came on, the Great Amoeba Caper started. A wall of foam 12 feet high erupted and began creeping across the road. It was absolutely impenetrable. Traffic stopped. It was magnificent to behold.

Q: You began by saying that you dealt with only three basic types of systems. There was a lot of talk about drugs during the Church investigations. Were you ever asked to work with drugs?

A: Only twice that I remember. My contact brought me half a gram of LSD sealed in 27 different bottles inside of each other, delivered in the lunchroom of the institute. Normally, his manner was laconic, straightforward. In this case, he was edgy. This was in the Fifties and I had no idea what LSD was. I had to pump him for information. Finally, he started giving me a skeleton outline. That specific job gave me the very distinct, creepy feeling that it was under the counter even for them. I didn't know what the hell he was handing me. If it's botulism toxin or something, screw you, Jack, I don't even want to get near the container. But, at any rate, he finally handed it to me. Well, I loaded LSD onto cough drops and resealed the packages. I put it into cough syrup. I had a whole box of Neo-Synephrine spray bottles that I loaded. Mostly cold remedies.

Q: What dosage were you using?

A: Enormous dosage. Probably wipe you out forever.

Q: You mentioned two instances. What was the other drug you worked with?

A: The other was called BZ, and I wouldn't ever want to get dosed with that. It was something like LSD, but the dosage was much lower and you had to work with it in a glove box, because it was administered by breathing. I saw some very frightening films of soldiers who had been given BZ. The guys were reduced to catatonics. They would just sit there, drooling, with no control over bodily functions. Unless they were given commands, like "Get up" or "Put your helmet on," at which point they would go berserk and attempt to kill the guy who had given the order. This effect, I understand, lasted weeks.

Q: What was the purpose of working with BZ?

A: Area denial, I would imagine. Chemical warfare, that sort of thing.

Q: Did you design anything for domestic use?

A: I think just about everything I had worked with up until the LSD and maybe those snake pens was not for use in the U. S. But I think that the pens were used here. Don't ask me why, but I got the feeling that it was a local gig. The LSD really impressed me as being something that even they were nervous about. And you're not going to find your basic Muscovite taking Neo-Synephrine or Vicks cough drops.

Q: When did you work with the BZ?

A: Near the end of the Fifties, I think. Sometime near the end of my stint with the [delete] Institute.

Q: What made you leave the institute?

A: I began getting disgusted around 1960. It had nothing to do with CIA types or anybody else around. I was getting very unhappy. First of all, by that time, my psyche was really fucked up. My marriage fell apart. And I had been eating what is now known as speed.

Q: Where did you get speed?

A: From the CIA. It was an auxiliary service. Meprobrates—Miltown, downers—and speed. I initially got some from a doctor, but even in those days, there were only so many times you could refill a prescription. And one day I casually asked my contact if he could help me with that. Well, he brought bottles that were like industrial mayonnaise jars. And very deadpan, he said, "Is this enough?" I was on speed for about two and a half years. I'd wake up in the morning and have three cups of coffee and a palmful of Dexedrine. I must have been taking sublethal doses. I think the turning point came when I met a very sharp girl. She made me realize a lot of things. I started to reappraise the fact that I was really a lecherous character at heart and that I had been taking all that energy and sublimating it elsewhere. I had forgotten how good fucking could be. That kind of woke me up. Then she gently pointed out to me that I was killing myself with speed. Finally, one week I took off and locked myself in my apartment and kicked it—absolute cold turkey.

Q: How bad was the withdrawal?

A: The word agony is not good enough. Most of what I remember was uncontrollable muscle spasms. That was most distressing. Nausea. Oh, nausea. And my head—thoughts racing, just trying to keep control of myself. I was very sick, but I was also very determined. Because I knew if I was going to continue with speed, it

(continued on page 196)

SOCIAL UPLIFT FOR COMRADES

JANUARY 1977 • 60 RUBLES

ЧЛЫБОЧ



**SIZZLING PICTORIAL ON NEW
URAL POWER PLANT! • GIRLS OF
NOVOSIBIRSK • LARRY L. KINGSKI
ON GOOD OLD BOYCHIKS IN SOVIET
GEORGIA • ANSON MOUNTOV GIVES
FIVE-YEAR-PLAN PREDICTIONS!
ЧЛЫБОЧ'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED
COLLECTIVES! • AND MUCH MORE!**

NEW SOVIET EDITION!

THE 9L4B04 ADVISOR

Please to help! What is cheap way to have sex but no children?—L. N., Omsk.

Cheapest way is being called rhythming method. Is simple, cost nothing. When making sex with wife, turn on phonograph record with good, lively beat on him. Tap foot to rhythming while sex making. Best is polka or Russian folk song. Also good is Soviet national anthem, but is difficult to make sex while standing, no? (This is joke here.)

Am tourist guide for Western capitalists and was showing peoples from Cleveland sights of Moscow and grew warm for girl in tour group. I ask when alone if she wish to drink vodka and make sex. She say, "Go fuck with yourself, bozo." I find out what fuck on myself mean and try for many nights to perform Western sex act this way. I break arm and sprain neck. Is something only Westerners can do?—P. V., Moscow.

Is true Westerners make sex with themselves. Is why they have not so many good scientists, only foolish people.

At restaurant other night, waiter ask what I should want for wine with dinner. I eat cabbage and bowel sausage with lump sugar dessert. What is good wine to order? Is vodka wrong wine?—R. V., Leningrad.

Vodka is not correct wine for bowel



sausage. Good domestic gray wine from Georgia very much good or, if you're wanting to spending more, buy delicate imported Bulgarian Elk wine. Nicest of color and strong odor, great personality, great character, cleans teeth at same time.

This summer, am planning nice vacation trip to Moscow. For this am needing new wardrobe. What style clothes Soviet cool cats be wearing in city?—O. Y., Minsk.

Many good-looking types. Soviet man now have prosperity enough to own two pair pants, extra shirt and two pair socks. This summer, urban cool cats be wearing nifty striped sporting jacket with inch-wide lapel, striped buttoning-down shirt with collar on, bow tie with dots preferably, shiny pair blue pants which go down to shins only, white socks and new kind brown-leather shoes with slot in for keeping coins. Is sounding snappy, no?

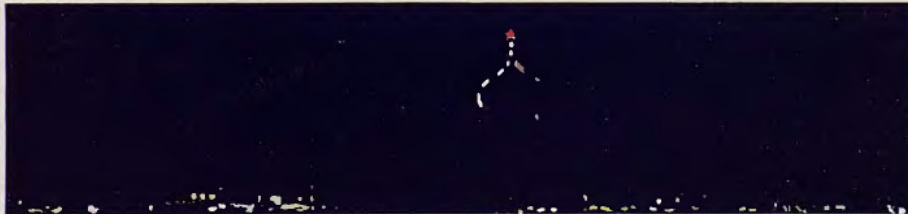
Some nights past, I ask woman to take off arm underhair. I think naked under the arm is big sex thrill. She say I should go to hospital to have mind fixed for saying sick thing. Should I need mind fixing for thinking naked under the arm sexy?—P. T., Warsaw.

Is perfectly OK to have naked under arm woman. Is very much sexy to some mens, but must remind that losing hair under arm also loses sexy aroma which builds up over months.

What, please to advise, is best turning table to buy for high-fidelity music machine?—L. H., Putsk.

Best is high-costing turning table being manufactured in Bulgaria. Is costing 2400 zlotych, is light, is perfect in every way except is turning in wrong direction, so records are not sounding good.

9L4B04 AFTER CURFEW



Very much funny error appear in *Pravda* when Marshal Tito visit Soviet Union! Official guide, Inga Sminsk, take Tito and wife to factory and beneath photo in newspaper is error: INGA SMINSK DISPLAYS PAIR OF TITOS AT FACTORY.

Is not true all Americans have big money! K.G.B. agents report that when big-time American come on trip business, they see through keyhole American woman undress and see also that she have underwear with great hole in crotch! No money to buy wife new underpants!

Big joke fire back! At party in Moscow apartment, man think would be good joke to throw womens out of window 14 stories high. Womens think funny also. Big joke until womens fall on car of

K.G.B. deputy. Man is taken to prison and womens are fired from jobs and children taken away from.

New crazy fad from university is to swallow alive sturgeon fish. Org Stoltz makes most fish swallow with 23. He say, "We try first fad to see how much peoples can fit in car, but can find no car. Plenty sturgeon to find."

Who is that say Americans know good deal when they see? American tourist meets man from Minsk who have at home five daughters virgins. American makes with daughters sex. For sex he gives father dozen packs Wrigley chewings gum and Bic pen. Father say, "Man is finished with sex, but I chew gum and use pen for many month."

NYET-SKID CONDOM



Is made from heavy-duty tire rubber, is comfortable, comes also with steel-belted radials or studs for winter use! Is fitting all sizes, gives good traction, is guaranteed for 300 times or one year, whichever is coming first!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALEXANDR KRZHYZKI

candid-conversation talk with bigmouth soviet dissident leader



"Last week I was filthy, disgusting dissident leader, but now I am happily working for Soviet Union and its peoples!"



"Soviet government convinced me that it is government of peoples, by peoples and for peoples. Is free country here."



"I spit on peoples who are defecting to West! Soviet Union is good! Long live Soviet Union and its friendly leaders!"



HEY, swingers men! Here now is much romantic setting for seducing of sexy womens! Which Soviet girl would be not strongly impressed by place such as this one? Is what in West is being called "understating of elegance." Is owned by First Deputy Commissar of Arts and Concrete Yuri Kutlachokov, who is here in photograph (above) enjoying leisurely glass vodka with favorite of playmates, Getya Roxoff. From left side to right is: sitting room with chair in, kitchen for cooking of Soviet gourmet dinner, living room with picture of landscape above, bedroom with picture of Lenin above, den, rec room, lamp room, sitting room

again with chair in and private bathroom with automatic toilet! What is such spacious place as this costing? Only 7000 rubles per monthly! Kitchen have for features all of modern, Soviet conveniences—stove with *two* burners working, refrigerator and machine for automatic making of coffee! At right corner side is rec room, which has for main feature stereo radio! Radio have many power for loudness and receive both channels. Cost only 45,000 zlotych! Smart comrade order him today. have for 1988. How can ordinary Soviet citizen get great pad such as this? By being friendly with someone high up in Politburo.

Now, what is this? Is best part of luxury pod of which Yuri is most proud and grateful to Soviet scientists for inventing! Is automatic toilet for doing rid of yech. Is working like magic—Yuri must only pull lightly on chain and mess is going away through pipe and into Lake Lenin! "Girls very much like automatic toilet," Yuri say.



PARTY LINE JOKES

We are hearing it requires five Americans to put light bulb into socket. One American to put in bulb and four Americans to beg on streets for single light bulb which are so few of only rich capitalists have.

Once was there a comrade named Serge
With trouble controlling his urge.

He made forward pass
At Chairman's wife's ass,
So he was shot.



Unabashed Dictionary describe whore
as woman who make sex for money!

Girl is laying in bed with boy and boy looks upon tits of girl and very stupid boy say, "What is it that those are?" And girl say, "Is my headlights." Then girl looks down on boy's legs and points to stick and say stupidly, "What is that?" Boy say, "Is sedan." Then boy points to girl's legs and say, "What is hole there?"

and girl say, "Is garage." Boy laugh and say, "If I lick headlights, you let me park sedan in garage?" (Not finished yet.) Girl say, "Only yes if you don't leave oil stain!" (More laugh yet to go.) Boy say, "Maybe I leave stain in other garage behind." Girl, not laughing, say, "You park there, secret police tow sedan away."

Unabashed Dictionary describe well hung
as what is happening to defectors who are being caught.

Big-shot commissar is being served nice soup course at four-red-star restaurant in Moscow. Takes one look at borscht and is crying out: "Waiter, is no fly here in soup!" Waiter be hurrying back to kitchen to get fly for commissar's soup!

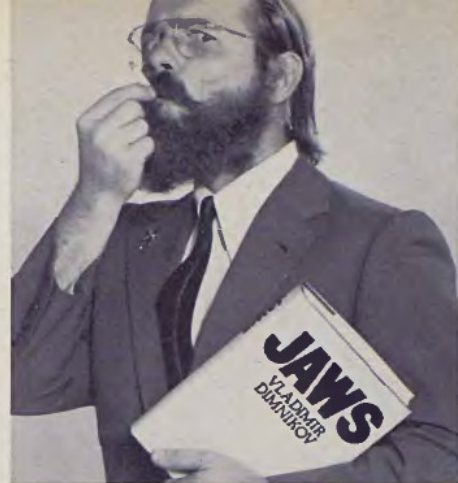


Beautiful girl is seeing secret-police friend on Moscow street and is saying to him: "Hey, Boris, is that pistol in your pocket or are you happy of seeing me?" All of a sudden, then, is loud gunshot sound and beautiful girl is falling dead on sidewalk. Was pistol.



WHAT KIND FROM MAN READ ЧЛЫБОЧ?

Is happily working, good-looking fellow who is enjoying best things from life—like potatoes and socks not made from burlap! He is owning .08 cars, .03 refrigerators and .01 stereo machines.



VLADIMIR DIMNIKOV

Is no greater author in world than Dimnikov, who has made books like *Hamlet*, *Moby Dick*, *Jaws*. "Words are in blood," say Dimnikov. "I can write book like *Ragtime* in morning and do *Dimnikov Book from World Records* at night." But Western capitalist thieves steal Dimnikov's work, sell for great money, not pay Dimnikov. Is pity. Now Dimnikov secretly working on big blockbursting book—is story of boy who go down Volga on boat—is being called *Huckleberry Petrovitch*.

ON THE SCENE



NICOLAI PIZTOV

Much praising is throughout Soviet Union for brave, patriotic cosmonaut Nicolai Piztov, who is now proudly holding world's record for orbiting in outer space—14 years continuously in small Soviet spacecraft of whom, unfortunately, radio transmission is not working. But not to worry! Brave cosmonaut is A-OK! Latest space photograph of Piztov (above) show that health is good and spirits very high!

OLGA!

*our january workmate
make things to
grow high*



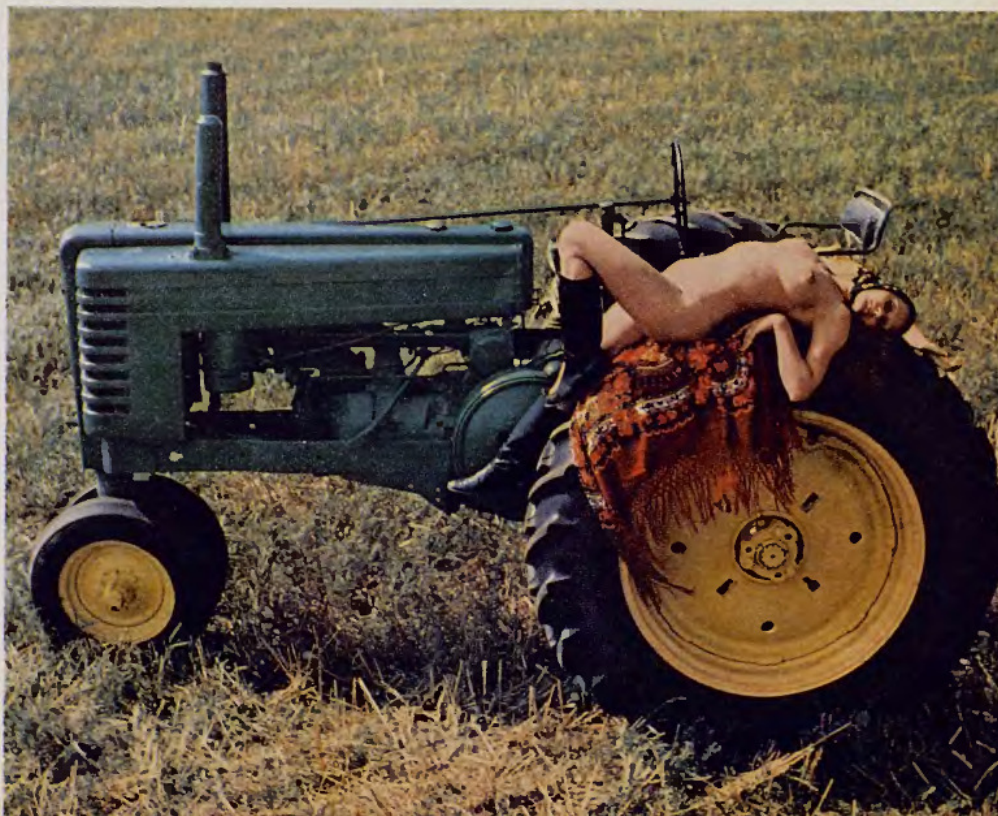
headlights and best-looking knobs in all of Soviet! Soviet farmers are surely knowing good thing when they see! And great many farmers have had Olga for workmate. Originally coming from small factory town outside Kiev, Olga has worked in many farms and even once was model in Peoples' Official Farming Exhibition in Moscow, where farmers have come to admire her parts! "Olga is good, strong farmworker," say Ukraine farmer Ivan Ivanovitch. "Every Soviet farmer should be having her!" You are better to be believing it, comrades!

Front view of Olga (left) is showing only one headlight. Back view (below) is showing sturdy rear end and nice firm seat. You bet!



IN ALL of Soviet Union is existing no better exampling of beauty and perfection than Olga. Jewel of Ukraine! All day she love making with hard work in fertile farm fields. To touch rich soil of Soviet Union is what she is being made for! She is doing many things—she is laying fertilizer, helping with harvest of big Soviet wheat crop which is being sold for many rubles to hungry Americans, pulling heavy loads through fields, and planting many acres wheat which is later being harvested and sold for many rubles to hungry Americans. All farmers from all over Soviet are much admiring Olga and are wanting to mount her. And why not, we are asking? Olga, as you are seeing in photographs here, is some well-built piece! Have sturdy frame, firm and pretty seat, one real classy chassis, nice

Get a loading of this, comrade farmers! Is side view (right) of Olga resting peacefully in wheat field, recharging her batteries in preparation of heavy work to come. Or perhaps she is maybe waiting for eoger farmer to come and mount her. Who is knowing?





OLGA

PEOPLES' WORKMATE OF THE MONTH



TOUCH ME, FEEL ME...

woman in white clothes. She has two white Afghan hounds beside her. Then behind her is another woman in white leather and two other Afghans. And another. Still others. There is a long line of women and dogs fading into the shadows, and the girl cannot see where it ends. The women start getting the dogs excited. Meanwhile, the page boys anoint the girl's torso with oil and the dogs begin to mount her, one after the other. When it is over, she is released."

PATTI

Patti, who lives with a member of a famous motorcycle gang, has agreed to an interview about her sexual life as his "old lady"—on terms that she can never be identified. So the interview is conducted in darkness.

It's not that she's worried, she says in a low, husky voice. "I'm not going to say anything bad about them. I think they're the only *real men* left in this world, and I'm proud of them.

"In the gang, there are the old ladies and the mamas. Now, the old lady is her old man's property. She can't screw around with anyone else. She has to take care of her old man and his kids, if he has any.

"The mamas are different. Very often they are prostitutes. Now, say I'm an old lady and I'm not in the mood to be eaten, well, my old man can go to the mama. She's there for the sexual satisfaction of the entire group. Even the women," she adds quickly. "If a dude is out of town on business and his old lady gets hung up, she can have sex with the mama, and there won't be any repercussions. But it's always the mama who makes love to the old lady: The mama satisfies *her*."

Sometimes a member of a rival motorcycle gang rapes someone's old lady and then there's a real kickoff. One time, some local thugs grabbed one old lady in a supermarket and threw her into their car, took her home and had her. The motorcycle dudes eventually found out who these thugs were and tore their houses apart.

For all this old-fashioned protection of old ladies, the mamas get none. "A mama is usually initiated by the men, with the rest of the group watching. My old man found a mama who was a Berkeley prostitute and brought her back to the club. I immediately read him the riot act for doing it, because he was mine. But he reminded me it wasn't for him. We were short of women at the time; of the 21 guys in our group, there were eight without old ladies.

(continued from page 146)

"So we all got together and all of the guys screwed her in every way they felt like, and they made her perform all different types of sexual acts to prove that she was worthy of becoming a mama. Obedient performance makes her worthy. Like, if an old lady isn't into giving her old man a blow job or eating out his asshole, the mama is made to do it. Also, she does all the cooking and cleaning, and if we need a baby sitter, she has to do that. She is literally a slave."

When the clubs have to raise some money, they often sell their mamas for a night, for a month or forever. "She literally has no say in the matter. She has to, whether she wants to or not. Also, in one group, there was a bust for dope and the mama had to take the blame. She went to jail for the club."

Female mamas are most common, but there are some male mamas, too. "A lot of gay guys really get off on the toughness of the men. The men call them every degrading name a homosexual can be called and those gays love every minute of it."

Couples live in a big house with the single men. Most of the couples sleep in a large room, with blankets separating them.

"There is no such thing as privacy. When the guys are in the mood, they just drag their women down. Sometimes they perform specifically for the purpose of exhibiting their skill. Sometimes an old lady nearby will say to her old man, 'Why can't you do things like that?' Everybody screws at once, but there is no switching, *not ever!*"

Although in public Patti never argues with her old man, whenever they have the privacy of a bedroom, she powerplays head games with him.

"The standard old lady is quite content to lie in bed and let her old man screw her, usually in the old missionary position. When it is all over, she sighs a sigh of relief. I was never satisfied with this. I spoil my old man rotten, but when we are alone, I get him so high on me that he usually begs me to make him climax. I give him this super back rub—there are a lot of nerve endings in a man's back—and he begs me to go down on him. I say I'll do it later, when I'm ready. The first time I did this, he really thought I was going to let him hang like that and he got really supermad. But when he realized that he could screw the life out of me when I was ready, he liked it. I like him to beg for it, especially because he is such a big man. He's over six feet, six."

The obvious power play to this activity

delights her old man in private only. In public, everything is different. "Sometimes I tease him when we are eating dinner. We all eat together, and I say, 'Gee, I wonder whether he's going to come tonight, to do it. He's been so lenient lately I think he's getting old or something.' Everybody knows I'm teasing him. But he has to show them that he's top man, so he grabs me and rapes me right then and there. And I love it, every moment of it."

Often, the old ladies fight for their men. "In a bar once, we were all sitting and drinking, and a local gang decided to hassle us. So I went over to their leader and said, 'Look, man, I don't want my old man should dirty his fingers . . . I'll take you down.' I was big and the other girls were very small, and the guy laughed and said, 'We're not going to fight ladies.' And I said, 'Yes, you'll fight us, because we won't let our old men dirty their hands.' So we started to take the motorcycle chains from our waists. The old ladies usually wear these when the bikes are parked," she explains, "and if you get those swung at you, I don't care how strong you are, you're going to go down. Well, they gave us the respect. Then they walked out, and all of our dudes really broke up laughing at what I'd done."

Although chains are a normal weapon in gang fights, the men do not use them on the women. "They don't want to mar the merchandise," Patti explains. "The only time I've seen motorcycle chains used on women has been by other women in a rival gang fight."

Patti explains some other gang customs. Besides the embroidered insignia of the club, the men can earn all sorts of added medals.

"It's like the boy scouts or girl scouts earning certain badges. During the times when a girl has her period, it's a sign of courage to eat her, and a guy can earn a medal that way."

Patti feels her gang represents the all-American male. "These men are supermen and their women are very, very female. There's something about the restlessness and the recklessness of these men that brings something out in the women. It's like the women who used to fall for the gladiators back in the days of ancient Rome. The same type of superman with the brutality aura which turns most women on. And the *macho* image. Like, when the club walks into a room wearing its colors, the entire room stands at attention, not knowing whether they're going to fight or smile. *That kind of power is thrilling.*"





SEBASTIAN THE CAT

fiction

By EVAN HUNTER

*i loved sebastian the cat,
and now, like
everything else in my life,
he was dying*

I HEARD the burglar-alarm siren the moment I turned the corner into my street. I immediately looked at the dashboard clock. The time was 25 minutes past five. I could not imagine why the siren was going or why Reginald Soames was standing on the sidewalk in front of my house, together with a handful of other neighbors. The sound of the siren was piercing. I pulled into my driveway, got out of the car and immediately said, "What is it? Has someone broken in?"

"The police have already been here," Reggie shouted. "Couldn't turn the damn thing off."

"Were the keyholders here?"

"The *what*?"

"The keyholders. There're

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

two of them. If the alarm goes off——"

"Couldn't turn it off!" Reggie shouted.

"The keyholders?"

"The police."

"Did someone try to break in?"

"Your daughter hit the panic button."

"What? My daughter——"

"The cat got run over."

"Sebastian?"

"Run over by a car. Your daughter hit the panic button, figured that'd bring the police."

"Where's my wife?"

"Don't know where she is. Mrs. Tannenbaum drove your daughter and the cat to the vet's. Police were mad as hell. Been trying to get you at the office, Junior, you shouldn't be out sailing on a workday."

"What vet did they take him to, do you know?"

"Haven't the faintest. You'd better turn that siren off: Mr. Ziprod up the block's got a bad heart."

"Thanks," I said.

The front door was unlocked. I went directly through the house to the utility closet and searched for my key. The siren was still screaming, but I finally found the key, opened the front panel of the burglar-alarm control box and reset the system but not the alarm. This had to be done whenever the panic button was hit. I slammed the panel shut and went immediately to the phone in the study.

Susan's personal method of recording and retrieving telephone numbers was unique and, to say the least, peculiar. The plumber, for example, whose name was Harry Rausch, was listed not under R for Rausch nor even under P for Plumber. Instead, he was listed under S for Service, together with a motley crowd of electricians, carpenters, baby sitters, gardeners and even physicians. I'd forgotten the name of our vet and I turned to the Ss now, hoping Susan might have listed him there among all the other people she considered service people. I found numbers for a dry cleaner, two dentists, an exterminator, a television repairman, a catering firm, a dermatologist, a roofer and a chiropractor—but no veterinarian. I turned to the Vs and searched through the dozen or so listings there but found no name that sounded even vaguely familiar. In desperation, and knowing Susan, I turned to C for Cat. Nothing. I put the book back into the top drawer of the desk and reached for the Sarasota telephone directory.

In the Yellow Pages between the Sarasota and Bradenton sections of the directory, I found under VETERINARIANS—DVM at least a dozen listings. I scanned them quickly, found one that sounded familiar, dialed the number and asked for Dr. Roessler.

"Dr. Roessler is in surgery, sir."

"Who's this I'm speaking to, please?"

"Miss Hilmer."

"Miss Hilmer, this is Matthew Hope: I'm calling about a gray tabby named Sebastian. Would you——"

"Yes, sir, the cat's here."

"How is he?"

"He's being operated on now, sir."

"Can you tell me what . . . how bad is it?"

"His thorax is torn, Mr. Hope. The lungs and heart are exposed. Dr. Roessler is closing the wound now."

"Thank you; could I . . . is my daughter there?"

"Just a moment, sir."

When Joanna got on the line, I said, "Honey, I'm on my way; you just wait there for me."

"Dad," she said, "I think he's going to die."

"Well, we don't know that, honey."

"I tried calling; where were you?"

"With a client."

"Cynthia said you were on a boat."

"Yes, I went there to talk to someone. Honey, is Mrs. Tannenbaum still there with you?"

"Yes. Did you want to talk to her?"

"No, that's all right. But please ask her to stay till I get there, would you? Where's Mommy?"

"I think she went to the beauty parlor; I'm not sure."

"All right, honey, I'll see you in a few minutes."

"Do you know how to get here?"

"It's near Southgate, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'll remember it when I see it. G'bye, darling."

"Bye, Dad," she said, and hung up.

All the way to the vet's, I kept thinking of Sebastian.

On the day before we'd taken him into the family, Susan had gone down to the basement of our house in Chicago and found herself face to face with a rat the size of an alligator. Brazen bastard got up on his hind legs and snarled and squealed, sent her screaming up out of the cellar to consult her Illinois Service listings. She phoned an exterminator, who came that afternoon to seed the basement floor with poison pellets. Trouble was, we had a five-year-old daughter and I didn't like the idea of all that poison lying around, however infrequently she might be visiting the basement. Susan began crying when I suggested the possible danger to Joanna, immediately thinking I was scolding her for having called the exterminator. I told her she'd done exactly the right thing but that a cat might be a safer deterrent than scattered poison patties.

What I had in mind was a *big* cat.

I suppose the range of animals varies at any given shelter on any given day. On that particular day in March, seven

years ago, there were two cats, 11 kittens, five mongrel dogs and the most beautiful thoroughbred boxer I'd ever seen. Sebastian was one of the cats, an enormous gray tabby with darker-gray stripes, white markings on his face, markings that looked like white socks on all four paws. The one on his right hind paw seemed to have slipped to his ankle. He was prowling the topmost shelf of a cage that contained two separate litters of kittens and a scrawny Siamese that not only was cross-eyed but looked mangy as well. Sebastian paced the shelf like a tiger. He looked fierce and proud and I was certain he was the best ratcatcher who'd ever stalked a basement. "Hey, there," I said, and he looked at me with the greenest eyes I'd ever seen on man or beast and gave a short "Meow," and I fell in love with that big old pussycat right then and there. Susan had wandered down to the other end of the room, where she was looking at the boxer. I called her over and she studied Sebastian—whose name we didn't yet know and whose name, as a matter of fact, wasn't even Sebastian.

"Well, he's certainly big enough," she said.

"Look at those green eyes, Sue."

"Mm," she said.

"Let's find out why he's here. Maybe he ate his former owners."

We went outside to where a young man was filling out papers behind a desk. I asked him about the big gray tabby. Was there anything wrong with him?

"No, the mother was allergic to him," he said.

"The cat's mother?"

"No, the mother in the family. He's the gentlest cat. Not a thing wrong with him."

"What's his name?"

"Sabbatical."

"What?"

"Yeah, she's a schoolteacher. The mother."

"That's no name," I said.

"Well, that's *his* name."

Susan and I went back inside again. The cat was still up there on the top shelf, licking himself clean now. We stood outside the cage, watching him.

"What do you think?" I said.

"Well, I don't know," Susan said. "I was hoping we'd find a *white* cat."

"Is he huge, or am I dreaming?"

"He's enormous."

"Hey, Sebastian," I said, and the cat meowed again.

Ten minutes later, we were taking him home in a cardboard carrier. We'd given a donation of \$25 to the shelter and already had misgivings about this unknown cat without papers or pedigree. Sebastian broke out of the carrier before we'd driven five miles from the shelter. First his ears popped up out of the opening, then his green eyes, wide and

(continued on page 184)

ART BUCHWALD'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO SUPERB TENNIS

*the old master takes
racket and cigar in hand to show
a rank beginner how to learn the game from scratch*

ANYONE CAN LEARN TENNIS in a very short time. The important thing is to know a few basic principles of the game and the rest will come naturally. To prove my point, I visited John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch in Scottsdale, Arizona, not very long ago and selected a 41-year-old man named Ken Rosewall from a group of would-be tennis players. Rosewall, an Australian, told me he had never before held a racket in his hand and was hopeful of learning the game. In just a week, by teaching him a few tricks, I had Rosewall scrambling all over the court, playing like a pro.

In order to speed up his learning of the game, we took photographs of what he was doing wrong, as well as of what I was doing right. These right and wrong pictures should be studied carefully. I am certain that if you follow my instructions and correct the errors Rosewall is shown making, you will become the talk of your tennis club.

The most important thing in tennis is to make your opponent open his can of balls first.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall has come onto the court with his can of tennis balls clearly in view.



THE RIGHT WAY—Notice I have come onto the court with an extra tennis jacket, giving me a chance to hide the can and then fumble for it. By the time I get to my can, Rosewall has ripped the lid off his. There is no reason to open two cans of tennis balls, so I can keep mine for another day. Beginners are so anxious to start playing, they forget this basic rule of saving money and wind up spending hundreds of dollars a year on tennis balls.

The serve is probably the hardest thing to learn.

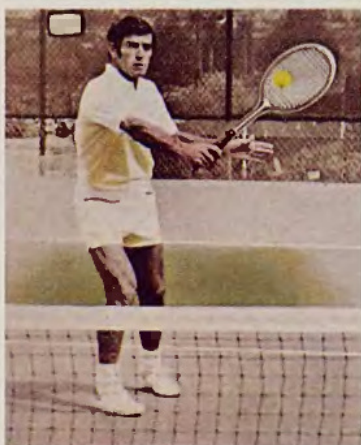
THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall, when serving, reaches for the ball and stands on his toes. This will make the ball hit the racket in the sweet spot and send it spinning across the net, where the opponent can easily return it.



THE RIGHT WAY—Notice my position. I am waiting for the ball to fall down before I strike at it, thus confusing my opponent as to where the hell it is going to land. I also remain flat-footed on the ground, which saves wear and tear on the toes of my tennis sneakers.

The backhand volley shot looks easy, but beginners such as Rosewall may have difficulty with it.

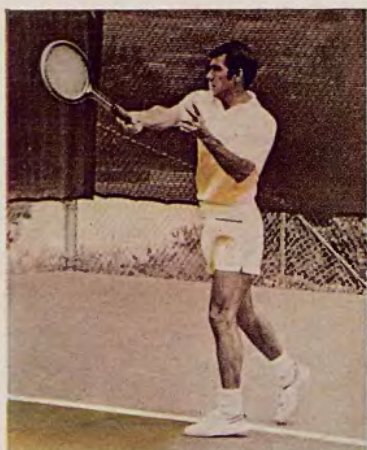
THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall is keeping his eye on the ball as he hits it, a grievous mistake in tennis.



THE RIGHT WAY—While I swing at the ball, I keep my eye on the opponent and allow my racket to decide where the ball will hit it. This is the best way to get a rim shot, which is impossible for the other person to return.

The forehand is occasionally very useful in tennis and, if done correctly, can add enjoyment to your game.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall is hitting the ball with his left foot in front of his right and his arm extended, which gives him speed and accuracy—a real drawback in forehand shots.



THE RIGHT WAY—Notice how I am approaching the shot. My left foot is off the ground and my arm is close to my chest. This will cause the ball to slow down and force the opponent to the net. At the last moment, since he has no idea of what I am doing, I can lob one over him. This stance, if perfected, can be very deceptive to the other player.

The overhead is a great shot, but most people are afraid of it.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall is bringing his racket down after he hits the ball, forcing it to bounce high on the other side of the net over the opponent's head. Notice the fear in Rosewall's eyes as he completes the shot.



THE RIGHT WAY—I am taking my time on this shot, lifting first one, then the other foot off the ground, which will give me the option of hitting an overhead that will barely skim the net, hitting a tantalizing drop shot or fooling my opponent by ignoring the ball altogether. It depends, as always, on where the ball decides to hit the racket—if at all.

The volley shot. You can't play tennis until you have the volley down pat.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall has his arm extended and his body turned in such a way that he will hit the ball head on.



THE RIGHT WAY—I am facing the net, my elbow is bent and my opponent is looking at my face instead of the ball—or possibly my cigar, which is one of the best distractions you can use on a court, particularly if you light it just as your opponent is about to hit the ball.

The backhand. Most people are frightened of a backhand, but there are times when it comes in handy.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall is hitting it wrong. Don't ask me why; just take my word for it.



THE RIGHT WAY—I'm hitting it right, mainly because my feet are positioned in such a way that if I don't, I'll trip and fall, something I hate to do when I'm playing tennis. Actually, I prefer to run around the ball, but that isn't always possible.

The follow-through. It is essential to follow through after a shot.

THE WRONG WAY—What is Rosewall doing wrong? His follow-through is an easy motion with his arm parallel with the ground.



THE RIGHT WAY—My follow-through has me lifting the racket as high as I can without turning my body. This contortion is so disconcerting the opponent forgets to return the ball.

Let's talk about doubles. In tennis doubles, you should always talk to your partner. Here, I am telling Rosewall not to miss the shot. He is very grateful for the advice.



The trick in doubles is to let the stronger player make all the best shots. Here, Rosewall wants to go for the ball, but I know he has a weak backhand, so I hold his racket with my right hand (I'm a lefty) and take the shot with my left. After you do this a few times with your partner, he won't try for the shots you think are yours.

Many tennis games are won or lost on close calls. Calling a serve in or out can mean the difference between victory and defeat.

THE WRONG WAY—The ball has hit the service line and Rosewall has called it in. This not only makes him lose the point but also encourages the server.



THE RIGHT WAY—The ball has hit the service line, but I pretend I can't make out whether or not it's good. As a good sport, I say to my opponent, "Toke two." This gets him so angry he'll probably double fault.

If you can't make a close line call, you have no business playing tennis. The important thing is to be so definite that your opponent's ball is out that he won't question the call.

THE WRONG WAY—Rosewall's feet are in the wrong position to call the ball out. His hand is flat, signifying the shot was in, and he will lose the point.



THE RIGHT WAY—Notice how I bend my left leg and extend my right one at the same time. I have extended my index finger straight out without bending my elbow. I also have shouted "Out" and there is no way my opponent can claim it is in. Close line calls make all the difference in a tennis game and this position, when perfected, is better than a strong backhand.

Well, that seems to be all there is to the game of tennis. If you practice the right way and not the wrong way, there isn't one person out there who will not eventually be able to play as well as I do. Remember this: If a 41-year-old Australian can learn the game as fast as Rosewall did, so can you. I don't expect any of you to become an Art Buchwald overnight, but there is no reason you can't go onto the court tomorrow and be another Ken Rosewall.

SEBASTIAN THE CAT

curious, and at last his face, white mask over the nose and mouth. He climbed out onto the back seat and looked around.

"The cat's out," Susan said.

"Oh, shit," I said.

But Sebastian only leaped up onto the little ledge inside the rear window and sprawled there to watch the scenery go by. Never made a sound, didn't scramble all over the place like most lunatic cats do in a moving automobile. Just sat there with those big green eyes taking in everything. Automobiles never frightened him. One morning—this was after we'd been living in Sarasota for almost a year—I got into the Ghia and had driven halfway to the office when I heard a sound behind me. I turned to look, and there was Sebastian sitting on the back seat. I grinned and said, "Hey, Sebastian, what are you doing there?" He blinked.

Joanna played with him as if he were a puppy. Hide-and-seek, games with string or yarn, races across the lawn. One time she came into the bedroom, beaming, to describe a game she and Sebastian had been playing. "We had the most fun," she said. "I was chasing him around the sofa, and he was laughing and laughing." She really did believe he was laughing. I guess I believed it, too. For some reason, perhaps because we'd got him close to Saint Patrick's Day, we all thought of Sebastian as Irish. I'd sometimes talk to him in a thick Irish brogue, and he'd roll over onto his back to reveal the whitest, softest, furriest belly, and I'd tickle him—and, yes, he was laughing. I'm sure he was laughing.

I loved that cat with all my heart.

The veterinary hospital was set on a street with three used-car lots and a store selling model airplanes. I parked the Ghia alongside a Chevy station wagon I recognized as Mrs. Tannenbaum's and then began walking across the parking lot toward the front door. From the kennel behind the red-brick building, I heard a chorus of barks and yelps. My immediate reaction was to wonder what all that canine clamor might be doing to Sebastian's nerves. And then I realized he was no doubt still unconscious and my step slowed as I went closer to the door. I did not want to open that door. I was afraid that once I stepped inside, someone would tell me Sebastian was dead.

There was a desk immediately facing the entrance door. A nurse in a starched white uniform sat behind it; she looked up as I came into the room. Joanna and Mrs. Tannenbaum were sitting on a bench against the wall on the left. A framed painting of a cocker spaniel was on the wall above their heads. I went immediately to my daughter and sat beside her and put my arm around her.

(continued from page 180)

"How is he?" I asked.

"They're still working on him."

We were whispering.

I leaned over and said, "Mrs. Tannenbaum, I can't thank you enough."

"I'm glad I could help," she said. Her first name was Gertrude. I'd never called her that. She was 72 years old, but she looked 60 and knew more about boats than any man I'd ever met. Her husband had died ten years back, leaving her a twin-dieseled Matthews Mystic she did not know how to operate. She enrolled promptly in the Auxiliary Coast Guard's boating-safety course and, a year later, took that boat from Sarasota past Charlotte Harbor, into the Caloosahatchee River and then into Lake Okechobee and the St. Lucie Canal, across the state to Stuart and Lake Worth, where she jumped off across the Gulf Stream for Bimini. She had lavender hair and blue eyes and was tiny and wiry, but when she wrestled that 46-footer into a dock, you'd think she was on the bridge of an aircraft carrier.

"Tell me what happened," I said.

"I got home from school about three-thirty," Joanna said, "and I looked for Sebastian, but he wasn't anywhere around. I was going to the mailbox to see if there was anything for me and I just happened to look across the street—do you know where that big gold tree is on Dr. Latty's lawn? Right there, near the curb. Sebastian was . . . he was just lying there in the gutter. I thought at first . . . I don't know what I thought. That he was . . . playing a game with me, I guess. And then I saw the blood . . . oh, God, Dad. I didn't know what to do. I went over to him, I said, 'Sebastian? What . . . what's the matter, baby?' And his eyes . . . he looked up the way he sometimes does when he's napping, you know, and he still has that drowsy look on his face . . . only . . . oh, Dad, he looked so . . . so twisted and broken, I didn't . . . I just didn't know what to do to help him. So I went back into the house and called your office, but they said you were out on a boat—what were you doing on a boat, Dad?"

"Talking to Michael's girlfriend," I said, which was true enough. But by 3:30, I had left the boat and was in bed with Aggie.

"I didn't know what to do," she said. "I didn't know where Mom was and I couldn't get in touch with you, so I just went into the bedroom and hit the panic button. I figured that'd bring everybody running, and it did. Mr. Soames from next door came over, and then Mrs. Tannenbaum—"

"I heard the siren: I thought at first it was some crazies come to rob your house in broad daylight. It could happen, believe me."

"She drove the wagon to where Se-

bastian was against the curb—"

"We picked him up very carefully. We made a stretcher from a board I had in the garage. We lifted him only a little, enough to get him on the board."

"Then we came right here. I knew where it was from when he had his shots last time."

"What did Dr. Roessler say?"

"Daddy, he doesn't think Sebastian's going to live."

"He said that?"

"Yes, Dad."

There seemed nothing more to say. I told Mrs. Tannenbaum I was sure she wanted to get home, and I thanked her again and she asked me to please call her as soon as we got back. We sat alone on the bench, then, my daughter and I. I held her hand. Across the room, the nurse was busily inserting what I supposed to be bills into envelopes. To her right was a closed door. To the left of that was an aquarium with tropical fish in it. Air bubbles tirelessly climbed the tank.

The last time I'd been inside a hospital was two years ago, when Susan's mother died. She was 56 years old and had never smoked a cigarette in her life; but both of her lungs were riddled with cancer. They'd performed the biopsy and then closed her up and told us there was nothing they could do for her. It was Susan's brother who made the decision not to tell her she was dying. I'd disliked him before then, but that was when I began hating him. She was, you see, a marvelous woman who could have accepted the news, who would, in fact, have welcomed the opportunity to die with at least some measure of dignity. Instead . . . ah, Jesus.

I remembered going to the hospital one afternoon; I went alone, I don't remember where Susan was. I think she simply had to get away from the vigil for just a little bit, it was taking so much out of her. I went there and my mother-in-law was propped against the pillows, her head turned to one side, where sunlight was coming through the Venetian blinds. She had Susan's features and coloring exactly, the same dark eyes and chestnut hair, the full pouting mouth showing age wrinkles around its edges now, the good jaw and neck, the skin sagging somewhat—she'd been a beauty in her day and she looked beautiful still, though ravaged with disease and rapidly dying. She was weeping when I went into the room. I sat beside the bed. I said, "Mom, what's the matter? What is it?"

She took my hand between both of hers. Tears were streaming down her face. She said, "Matthew, please tell them I'm trying."

"Tell who, Mom?"

"The doctors."

"What do you mean?"

"They think I'm not trying. I really

(concluded on page 208)



morning glories?

for new year's day resuscitation, try a little hair of the dog—plus coffee

drink

By **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

HAPPY NEW YEAR? With a mouth full of feathers? A vise around your head? And your mother phoning from Little Falls, promptly at eight A.M., to be sure of catching you in? Bah, humbug! Well, all right. You can sit around like the senior sufferer at a masochists' convention—or do something constructive, such as fixing yourself a soothing, settling spiked-coffee reviver. Most highly touted hangover remedies are evil-tasting, bitter and punishing, on the plausible theory that anything so bad has to be good for you. Coffee grogs are different—bracing. (continued on page 188)

announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions
judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS



Best Nonfiction



ALEX HALEY wins the prize for doing the nearly impossible. After 12 years of research, he tracked down his origins, stretching back seven generations to Africa. *Roots* (October) was our moving excerpt from his book of the same title. Runner-up is David B. Tinnin for *The Wrath of God* (August), a chilling account of how a secret team of Israeli hit men operating in Norway shot the wrong man.

Best Major Work: Fiction



NORMAN MAILER and Kurt Vonnegut Jr., share this one, and rightly so. Mailer's *Trial of the Warlock* (December) is probably his most intriguing departure yet, taking the present demonology craze back to blacker medieval times. It's a harrowing screenplay based on J. K. Huysmans' infamous novel, *La-Bas*, which makes today's attempts at satanic fiction read like *Tom Sawyer*.

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., turns futuristically political in our chunk from his latest novel, *Slapstick or Lonesome No More!* (September), in which he gives us the humorous memoirs of our final President. The author of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Breakfast of Champions* depicts a man and his sister who have been raised as morons—and who at last reveal their shocking secret.

Best Humor



DAN GREENBURG once more hit the kink-'n'-raunch trail for us, and came up a winner with *Dominant Writer Seeks Submissive Miss* (January), in which he discovered that following up those juicy "personals" can leave you hornier than ever, and broke, to boot. David Steinberg and Ziggy Steinberg are runners-up for *Gagtime* (February), their off-key send-up of E. L. Doctorow's best seller.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction



JIM DAVIDSON is pissed at the Internal Revenue Service. He is also executive director of the National Taxpayers Union in Washington, D.C.—which means that, unlike most of us, he's doing something about it. *Punch Out the IRS!* (April) earned him the award for his gutsy advice on how all of us can get into the act—and what to do when they come around to hassle us for doing so.

A GREAT WAY to encourage a writer, we've found, is to tell him he's wonderful and give him some money. And so were born our Annual Writing Awards. The choices, which are made by polling the editors, are so difficult that you can usually tell it's voting time by the amount of shouting that's going on in our offices. But after much heated lobbying, majority rule, if not pure reason, prevails. Each of the winners gets \$1000, each runner-up, \$500. And all get the silver medallion pictured here, to remind them that they're still wonderful long after the money's gone.

Best Fiction



PAUL THEROUX gets around. He recently went more than 8000 miles by rail through Asia and back and wrote an excellent book about it. That's probably why *The Autumn Dog* (March), for which he takes top fiction honors, is set in Bali and concerns an obscure sexual position. Runner-up is Vladimir Nabokov, who's used to getting these awards by now, for his story *The Doorbell* (January).

Best Essay



RON KOVIC, the paraplegic ex-Vietnam Marine, was a most moving speaker at the Democratic National Convention. His powerful memoir, *Born on the Fourth of July* (July), was judged the year's best essay. **Craig S. Karpel** came in second with *There Are 8,000,000 Stories in the Naked City* and *This Is the Last One* (November), a bright and funny elegy on the death of New York.

Best New Contributor: Fiction



NICHOLAS MEYER gets the nod in this category for *The West End Horror* (April)—a decision Dr. Watson himself would have approved, even though purists might disagree. It's the second of Meyer's considerably posthumous recollections of Dr. W. and his adventures with Sherlock Holmes, this one about a double murder. His first, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, was a best seller.

Special Award



JIMMY, WE HARDLY KNOW YALL

by **ROBERT SCHEER** a modern odyssey: unpeeled moments in the life, times and recent past of the most guarded presidential candidate in decades

For Jimmy Carter, the man who has been called "the most guarded presidential candidate in decades," the life is a series of unpeeled moments. In this book, Robert Scheer, a modern odyssey, unpeels the life, times and recent past of the most guarded presidential candidate in decades. Scheer's book is a series of unpeeled moments in the life, times and recent past of the most guarded presidential candidate in decades. Scheer's book is a series of unpeeled moments in the life, times and recent past of the most guarded presidential candidate in decades.

ROBERT SCHEER, for service above and beyond the call, gets our Special Award. In one year, he pursued and unpeeled both Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter for us in *Playboy Interviews* (with accompanying articles). The Carter interview became, as everybody knows by now, the single most discussed press event of the campaign. It must be Scheer's old-line true Berkeley grit.

morning glories? (continued from page 185)

invigorating . . . and delicious! You know what a cup of Java does for you in the morning. Apparently, the synergistic interaction of caffeine and alcohol both accentuates and accelerates the salutary effect.

Possibly the original, certainly the most notable of the exuberant brews is Irish Coffee: "Cream rich as an Irish brogue / coffee strong as a friendly hand / sugar as sweet as the tongue of a rogue / whiskey smooth as the wit of the land." The whiskey here is Irish, no doubt about that, but amiable spiked coffees can be made with almost any alcoholic beverage (except, perhaps, vodka, which, being tasteless, contributes nothing). Some are fanciful concoctions calling for three or four spirits, along with other flavorings and spices; some are flamed; a few, chilled. Many are as simple and straightforward as adding a dram of one's favorite nip to a cup of coffee: Café Strega; Café Cointreau; Café Allegro; Tuaca Coffee; Amaretto Coffee; Kentucky or Tennessee Coffee (bourbon); Irish Mister (Irish Mist); Nepenthe Coffee (Metaxa); Venetian Coffee (California brandy); Calypso Coffee (Jamaican rum). There's even a Yiddish Coffee, made with Israeli brandy, at Ginsberg's Dublin Pub—one of those relentlessly cute jobs that seem to bloom in San Francisco.

It's quite evident that coffee and spirits are a most compatible combination. Use a light hand with the liquor until you find your level—heat intensifies the impact of the booze. You can always add more to the cup or pour another.

The coffee should be fresh, strong—and, preferably, brewed. However, freshly made instant coffee is better than brewed that has been around a while, especially if it requires reheating. Cold drinks may call for extra-strong coffee, because of the dilution from ice. One way around that problem is to use ice cubes made from coffee.

Spirited coffees need a bit of sweetening, even if you customarily take your coffee black and bitter. Those made with liqueurs may not need additional sugar. The flavored instant coffees, a relatively new development, lend themselves admirably to mixing with spirits—and they're handy. They're almost all pre-sweetened, so don't add sugar before tasting.

Coffee grogs are simply too good to reserve for one day of the year. Enjoy them any time—after skiing, skating or tobogganing—and certainly on New Year's Day. Serve with *Stollen*, *panettone* or *Lebkuchen* and you're ready for all comers!

CAFFE FREDDO

Strong coffee, frozen into ice cubes
1 oz. coffee liqueur or coffee-flavored brandy
½ oz. anisette
1 scoop coffee ice cream
Finely powdered espresso
Freeze coffee in ice-cube tray, in advance. When preparing drink, finely crush 6 cubes and place in blender. Add liqueurs and ice cream. Blend at highest speed. Pour into chilled large parfait glass. Sprinkle lightly with powdered espresso. Serve with spoon, as the drink may come up fairly viscous, depending on your blender.

BANANA SOOTHER (Serves three)

1 ripe banana
1¼ cups cold strong coffee
½ pint chocolate ice cream
1 tablespoon Rose's Lime Juice
2½ ozs. crème de cacao
1 oz. banana liqueur
1 oz. cognac
Cocoa powder
Cut banana in chunks. Place in blender with all other ingredients except cocoa powder. Blend until just smooth. Pour into prechilled ice-cream-parlor glasses. Dust each serving with cocoa powder or pulverized coffee.

CAFE HELVETIA

Mocha-flavored instant coffee
Boiling water
½ oz. kirsch
½ oz. amaretto
Prepare cup of coffee, following package directions, but make it a bit more robust than suggested—using more powder or less water. Stir well to dissolve mixture completely. Add kirsch and amaretto. Stir and serve.

Note: Most flavored coffees contain sugar; taste before adding more. Garnish with whipped cream or whipped topping, if desired.

Making this drink is quite a production at Monsignore II in New York City. We've simplified the procedure somewhat for home use, but the result is the same—delicious!

MONSIGNORE II

Lemon wedge
1 oz. cognac, warmed
Sugar
3 roasted coffee beans
Hot double-strength coffee
1 small scoop vanilla ice cream
¾ oz. Kahlúa
Whipped cream

¾ oz. green crème de menthe
Finely powdered espresso

Use fairly heavy 10-oz. stemmed goblet. Moisten upper part of outside (about ¾ in.) with lemon wedge; moisten upper part of inside with cognac. Invert glass and swirl in sugar to frost inside and outside edges. Add coffee beans and warmed cognac to glass. Ignite cognac with long match or tilt glass toward flame, rotating it until the cognac catches fire. Continue turning glass until all sugar caramelizes and flames burn out. Half-fill glass with coffee, add ice cream by spoonfuls, and then Kahlúa. Top with whipped cream and slowly pour crème de menthe over it. Sprinkle with powdered espresso.

This is the original and authentic recipe for Irish Coffee, created by Joe Sheridan at Shannon Airport and brought to the attention of a grateful public by San Francisco's famed Buena Vista Café. Good Irish pubs such as Neary's in Dublin don't beat the cream. They use heavy farm cream, not available here, and simply float a thick collar on the brew.

IRISH COFFEE

Hot strong coffee
3 small sugar cubes
1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
Heavy cream, lightly beaten
Preheat Irish Coffee glass by filling with very hot water; let stand several minutes, then empty. Fill glass three fourths full with coffee; add sugar; stir. Add whiskey and top with generous portion of cream. The cream should not be whipped, just lightly beaten, then poured over back of teaspoon into glass. Do not stir. The idea is to sip hot coffee through cool cream.

TIBURON FOG CUTTER

½ oz. orange liqueur
½ oz. crème de cacao
Strip orange peel
Strip lemon peel
Strong coffee, chilled
Pour orange liqueur and crème de cacao over cracked ice in highball glass. Add twist each orange peel and lemon peel. Add coffee; stir. Serve with straw.

CAFE MATADOR

2 strips lemon peel
1 strip orange peel
Superfine sugar
1-in. piece stick cinnamon
1¼ ozs. Lepanto, Gran Duque D'Alba or other premium Spanish brandy
Hot strong coffee
Rub piece lemon peel around inside rim of old fashioned glass; discard peel.
(concluded on page 204)

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

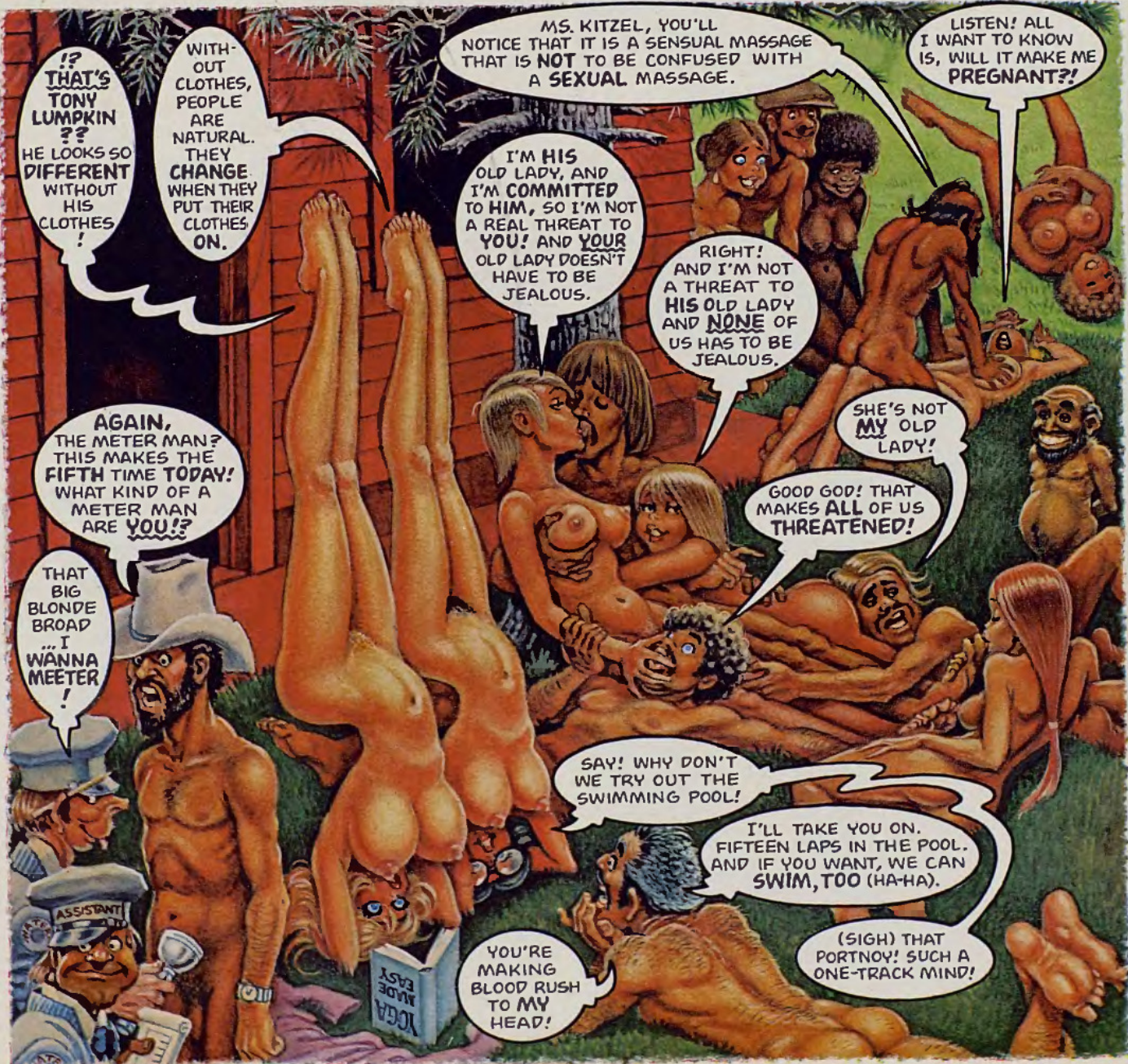
HHEADSTONE, PART TWO. THE STORY UP TO NOW: FRIEND WANDA AND PORTNOY-THE-WRITER HAVE LURED ANNIE TO HEADSTONE, A DOORLESS CALIFORNIA RETREAT WHOSE NUDE MEMBERS HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE TOGETHER FREELY AND OPENLY, WITHOUT THE DREAD TORTURE OF FEARS LIKE JEALOUSY OR NAGGING PARENTS. AS PART TWO UNFOLDS, WE SEE ANNIE AT YOGA PRACTICE, STANDING ON HER HEADSTONE.



JUST
EXHALE,
HONEY, AND
YOU'LL
SEE.

OVER
WHERE?
WHERE?
WHERE?

ISN'T
THAT TONY
LUMPKIN, THE
MOVIE STAR,
OVER THERE?



IS
THAT'S
TONY
LUMPKIN
??
HE LOOKS SO
DIFFERENT
WITHOUT
HIS
CLOTHES
!

WITH-
OUT
CLOTHES,
PEOPLE
ARE
NATURAL.
THEY
CHANGE
WHEN THEY
PUT THEIR
CLOTHES
ON.

MS. KITZEL, YOU'LL
NOTICE THAT IT IS A SENSUAL MASSAGE
THAT IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH
A SEXUAL MASSAGE.

LISTEN! ALL
I WANT TO KNOW
IS, WILL IT MAKE ME
PREGNANT?!

I'M HIS
OLD LADY, AND
I'M COMMITTED
TO HIM, SO I'M NOT
A REAL THREAT TO
YOU! AND YOUR
OLD LADY DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE
JEALOUS.

RIGHT!
AND I'M NOT
A THREAT TO
HIS OLD LADY
AND NONE OF
US HAS TO BE
JEALOUS.

SHE'S NOT
MY OLD
LADY!

GOOD GOD! THAT
MAKES ALL OF US
THREATENED!

AGAIN,
THE METER MAN?
THIS MAKES THE
FIFTH TIME TODAY!
WHAT KIND OF A
METER MAN
ARE YOU!?

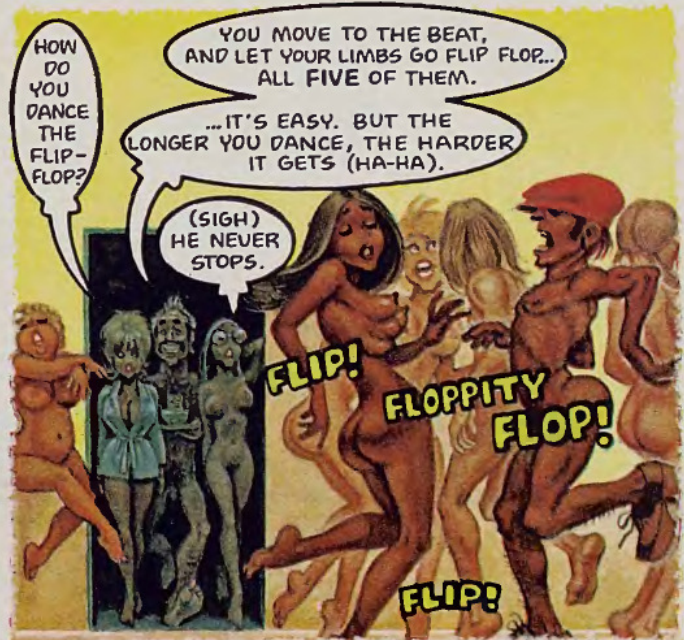
THAT
BIG
BLONDE
BROAD
... I
WANNA
MEETER
!

SAY! WHY DON'T
WE TRY OUT THE
SWIMMING POOL!

I'LL TAKE YOU ON.
FIFTEEN LAPS IN THE POOL.
AND IF YOU WANT, WE CAN
SWIM, TOO (HA-HA).

(SIGH) THAT
PORTNOY! SUCH A
ONE-TRACK MIND!

YOU'RE
MAKING
BLOOD RUSH
TO MY
HEAD!





ROLLS-ROYCE LOVE AFFAIR

(continued from page 140)

wrinkled, but the underside is smooth, cool, sleek. A marble peach. Rosanna strokes my hair, then my cheek, then she tilts my chin upward so she can kiss me. I feel I am kissing my mirror image, smooth womanlips, a trifle thin, cool, safe.

Here is a woman who addresses her letters "Dear Heart" and signs them "Fondly"; she makes love the same way—as if it were a course taught at boarding school. Does my heart pound and my cunt drip because of the exhilaration of breaking a taboo? Because I am hot for Rosanna? Who can possibly tell? My husband is a Freudian analyst who takes a harsh line on bisexual shenanigans. That's certainly part of the thrill. *He'd kill me if he knew.* Bennett has never much liked going down on me; Rosanna loves it. I lie there trying to think and trying not to think, trying to suspend judgment and judging like crazy, trying to justify and feeling no need to justify. . . . All these feelings rush at me at once. Meanwhile, she is gently nibbling my clitoris with her perfect, capped

teeth, sliding one manicured finger in and out of my cunt and stroking my nipples with her other hand, on whose fourth finger she wears a seal ring with her family crest. "Rush-Poland" meets the D.A.R.! Brownsville meets Lake Shore Drive! Central Park West meets Beckman Place!

I shut my eyes and try to feel nothing but sensation, wine blurriness and the concentric rings of pleasure in my cunt—but inevitably, there is something more. She is probing the center of my Jewishness; I am being raped by old money. That slim finger sliding in and out of my wet, warm cunt belongs to a Mayflower descendant! That cool mouth eating my Jewish pussy is the mouth of the WASP Midwest, the mouth that made America great, the mouth that ate up the goodies of America and itself remained thin, the mouth that roared! But the roar is coming from me. I am moaning, crooning, oohing my pleasure. The mouth of the American Jewish Bard singing the passions of WASP America! What Sam Goldwyn did on celluloid, what

Saul Bellow does in ten-point type—I am doing here in bed with Rosanna (or so I rationalize at the time).

It was fun. She adored me, was an expert cunt-eater and had lots of class. It was also very high-toned. It seemed less sexual, somehow, than cultural. Vita Sackville-West was big that year—and Rosanna wanted to be a contemporary Vita. It almost seemed she should be brought a silver finger bowl (with rose petals floating in it) after touching my cunt. And Irish-linen napkins to wipe her fingers with. And after that, some scrumptious dessert.

But then I had to reciprocate. Or, anyway, I *felt* I had to. That was more of a problem.

Oh, let me be some ancient epic poet (or some 18th Century Mock Epick one) and invoke the Muses of Bilitis (Vita, Virginia, Gertrude, Alice, Sidonie-Gabrielle, Missy—even our contemporary Kate, Robin and Jill) before embarking on this one! God help me, I am about to tell about my first impressions of cunt-eating and risk the wrath (wrisk the rath?) of mine sisters: Gentle reader, it did not taste good.

Art and politics, politics and art. Strange bedfellows. Stranger still than Rosanna Howard and me. Can any feminist dare tell the truth about cunt-eating in this day and age? Do I dare, knowing I will be attacked from both sides—attacked by the gents for being too ballsy, attacked by the ladies for being not ballsy enough?

I *tried*. I put my best tongue forward and took the plunge. *You'll get used to the smell*, I told myself. I said to myself: *Self, you smell the same*, but it was not much use. Rosanna took forever to come, and my nose felt like it had spent its entire life in there. I was nibbling her clit as she had done for me, sliding two fingers in and out, trying not to think of the smell, the hairs getting stuck between my teeth and the fact that my wrist was getting tired from moving back and forth, forth and back. How long had it been? An hour? Two? I began to sympathize with Bennett's not wanting to go down on me: I began to understand what it meant to be a man, fumbling around—is *this* the right place or is *that*?—getting no guidance from one's subject (who is too polite and ladylike to tell) and wondering, wondering if she is going to come now, or now, or *now*—or *has* she already, or *will* she next summer, or *what*? Help! I need some guidance. This is uncharted territory. If I keep sliding these two fingers in and out, and revolving my tongue on her clit, and nibbling with my teeth, will she eventually come? Will she come by 1984? Will she *tell* me when she does? Do WASPs moan? I know that Chinamen *don't*—but do WASPs? Goddamn my cosmopolitan family (who would never dream of telling me to stick with



"I am a wisewoman."



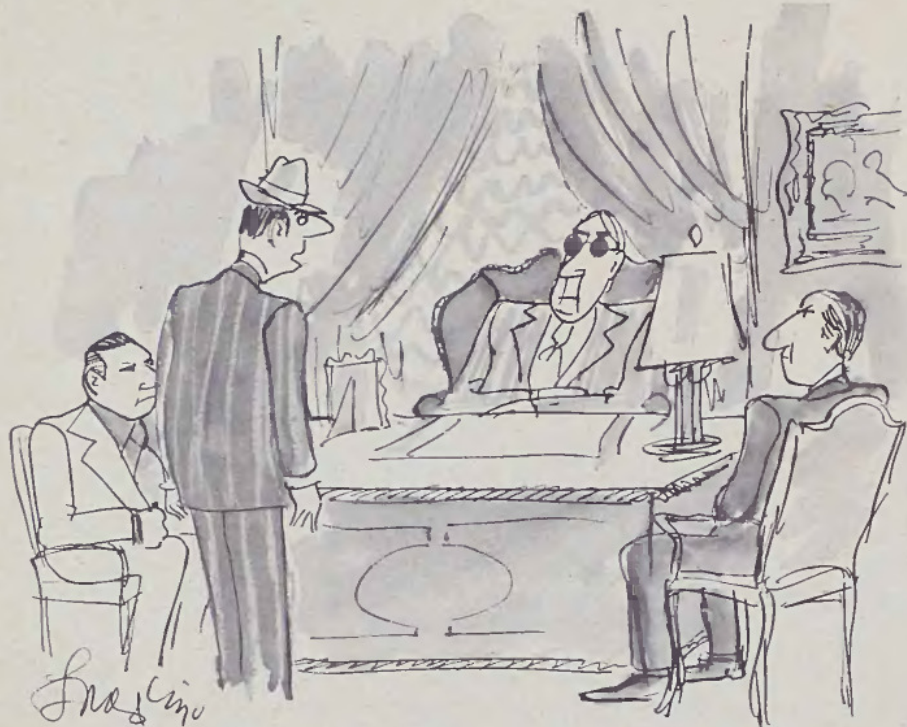
**I tried the new
cigarettes. Then I went
back to enjoyment.**

They sounded good, but none of
them gave me the enjoyment Salem does.
Smooth taste that comes through the cool
menthol. You can't find that anyplace else.

Salem King.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.



"Rocco couldn't make it, boss. He's taking est this weekend."

my own kind). Why didn't they warn me? Why didn't my mother ever say, "WASPs don't moan in bed"? Therefore, it is impossible to tell *when* they reach orgasm. Or if they do.

Ah. A shudder shakes her pelvis. She is moving toward my mouth rhythmically, faster and faster. It's going to be all right! She's going to come! Whoopee! I won't seem like a pig seeking only my own pleasure! I won't be a female chauvinist pig!

False alarm. The pelvis has stopped, the shudder has stopped, my heart is about to stop.

"Rosanna?" I ask weakly. "Was that OK? Did you come?"

"It's OK," she says, "I don't mind."

"Did you lose it, did you miss coming?"

"It's all right, dear heart, really."

"You didn't," I say, my heart sinking, my wrist aching, my mouth full of hairs. After all that, no orgasm. I feel like a boob, an inept lover, a befuddled man in bed with a frigid woman. For the first time in my life, I can identify with the athletic, exhausted hero of *The Time of Her Time*. Oh, dear. I really am in a bad way if my very first lesbian experience makes me think of Norman Mailer!

"I don't mind," she says, smiling down at me. "I really appreciate your trying."

And then I seem to understand it all, the war between the sexes, "selfish" man and "unselfish" woman, the role playing, the pillow diplomacy, the mattress *meshugas* that has reverberated down through the centuries to the detriment of us all. Man or woman, vibrator or shower

spray. I come in three minutes flat. If I don't, I am angry, resentful, snarling, biting, mean. None of that "I don't mind" stuff for me; my feelings are right there up front. My cunt growls, howls, bays at the moon.

But Rosanna "didn't mind," she said. And after that, making her come was my personal challenge. I was going to find a way to make her come. If I had to become the Rube Goldberg of dildos, the Thomas Alva Edison of vibrators, the Luther Burbank of elongated fruit—I was going to make that WASP cunt come!

The Corniche took me home. I was not yet sufficiently daring to spend the whole night there with Rosanna. Back home to my husband—whom I hated but with whom the fucking became ever more exciting as I interposed between our rigid bodies my anger at him—and now my lover Rosanna.

I was back at her house first thing in the morning, with my book bag, my manuscripts, my toothbrush. Not that I ever stayed away all night—but I pretty much lived there on and off for the next couple of months. Rosanna tried to persuade me to go away with her. She had a vacation house in Aspen that she wanted me to share with her that summer. But I was torn. I was still, in my half-assed way, trying to sort things out with Bennett—and, besides, I wasn't so sure I wanted to be alone with Rosanna for a whole month. Bennett would have "let" me go—in his usual resentful, guilt-inflicting way—but did I really want to? It seemed to suit my purpose better to

divide myself between Bennett and Rosanna. Days with her, nights with him. Writing in her apartment, drinking red wine, retiring to the white-wicker bed (so she could go down on me tenderly—and I could go down on her desperately). Later we'd drive around the city in the Rolls with the top down, enjoying the impression we made, in our identical rock-star jeans suits, mutual scent of musk oil, conversations about Roethke, Virginia Woolf, Neruda. I helped her revise her poems and she comforted me about my fits of jealous rage. We were good for and to each other. There was real friendship there—or at least the stirrings of it.

But bed was the problem. I pounded away with dildos, Coke bottles, green-plastic vibrators from Japan. A big one in the cunt and a little one in the ass. All the colors of the rainbow. I put cucumbers covered with ribbed condoms in her cunt and bananas covered with French ticklers. I bought a shower spray that vibrated and we took long baths together. It was never any good. She'd always come right to the teetering edge of orgasm and then draw back, shivering, shuddering, weak in the knees. She never blamed me, though. She was much too polite for that. She was always extremely gracious about not coming. And yet, as time went on, I began to believe her cunt was an unconscious anti-Semite.

But I'd never dare say so. There was something about Rosanna that made one tactful, delicate—maybe scared? She seemed to be above anything so base as orgasm. She seemed to be made of pure spirit—like a stock-market rumor.

Then, one day in midsummer, I arrived at her house with a bottle of icy Dom Pérignon (to celebrate her 33rd birthday). We drank the champagne, munched on Jarlsberg Swiss and *pâté de foie Strasbourg truffée*. By the time the tempting dark-green champagne bottle was empty, we were drunk enough to look at its furred lip and have the same thought instantaneously. We went to bed with the bottle, hugged and kissed, sucked each other's nipples and stroked each other's thighs until finally, finally, after a month of bottles, vibrators, fruit and pulsating water, I had the pleasure of seeing Rosanna Howard reach tumultuous orgasm with the bulging green base of a Dom Pérignon bottle protruding from her reluctant cunt.

She thanked me and thanked me. She wept tears of gratitude. The only other time she could come, apparently, was when her husband went down on her during her period. She attributed her miraculous orgasm to my skill. I attributed it to Moët et Chandon of Epernay. Would she have come with Paul Masson or Taylor's New York State?

I think the answer is clear.



The 6½" speaker that makes fire, crime and disaster sound beautiful.



Because the powerful double-range 6½" speaker in the Tech 800 has a double-layer outer cone for bass and mid-range. A mylar inner cone for treble. And sound so big, it's hard to believe it comes from a portable.

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Now also makes London, ships at sea and Smokey the Bear sound good.

Because now that same powerful 6½" double-range speaker is also in the Tech 1000. And the Tech 1000 brings you a whole new world of radio.* Two short wave bands. A marine band. And the most exciting sound in years—citizens band.

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*Broadcasts vary by area. Check with local authorities.

**Tech
series**
Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

MR. DEATH

(continued from page 170)

would kill me and I'd just as soon put a gun to my head and get it over with. When I came out of it a week later, I was pretty wretched, but I was out. And that's when my creative urge came back and I designed a little device that fires a small powder charge and blows out a chemical irritant. At that point in time—where did I hear that phrase before?—there was a wave of rapes; I almost said a rape of waves. That's kind of poetic. Anyway, it started me thinking. There must be a way for a woman to defend herself. And this gadget came into my head. I got someone to promote it and a company called [deleted] was formed.

Q: Meanwhile, were you still in contact with the man from the agency?

A: No; once I left the institute, they called him off. I never saw him again. They were probably just waiting to see what happened. So I guess it was a year later, when this little company was doing well, and then I was contacted by a different guy, who came out to visit me at work.

Q: When someone contacted you, how did you know he was from the CIA?

A: In this case, the guy showed me CIA credentials. An I.D. card. Also, you kind of got to know what they looked like. When this guy came, he looked so weird that my secretary came in and said, "There's a guy out there who must be a cop." And he certainly did look like a cop, square jaw, flinty eyes.

Q: You could spot those guys just by their looks?

A: Well, there were other telltale signs. When he showed up, he was accompanied by a very bad guy who bore a vague resemblance to King Kong. When he sat down, he clanked and I made some comment like, "Whatever it is you've got in that shoulder holster must be something to see." He just kind of smiled and opened his coat and in there was a .44 magnum. I have never seen a man before or since who was large enough to conceal that handgun in a shoulder holster. Anyway, I asked to see it; he unloaded it and handed it to me and there was no serial number on it. It hadn't been removed. There just wasn't any. So he was either president of a firearms company or a CIA operative.

Q: Did you ask him about that?

A: No. He wasn't the type you'd ask that sort of thing. He wasn't exactly talkative. If I remember correctly, he spoke in guttural monosyllables. I don't know what he said, but it didn't matter. When he talked, you listened.

Q: What did your new contact want from you?

A: Well, he looked at our little company

and said, "This is an ideal setup. It's private, it's quiet. You can do a lot of useful things here." I gave him a few gadgets to look at. Later, he came back and said, "There are a lot of things that we want loaded into special shells. Can you do it?" I made shells loaded with poisoned fléchettes, little ballistic darts, phonograph-needle size. I made them loaded with poisoned shot, with incendiaries.

Q: What types of poisons were you using?

A: Most of what I worked with in those cartridges was sodium cyanide and an anticoagulant. I remember I dipped the fléchettes and dried them. There were a couple of exotic cartridges that converted [deleted] into a hand grenade. Some were loaded with HE [high explosives] and shot to get a frag effect. I developed a small land mine—I guess you'd have to call it that—that you could slip under a rug.

Q: What could something like that be used for?

A: Who knows? Liven up going-away parties. As I said, I really have no direct knowledge of what happened with any of those devices.

Q: What other projects were you working on at [deleted]?

A: Sometime in 1962, I invented the miniature distress signal. I had also screwed around with soft plastic-cased grenades. [Deleted] was doing a lot of riot-control work. I started screwing around with those to see what I could come up with for the CIA. And I loaded some special ones. They were mostly concussion grenades, designed to produce horrendous blast effects. It was like a giant firecracker initiated by a regular grenade fuse. I did this type of work until I was able to form my own company to do industrial research. That company staggered along and I had no CIA contact whatsoever. I was going broke. And I finally got a lovely order for some pyrotechnic devices from the [deleted] government that we couldn't fill. I had invented the device, I knew how to set up production, but I didn't have enough money to start. So I picked up the phone one day and called a large firearms manufacturer and they bought us out and hired me. I got my very own laboratory and a nice comfortable salary. I was running the whole show, basically. What I really wanted was to get into the commercial end of this business. The military-ordnance business was going to hell rapidly. Vietnam was going to end and there we would be, selling military equipment. Unfortunately, I was very quickly pressured into getting into military research and development.

Q: What form did this pressure take?

A: Oh, it was very indirect. Like, "Get us into military R and D or hit the street." I was told that by the officials of the company. They were manufacturing [deleted] for the Army with a great deal of success and wanted more contracts. So I obliged them and started work on an improvised-munitions program, which was funded by the [deleted] Arsenal. I wrote a couple of proposals. Again, one of those hypothetical situations: The Special Forces are dropped behind enemy lines with access to virtually nothing in the way of sophisticated materials. And I sold a program of improvising things, literally out of nothing. For example, you can make white phosphorus from sulphuric acid, bones and charcoal. It's a pain in the ass, but you can get a nasty incendiary weapon out of it. Thermite presents two problems, getting granulated black-iron oxide and getting granulated aluminum. The iron oxide is easy to make by burning steel wool. You can make 40-to-100-mesh consistent granular aluminum by melting scrap aluminum in a shallow iron pan and stirring it as it cools. Without going into any of the exotic demolition stuff, those were the types of problems I was solving.

Q: Now, meanwhile, what was going on with the agency?

A: Nothing. I had no contact. This work was for the military, the official, above-board work of the firearms manufacturer. So we generated our first report on improvising munitions and, I must openly say, it was a damn good piece of work. Because, literally, we showed a guy with an I.Q. on the order of a 12-year-old's how to make black powder, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, nitroglycerin, detonators by starting with nothing and winding up with some pretty sophisticated sabotage and demolition stuff.

Q: You haven't mentioned anything about your educational background. How did you acquire the know-how to write such a report?

A: I have no formal education. As a kid, I was interested in fireworks, explosives, firearms and generally weird things. When I was 14, I was apprenticed to an old Italian fireworks designer. I would work for him after school and on weekends. He used to eat garlic and sardine sandwiches and I'd kid him that sooner or later he'd breathe on some fireworks and blow himself up, which I suppose he did, because one day it was snowing hard and I couldn't get out to the shack where he worked. And the next day I found out that something had gone wrong and his business had spread laterally and him with it.

Q: Are you essentially self-taught, then?

A: More or less. When I was 17 or



thereabouts, I was friends with a classmate who was a genius with firearms. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of guns, especially Nazi weaponry. He was a complete fascist. And one calm day, he announced that he was doing work for the CIA, which, of course, I didn't believe. Finally, he offered to give me guns that I wanted in exchange for work. He, incidentally, was the guy who took me to Caracas. Q: Are you saying that the CIA recruited you when you were 17 years old?

A: Around that time. I was in high school.

Q: Is that common practice?

A: I have no idea. [Deleted] was working for them even before that. It's not so young if you consider that a lot of kids 17 years old fought in Vietnam and World War Two. People always think of spooks as 40-year-old seasoned James Bond types. Hey, that kid riding by on the bicycle may be carrying an automatic pistol in his belt—with national security as his excuse. At any rate, [deleted] used to take me to these Sunday-school indoctrination sessions. There was a church we used as a front and we'd go there and get basic indoctrination, ideology, instruction in firearms, explosives, and so on.

Q: From whom?

A: I don't know who they were, but they were certainly well prepared with slides, charts, literature, and so on.

Q: What kind of work did the CIA have you doing when you were that young?

A: Mostly building silencers. [Deleted] would come to me and say they needed one for such and such a gun and I'd fabricate it. They were all made to be easily disassembled, both so they could be thrown out easily after use and so that you could carry them in your luggage on a plane and not arouse suspicion if someone looked in. A Maxim-type silencer is simply a series of baffles, like an automobile muffler. Little metal washers stacked on each other with holes for the bullet to go through. Once, I made one where the parts were strung on a piece of jewelry chain so it looked like some kind of modernistic jewelry. It was actually rather attractive. Another one I made from Japanese coins, some of which are manufactured with holes already in them. Other than that, most of what I did during high school was brain-storm with [deleted], who would record the sessions with a wire recorder.

Q: And from high school you went to the [deleted] Institute?

A: Yes, shortly after getting thrown out of high school for continuing to blow things up and that sort of nonsense. I went first to the institute, then to the company that did riot control, then to my own firm and, finally, to the firearms manufacturer.

Q: But at the time you moved to the fire-

arms company, you said there was no CIA contact.

A: Not at first. But apparently that report got some wide circulation, because the next thing I knew, I got a call from someone at work who said, "There will be another agency contact." And a group of five guys came down and we talked. They did not identify themselves, but I knew from what was said that they were CIA men. At any rate, they were mostly touching base. "What are you doing?" "Where are you?" An establishment of a new kind of link. More official, really. Somewhere in there, a general manager was brought in over me at my request. I couldn't handle the whole operation. I just wanted to do the research. They brought in [deleted], who became my liaison to the Central Intelligence Agency. I was clearly instructed that absolutely no one else was to be aware of this sort of work. The very first CIA task was a rather sizable one. And that was the development of a handbook, which I dubbed *The Devil's Diary*. It was an offshoot of the improvised-weapons thing, but instead of being oriented toward explosives and munitions synthesis, it was specifically aimed at chemical and biological weapons and systems. It was to be written for anyone with no more than a high school chemistry background. I will tell you right now that I was not very much in favor of that whole idea. I began to realize that that was really dangerous information to assemble all in one place. That is something that, if it ever got out anywhere, would give somebody the ability to take over or even destroy large cities with very little investment in time or money. But I got the word. "Write it. One copy. No carbons." So what I did was survey the plant poisons. There are so many plant poisons that it bends your mind. Common things you can walk out and find right now in your back yard can, if treated properly, yield very deadly poisons that are not easily detectable. I think I included about 40 plants and instructions on how to use them. The agency was very pleased with it. I went on from there to biological systems. I came up with a number of agents that could be made without too much grief. There are a fair number of those. You do need certain safety precautions or you're going to wipe yourself out. It's pretty dangerous.

Q: Are you referring to things such as anthrax, botulism?

A: One of the most toxic materials known to man is botulism toxin. The lethal dose is on the order of a 25th of a microgram. There is a very slim chance of recovery. The so-called R strain developed by the agency is even more potent than the garden variety. So,

in *The Devil's Diary*, I told a guy how to breed botulin, identify it, keep it under vacuum. You could literally set that up in your own kitchen and then extract the lethal agent in a form you could disperse. You need a little more sophisticated equipment for things like botulin, but there is easy access to [deleted]. You can find [deleted] in the soil. Or pneumonic plague, the air-borne form of bubonic plague. As history has shown, it can get out of control very quickly. At any rate, I wrote all this up and sent it in and apparently they were happy, and then they said, "Now you can do the chemical section and systems." And that's when I did some work using extremely simple materials to deliver those agents. You know, sprinkle this on a car engine block, throw that in ventilating ducts. One system I gave them is so simple, using a material you can get in any hardware store, that you can't even print it, because you'd have kooks tossing it all over the place every time they got pissed at someone. Spritz it around and no one can enter the area. Put some of that mixed with [deleted] extract, for example, in jars and drop them off tall buildings or out of a plane and you could deny admittance to the island of Manhattan in a matter of hours. That stuff is unbelievable. Just unbelievable. A canister of it chucked into the subway system and you've messed up tens—perhaps hundreds—of thousands of people. Incidentally, in the *Diary* is an extremely simple method of synthesizing a rather potent nerve gas from a material that is easily available on your grocer's shelf right now. It requires no time or effort, really.

Q: Do you want to go into that?

A: No, I don't even want to mention it. I don't even want you to know what it is. Right now, you can walk in and buy enough of it to do all kinds of ferocious damage. It's not as toxic as VX or some of those things, but damn close to it.

Q: What's VX?

A: The most potent nerve gas they had at the time I was working for the CIA.

Q: How long would it take to synthesize your grocery-store nerve gas?

A: Two hours for enough to do a large building, like a high-rise. Low dosage, inhalation or skin contact, either one. So that also was a very pleasing thing for them. There is also a form of heavy metal—I'd rather not say which one—that's readily available. It has a natural tissue-penetrating property. Put a drop in someone's shoe and he'll absorb it in time. Then he has heavy-metal poisoning, which is frequently fatal. Where did he get it? They'd never know. Similar in potential were some very peculiar plant poisons that are little-known, although

the literature's there. These are all things that are buried in the avalanche of scientific paper. For example, there is a substance that can be extracted from a plant that grows in the Southwest. It's a neurotoxin, orally administered, but it has this remarkable six-month delay before any symptoms show up at all. By that time, it's irreversible. You deteriorate steadily. Like muscular dystrophy. A tribe of Indians used it long ago.

Q: Would they ever be able to figure out what had killed the person?

A: It's very unlikely.

Q: Do you have any idea what they wanted that document for?

A: Well, there was one peculiar thing about *The Devil's Diary* and that was that I was specifically instructed to orient it toward domestically available materials and plants that grow in the U.S. and materials that are sold in the U.S. What that means, I don't know, but it makes you wonder.

Q: And how much did you get for *The Devil's Diary*?

A: I was not paid directly by the CIA at that time. The firearms manufacturer was being paid. I would cost out the project, report the price to my supervisor and he would take care of any administrative details. I have no idea where the money went, who knew about it or what they did with it. I believe I told [deleted] the CIA should pay about \$20,000 for *The Devil's Diary*.

Q: It was just understood that you would do work for the CIA as part of your job?

A: Right. I had a pretty decent salary. I was happy with it. I had a lot of fringe benefits. Like a big car with a telephone and a modified, built-in console that concealed a revolver. Very nice car. Also, a sawed-off shotgun, a Mafia special, overall length 18 inches, clipped under the dash.

Q: What was the next request from the CIA?

A: I had idly mentioned developing a special .22 rim-fire cartridge. The agency got very interested and said, "Could you develop one that would radically increase lethality?" Incidentally, by that time, [deleted] had left the company.

Q: Who became your contact?

A: Just some character from the agency itself. At any rate, the special .22 was a subminiature, delay-fused bomb. A miniature, metal-cased cherry bomb, if you want to boil it down that simply. The fuse was a pressed column of barium chromate and boron, topped with an ignition material. The casings were machined out of [deleted]. The first batch I fired myself with a Sionic silencer and a High Standard pistol. My contact man took a 2000-page phone book out to the back foyer and I fired one into that from about 15 feet. And that mother

blew a hole in the book you could damn near put your fist through. It didn't make much noise, a kind of odd thump, and then the paper just flew. The bullets were loaded subsonic to make them quieter. "Christ, that's amazing," he said. Then he wanted to know if it would penetrate a military overcoat or a Russian greatcoat and still do the damage, because the bullet was so underpowered, anyway.

Q: Can you explain that? The bullet was underpowered; yet it did so much damage.

A: I mean the charge that propelled it through the air was small to keep the bullet from breaking the sound barrier, which is noisy. But the little firecracker charge, when it blew inside something, had two effects. It released all the bullet's energy at once, unlike conventional bullets, which gradually slow as they enter something. And it—well, it blew up inside the target. At any rate, I had to test them for human targets by using these coats. So I asked my contact to get me the coats and let me know what he wanted me to put inside them for testing. He told me to start out with watermelons. And I said, "Do you want these watermelons to be formally dressed?" Nothing. No feedback whatsoever. He said, "No, that will not be necessary," and left.

Q: A watermelon was used to test mercury bullets in the movie *Day of the Jackal*. Is that accurate?

A: It gives you an idea of what hydrostatic shock is like. In the movie, the watermelon exploded. That's accurate, more or less. But watermelons are not really good targets for simulating human tissue. So we ran tests with four sheep wearing Russian greatcoats, believe it or not. Nobody at work knew about it. It was Thanksgiving weekend. The CIA brought the sheep and the greatcoats and we took them out onto the testing fields and zapped them. There were two guys, my contact and another man, who was a witness. He had a Bolex movie camera and a 35mm camera. We used a High Standard with a Sionic silencer, a Walther that was fitted with a Sionic and a Venus submachine gun, which is a little-known, multibarreled weapon that shoots a zillion rounds a second, with tandem mounted clips, .22 Long Rifle rim-fire cartridges.

Q: What's the actual cyclic rate of the Venus?

A: It's some unbelievable number. I'd be guessing. Each clip held 50 rounds and I think it emptied those clips in 1.2 seconds. What's that, 5000 rounds per minute? That's the number that sticks with me, but I don't really remember.

Q: Was that weapon classified?

A: People knew that it was around, but everybody said, "What the hell would you use it for?" You could almost sling it

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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
SHULTON

in a shoulder holster. The one that I saw was maybe 15 inches overall. You could really lay down an unbelievable amount of high-speed lead in a very short time.

Q: Who put the coats on the sheep?

A: I did. Did you ever have to put an overcoat on a sheep? I guess not. I put its legs through the armholes. Well, that was the first one and I couldn't help thinking how ridiculous it all was. Me, the sheep rustler, dressing the sheep in Russian greatcoats before assassinating them. We shot that one in the chest cavity and, of course, that instantly killed it. The second one was shot in the right front leg. And, much to everybody's surprise, including mine, it was also instantly fatal. It was rather devastating. It dropped with only three legs. It blew the leg off, very definitely. But it did kill it instantly; I mean dead, not just wounded. Which is a rather dramatic test. Two shots and two rather startling effects. And there were four sheep. Anyway, they loaded the Venus. It had tandem silencers, which made the damndest noise, like the world's record fart. It was such a weird sound, you would never identify it as gunfire. And when they fired it, the sheep turned to instant suet and it was a horrendous-looking mess. It was just unbelievable. A hundred rounds in 1.2 seconds. The sheep were literally blown over the whole damn place. That was two sheep unintentionally. Because the first one went down so fast and the clips emptied so fast that the bullets passed over the first and hit the other one.

Q: Was the CIA satisfied?

A: Totally, yes. They ordered 5000 rounds of that model. So I made those. Then they came back and said, "Look, what else can you do with this thing? Can you improve lethality?" I said, "How much more lethal do you need the mother, for Christ's sake?" They said, "Well, we want something that isn't quite as dramatic. Blowing a fist-size hole in somebody's chest cavity on an airplane is a little obvious." And I said, "Well, you've got a point there; it is a little messy." So I loaded some that had extremely small charges, very quiet, low velocity, so that when the bullet penetrated, it would kind of pop an end off and inject whatever you wanted. Some of them were loaded with lyophilized cobra venom. There was also tiger-snake venom, nasty stuff, another neurotoxin. I didn't understand why the hell they wanted a poisoned one, anyway. I got the feeling I was dealing with James Bond types just looking for more gadgets. They liked that a lot, a very handy device.

Q: That's a pretty sophisticated weapon, though. Were there others that were more subtle?

A: Yes. It was, again, hypothetical: What

do you do if you're stuck in a place and you're surrounded by hostile, sex-crazed, Albanian dwarfs or savage cabbage butterflies? It was a brain-storm session. I had said, "Flame weapons are mighty damned effective psychologically. There must be a way to make a pocket-size one." That was very intriguing to them. But the conventional systems we had required a lot of mechanical junk. Anyway, what I came up with was a very, very simple system, which I'd rather not describe, because I don't want to take responsibility for the next skyjacking. It was about the size of a battery-operated vibrator. When you pulled the trigger, you got a jet of flame that was respectable, let's put it that way. And I say jet because it made a roar and covered an area of 20 feet. It would burn you badly if you were standing in front of it, but, as I said, it made a lot of noise and was psychologically devastating. The thing that they really dug about it was that you could disassemble it quickly, throw it into your luggage and carry it anywhere. To the authorities, it was nothing. A couple of hunks of metal you could say were part of the support for your jockstrap. They'd never suspect that it was a firearm of the first order.

Q: That must be taking us close to the end of that type of work for you.

A: Yes. There was one last major job that was a very rush program for a barometrically operated bomb that released cyanide gas, rather than exploding. It was to be very small, "as small as practical to wipe out a commercial-size airliner"—that's a quote from my contact. The emphasis was that it be something they wouldn't discover after the plane crashed. So I built one into a domestically available aerosol deodorant can, with a barometric switch, two batteries, a miniature blasting cap that shattered an ampule of [deleted] in a casing of [deleted]. I delivered two of those and they had asked specifically that the deodorant cans be from domestic sources. They were set to go off at 5000 feet and I have no idea what they did with them.

Q: You say that was your last job. What made you decide to stop working for the agency?

A: I have not touched on the fact that things were changing with me psychologically. The real change was initiated when I started with the firearms company. First of all, I had met and fallen in love with [deleted], my lab assistant, and we got married. And I really didn't want to make any more weapons. Although I was originally enchanted by the James Bond *macho* trip, it had worn out and I was much more interested in living than I was in building things to kill people, including myself. I don't believe

I mentioned, either, that I have very nearly blown myself away a few times.

Q: Did you ever find yourself getting paranoid, thinking that maybe it wasn't an accident?

A: Of course, but you have to watch yourself or you'll go crazy. The one time I was really suspicious was when I developed a miniature white-phosphorus grenade. It was loaded with powdered aluminum to give the fireball a better spread. Nifty little thing. Anyway, I ordered some six-second grenade fuses. A case came over labeled as if it contained six-second fuses. I screwed one in, pulled the pin and—whamo!—it was a one-quarter-second fuse and it blew me away. I was in the hospital for a very long time. The thing that saved my life was the fact that because it was experimental, I had put too much aluminum in the mixture, which made the white phosphorus disappear and not stick to me.

Q: Then you think someone was trying to tell you something?

A: No, not really. But it has made me wonder. Anyway, I had begun to resist fiercely any of the military R and D the firearms people wanted. But I couldn't talk that kind of sense to them.

Q: What was their response?

A: There was all kinds of chickenshit pressure.

Q: Was that pressure from the firearms company or the CIA?

A: The CIA had said nothing at that point. But in the firearms company, some of the key people from the main office were absolute wretches. Anyway, I had been worn down physically and emotionally to the point where something had to give, and that's when I had a heart attack. Then they tooted me off to the hospital and plugged me into the EKG and a few other things and said, "Man, it is an acute myocardial infarction." I was not very old, and there I was, wondering when the next blip was going to come. The chest pain was terrible, like somebody stabbing me with an ice pick. It's steady, relentless.

Q: When you recovered, did you return to work?

A: Correct. I hung around, but a year later almost to the day, I had a second heart attack. I had started an exercise program and used to jog every morning, which, quite frankly, was overkill. One morning, it was just too much, and zap. Three months later, I went back to work but with the express purpose of quitting. I had been out of work for so long they were just glad to see me leave. I think it was no more than a few days after I had officially separated that there was a phone call at home and I met one of the CIA contacts. And he was just supposedly inquiring about my health. But he was also obviously inquiring about my social

life. You know, very oblique, casual references, but it was unusual. "How are things going at home?" I mean, that question was never asked. There was some vague probe: Had I made new friends? Meaning new radical friends. I'm pretty sure that I made some kind of sarcastic remark, "Yes, and they're all Weathermen." It was obvious to me that he was concerned. So I said, "Look, I've had two heart attacks. That's enough, and I'm kind of revising my whole lifestyle." I just didn't want to do any more weapons work. From the change of expression, it was apparent that he wasn't very happy with that statement. That's when questions started to come up about political feelings, which they would never have discussed before. They were paranoid: If you ain't with us, you're against us. And he did ask me if I had kept a copy of the *Diary*, which was reasonably indicative of what he was thinking. I told him, "No, and I'm not involved with anybody and don't intend to be." My wife and I managed to coast for a while and I got involved in all kinds of endeavors, consulting work, and so on. We made ends meet.

Q: Did they leave you alone then?

A: Not by any means. I know that I was followed. There was always a pickup car as I turned out of our street, no matter what time of day I left. There was one guy I began to recognize, who looked like Slim Pickens. The phones were also tapped. I would call somebody: "Fred, I'll be leaving at such and such a time" and, sure enough, there would be a pickup car out on my route. I started addressing friends as "Comrades" and other sophomoric things, just to relieve the tension. Well, then I started bumping into CIA guys in very peculiar places, like little restaurants that nobody ever went to. It was deliberate, to let me know they were watching. They were so obvious. Clever little oblique questions like, "Hey, did you ever walk off with any machine guns before you quit?" I think that I probably aggravated the situation by responding with what I considered to be humor. Statements like, "No, I'm too busy preparing botulism R strain for radicals," or some other nasty thing.

Q: What was the last meeting?

A: The last confrontation that I had was when my wife noticed she was being followed. That was the first time she realized that somebody was behind her all the time and it frightened her. That did it. I made a phone call and set up a meeting with two CIA types at the [deleted], a pleasant, quiet restaurant. I walked in and sat down. They ordered drinks and asked if I wanted one. I said, "No, thank you, I just came here to make a statement, which is this: Very

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briefly—if you continue to fuck with my life, if you continue to keep me under surveillance and act as if I'm involved in some kind of political bullshit, particularly now that you've involved my family in it, I'm telling you right here and now that I will detonate a canister of VX in the central-air-conditioning system in Langley," I said. "If anything unusual happens to me or my family, I have arranged to do this and it will be done." And I got up and I walked out.

Q: Were you bluffing?

A: No, I was not. I worked with biochemical warfare long enough to be able to make that threat very real. They were well aware of what I had done for them, so they knew damn well what I could do to them. So at this point, it's kind of a Mexican standoff, if you will.

Q: Are they still after you in some way?

A: My impression is that they've dropped it, at least from within the CIA. I don't think they've completely given it up in other ways.

Q: What are your plans, now that you're out of weapons design?

A: I've started working on designing toys. I have patents and some backers and hope to be bringing out some toys soon, with any luck.

Q: Doesn't that strike you as odd, working for so long designing assassination devices and then switching to making toys?

A: All my life, I've liked to fool with things. I'm just doing it now in a way that will entertain people instead of kill them.

While this interview was being prepared, the subject died. Cause of death was shown by autopsy to be a heart attack.



Hande Kizilirmak

"Here in Beverly Hills, we've got more celebrities than we actually need. We felt the decent thing would be to bus a few of them to the more deprived areas of Los Angeles."

GREAT COMEBACK LINES

(continued from page 108)

even make a bet that she doesn't even know how many toes a pig has."

"Oh, yes, I do," Lady Astor replied. "Take off your little shoosies and have a look."

Impresario Sarah Caldwell was waiting in the lounge of a photographer's studio one afternoon when feminist Gloria Steinem entered. "Where's the john?" Ms. Steinem inquired.

"When," answered Ms. Caldwell, "are you going to start calling it the mary?"

Heywood Broun despised ghostwritten political speeches. He once attended a press function featuring President Harding as the keynote speaker. Harding delivered a speech that was so out of character that, once the applause had died down, Broun leaped to his feet, shouting, "Author! Author!"

A lady once collided with Dorothy Parker in the doorway of "21." She gallantly stepped back and motioned for Miss Parker to exit first, saying, "Age before beauty."

To which Miss Parker exited saying, "Pearls before swine."

Marc Connelly, the screenwriter and Algonquin veteran, was sitting at the renowned round table one afternoon when a man walked by and ran his hand over Connelly's bald head.

"That feels as smooth as my wife's ass," the man said.

"Yes," said Connelly, "it does."

Professor Robert Tyrrell of Trinity College in Dublin (he taught Oscar Wilde), while holding forth one day, was interrupted by a rude fellow who, in the midst of a sentence, asked, "Where's the lavatory?"

To which Tyrrell replied, "First door on the right marked GENTLEMEN, but don't let that deter you."

George S. Kaufman was an avid bridge player. One afternoon, following a particularly devastating defeat, his partner got up and announced that he was going to the bathroom.

"Fine," quipped Kaufman. "This will be the first time this afternoon I'll know what you have in your hand."

Jean Harlow had a habit of pronouncing Noel Coward's first name Noel, with the accent on the second syllable. When Coward could stand it no longer, he said to her, "Miss Harlow, the E in Noel is as silent as the T in Harlow."



NATURAL LEIGH

(continued from page 85)

more urban setting of Hollywood, where she has become a successful model and budding actress. She has landed the title role in Hammer Films' *Vampirella*, a movie about a girl whose spaceship drops her to Earth in the form of a bat (all bats should transmogrify into Barbara Leighs). While she was waiting out the final casting, she kept busy writing her own screenplay called *Dracula*, a variation of the Transylvania legend.

"I've always been fascinated with vampires," says Barbara, who saw her first *Dracula* movie when she was 12. "I used to sleep with a cross around my neck or a Bible on my bed. But there was something very sexy about *Dracula*—the way he hypnotized his women."

For Barbara, posing nude is a creative art. "The naked body is like beautiful sculpture," she says. "You look at the great art of the past, the old churches and temples, they depicted nude women."

Nude sculpting obviously comes easily to Miss Leigh, an advanced hatha-yoga student: "I'm double-jointed. I can do anything with my body." Indeed. She recently posed in 45 yoga positions for a brochure on the subject.

It is not by tooting around Beverly Hills (she lives in next-door Westwood) in her Mercedes 250 that Barbara maintains her figure. Instead, she bikes 11 to 15 miles a day, plying the route from Santa Monica to Marina del Rey and back so swiftly that "most guys who try to talk to me give up after a while because they have to pedal so hard." Bike freak Barbara admits that "I'm obsessed with riding. Nothing feels better than the wind in my face and all my muscles pulling." Hmmm, yes.

After several years on the Hollywood-starlet scene, Barbara has settled down to serious work on her career. "If people think you're just a jet setter, they don't take your work seriously," she says. She rejects the fake chic of some aspects of life in Southern California.

"I don't admire the phony kind of image-playing pseudo masculinity that seems to abound in Hollywood. Most men out here fear women and try to neutralize them by sexually dominating them—or try to turn them into their mothers. Sometimes they try to do both. I really adore men. But I'm strictly one on one. My attention can't be divided. I like a quiet man who likes to share things. I love sex, but I don't want to spend all my life in bed. This is a very sexual town and that's all a lot of men think about. I'm really very modest. But if I respect a man, a lot of my inhibitions come down. I always used to look for a man as the answer to all problems. Now I think I have a lot to give."



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morning glories? (continued from page 188)

Invert glass and swirl in sugar to coat. Tap off excess. Twist lemon and orange peels over glass and drop in. Add 1 teaspoon sugar and cinnamon and set teaspoon in glass. Warm brandy in ladle or small measuring cup. Ignite and pour into glass, flaming. Add coffee; stir. Taste for sugar.

NEW YEAR'S FROST

1 1/4 ozs. añejo rum
1/4 oz. chocolate-mint liqueur
4 ozs. cold strong coffee
1 teaspoon orgeat syrup
Mint sprig
Pour all ingredients over ice in burgundy balloon glass. Stir. Garnish with mint sprig.

KENTUCKY TODDY

1 1/2 ozs. bourbon
1 to 2 teaspoons sugar, or to taste
Hot strong coffee
1 piece stick cinnamon
2 drops vanilla extract
1 teaspoon butter
To hot mug, add bourbon, sugar, coffee, cinnamon and vanilla. Stir. Taste for sugar. Top with butter and serve.

CAFE CHARENTAIS

2 or 3 cardamom pods
2 teaspoons cognac
Sugar to taste
Hot strong coffee
Milk or cream
Split cardamom pods and empty seeds

into cup. Bruise seeds by pressing with back of spoon. Add other ingredients; stir.

This is a house specialty at The Proud Bird Restaurant in Los Angeles.

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1 1/2 ozs. California brandy
1/2 oz. triple sec
Hot strong coffee
Sugar to taste
Whipped cream
Finely ground coffee
Pour brandy, triple sec and coffee into preheated mug or large cup. Add sugar; stir. Top with good dollop whipped cream and sprinkle with ground coffee.

ASBACH COFFEE

2 ozs. Asbach Uralt brandy, warmed
Sugar to taste
Hot strong coffee
Whipped cream
Grated unsweetened chocolate
Add warmed brandy and sugar to large cup. Ignite and allow to burn for half minute. Add coffee; stir and taste. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chocolate.

MULBERRY STREET

Strip lemon peel
3 ozs. hot espresso
1 tablespoon Sambuca Romana
Twist lemon peel over demitasse and drop into cup. Add espresso and Sambuca; stir. Taste before adding sugar—the liqueur is quite sweet.

MONTEREY MIST

Strip lemon peel
Strong coffee, frozen into ice cubes
1 oz. crème de cacao
1/2 oz. apricot liqueur
1/2 oz. crème de almond
Twist lemon peel over champagne coupe or large cocktail glass and drop in. Finely crush coffee cubes and pack into prepared glass, mounding top. Combine liqueurs and pour over coffee ice. Plant short straws and serve.

KAISER KAFFEE

1 oz. California brandy
6 ozs. hot strong coffee
1 teaspoon sugar, or to taste
Whipped cream
Grated unsweetened chocolate
Pour brandy and coffee into 8-oz. cup. Add sugar; stir. Add whipped cream and top with chocolate.

The Prophet Mohammed allegedly stated, "After drinking coffee, I can lift 40 men out of the saddle—and teach 40 women the meaning of love." Imagine what he could have done after *spiked* coffee.



"Charlene! You promised to wait until we got slip covers!"



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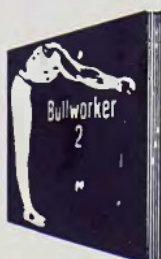
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MENDEL I THOUGHT

(continued from page 139)

poured himself a glassful and quickly gulped it down. His answer to this was:

"I thought it was borsh."

His parents suspected that something was wrong with Mendel's eyes and they took him to an eye doctor, but it turned out that he had exceptionally good vision. His problem was that he never stopped to consider but always acted in great haste. His blunders were often incredibly funny. He wanted to buy rolls and went into a haberdashery. When the haberdasher pointed out his mistake, Mendel said:

"I thought it was a bakery."

His father gave him letters to post, but instead of the mailbox, Mendel threw them into a garbage can. Weeks later, when it came out what he had done, he said:

"I thought it was a mailbox."

On Sabbaths there was no heder, but

every few weeks or so, Mendel would show up there on a Saturday. The heder was connected with the teacher's house. Mendel would knock on the door carrying not only his Pentateuch and prayer book but his notebooks, pens and pencils, too, objects that may not be touched on the Sabbath. His answer was:

"I thought it was Friday" or "I thought it was Monday."

One time he came to heder wearing his sister's red beret. His answer:

"I thought it was my cap."

A day didn't go by in heder that Mendel didn't mistake some other boy's Pentateuch, prayer book, notebook or pen for his own. In winter, he regularly picked up the wrong overcoat, rubbers or gloves. He also mixed up the boys' identities. Mendel had a friend who was as dark as a gypsy and whose name was Velvel, but Mendel often came up to me

and addressed me as if I were Velvel. I was as fair-skinned as Velvel was swarthy. Besides, I had red hair. As if this weren't enough, Velvel was taller and broader than I and I could never understand how Mendel could mistake me for Velvel, but he kept doing this. He would say:

"I thought it was Velvel."

Not only did Mendel commit blunders but he did actual harm to himself. One time his parents took him to a hotel that had a glass door. Mendel went charging into the glass door because he thought there was nothing there, and he bruised his forehead and nose. A few times he had walked into a mirror.

Mendel's parents lived on the third floor, but he would go home from heder and knock on the door of a second-floor apartment. When the woman of the house opened the door, he called her Momma and began telling her all of the day's happenings at the heder with such haste that it took several minutes before she could manage to point out his error. Whereupon he said, "Oh, I thought you were my mother."

It was joked about in the heder that when Mendel grew up and married, he wouldn't recognize his own wife. Others said that he would mistake someone else for himself. In connection with this, our teacher told us the story of the absent-minded professor who came in from the street where it was raining hard. Instead of placing his umbrella by the door in the hallway and going inside to warm up by the stove, the absent-minded professor put the umbrella near the stove and stationed himself by the hallway door. . . .

I met Mendel 30 years later in America. When he told me that he was a physics professor and involved in research calling for the utmost accuracy and precision, I said, "Mendel, I thought you'd grow up a schlemiel."

Mendel smiled, winked and said, "If you think, you fool yourself."

Still, when we went to a café afterward, I observed Mendel pouring salt into his coffee.

I said, "Mendel, that's salt!"

He glanced at me in confusion and said, "I thought it was sugar. . . ."

"Mendel," I went on, "you're wearing one red sock and one black."

"Eh? Yes, you're right. I thought they were a pair."

He grew as if embarrassed before me and asked, "Velvel, do you smoke? Have a European cigarette."

"I'm Isaac, not Velvel," I replied, "and I don't smoke."

"In that case, I'll have one myself," he said.

He took out a cigarette and stuck it in his mouth, but with the tip facing out, and tried to light it with a lighter. The lighter didn't work and he handed it to me to try.



*"But if I love you in December as I loved you in May,
we'll both freeze our tails off."*

I took a whiff and said, "You've filled it with perfume instead of lighter fluid."

"Oh, I thought it was lighter fluid. Maybe you have a match?" he asked.

"Yes, but first reverse your cigarette, so that I can light the tobacco end instead of the tip."

He turned the cigarette around and lit it from my match.

He said, "In the laboratory, I've conducted hundreds of experiments without a single error. I'm considered one of the best researchers in America. Can you understand this? Wait, I'll order more coffee."

He stopped a passing woman and said, "Another coffee and apple cake!"

The woman smiled. "I'm not the waitress."

"Oh, sorry, I thought you were the waitress."

"It doesn't matter."

And she walked toward the exit.

"Mendel, you haven't changed a bit," I observed.

We drank the coffee. When the waitress came with the check, I reached for it, but Mendel snatched it first. He said:

"Velvel, you're my guest. Let me pay."

As we were leaving, I noticed that Mendel was arguing with the cashier. It seemed that instead of the check, he had handed the cashier his visiting card.

When we finally went outside, Mendel stuck his hand into his pocket and suddenly cried, "This isn't my coat!"

I waited outside until he got his coat back. We walked and he complained:

"Velvel, you still haven't answered my question. In my work, I never make a mistake. I discovered an element that exists only for a hundredth of a millionth of a second. To do this, you have to be incredibly precise. Velvel, I beseech you on all that's holy to you to come home with me. I want to introduce you to my wife. I've often spoken of you to her and she has read all your works. It will be a marvelous surprise for her. Taxi!"

Mendel raised his arms and began waving them frantically.

A police car pulled up.

"What is it, sir?" the policeman asked.

"Oh, I thought you were a taxi!"

We laughed and Mendel took my arm.

"You still haven't answered my question. Taxi!"

"Why didn't he stop?" Mendel asked.

"Because he was already carrying three passengers."

"I thought it was empty. Velvel, what's the answer to my question?"

"The answer is that my name is Isaac, not Velvel. Is Velvel a writer, too?" I asked.

"Velvel is a chemist and he lives in London, not here in Washington."

"This is New York, not Washington," I said.



He hasn't even noticed me yet!



"I meant New York. Taxi!"

This time the taxi stopped and we got in.

When the taxi pulled up, Mendel exclaimed, "This isn't my house!"

"That's the address you gave, sir," the driver said, "Two-ten West Sixty-first Street."

"I live on East Sixty-first Street, not West."

"You said West."

"I meant East."

"So we'll go east!"

And the driver headed east.

For a long time, we didn't speak, then Mendel said, "You mustn't think I'm always this absent-minded. But when I saw you, Velvel, I grew completely distracted. Where are my glasses? I don't have my glasses! And where is my fountain pen? Well, it's one of those days. . . .

But it's all been worth it! . . . Where is my briefcase?"

"You didn't have a briefcase with you," I said.

"Eh? Thank God! I thought I had lost my briefcase, too, on top of everything else. Come, my mother is waiting."

"Your mother is alive and here in America?" I asked.

"I meant my wife."

"Mendel, you are absolutely the same!" I exclaimed.

"And so are you, Velvel," he answered. "You haven't changed a bit."

I was soon introduced to Mendel's wife, a charming woman, and the first words she said to him were, "You have forgotten your glasses and fountain pen on your desk."

Mendel shrugged.

"I thought I lost them in the bus."

—Translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer



SEBASTIAN THE CAT

am, I really do want to get better. I just haven't got the strength, Matthew."

"I'll talk to them," I said.

I found one of her doctors in the corridor later that day. I asked him what he'd told her. He said it had been the family's decision—

"I'm the goddamn family, too," I said. "What did you tell her?"

"I was merely trying to reassure her, Mr. Hope."

"About what?"

"I told her she would get well. That if she tried hard enough—"

"That's a lie."

"It was the family's decision—"

"No matter how hard she tries, she's going to die."

"Mr. Hope, really, I feel you should discuss this with your brother-in-law. I was trying to help her maintain her spirit, that's all," the doctor said, and turned on his heel and walked off down the corridor.

My mother-in-law died the following week. She never knew she was dying. I suspected it came as a total surprise to her when she drew her last breath. I kept thinking of her that way, as dying in surprise. I loved her a lot, that woman. I think she was one of the reasons I married Susan.

I sat now beside my daughter and wondered if I could ever tell Aggie how I'd felt about my mother-in-law. Wondered if I could ever tell her about Sebastian's getting hit by an automobile and about this family vigil at this hospital, where another loved one was in peril. Would it mean anything to Aggie? Would the death of Sebastian, whom she had never seen and did not know, mean anything more to her than the death of my mother-in-law? I realized all at once that I was already thinking of Sebastian as dead. I squeezed my daughter's hand. I remembered coming home from Chicago, after we'd buried Susan's mother. Joanna was waiting at the door with her sitter. We had not told her on the telephone that her grandmother was dead. She asked immediately, "How's Grandma?"

"Honey . . ." I said, and did not have to say another word.

Joanna covered her face with her hands and ran to her room in tears.

There was a computerized memory bank we'd shared for the past 13 years, Susan and I. Into it we had programmed a mutual set of experiences that could be recalled at the touch of a button or the flip of a switch. Susan's mother was a part of what we had known together and loved together. I wondered now what would happen when at last I mustered the courage—yes, courage—to tell Susan I wanted a divorce. Would I be able to get past the word honey before she, too, burst into tears? It was funny how the word lingered, how we continued using it

(continued from page 184)

as a term of endearment, even though it had long ago lost any real meaning, at least for me. But it had been fed into the computer—HONEY, Expression of Affection, Susan/Matthew—and there was no changing the data now, except through direct confrontation. *Susan, I want a divorce.* Click, whir, the tapes would spin, the new information would be recorded and replayed. SCRATCH Susan/Wife, SUBSTITUTE Aggie/Wife. But when that happened, would I have to change the memory bank as well? Would I have to pretend I'd never been in that hospital room with my mother-in-law weeping helplessly against her pillows, my hand clutched between her own? Would I have to forget her?

Sitting on that wooden bench, watching the bubbles rise in the fish tank, expecting to hear momentarily that Sebastian was dead, I wondered what my mother-in-law would say if she were still alive and I went to her with news that I was divorcing Susan. I thought perhaps she would listen with the same dignity she might have given news that she was dying. And afterward, she might take my hand between her own two hands, as she'd done that day at the hospital and look directly into my eyes in that level, honest way she had—Jesus, how I'd loved that woman! Susan used to have the same direct way of looking at me. It had vanished somewhere, perhaps to wherever it was that Susan herself had gone.

Her mother would want to know why. She would hold my hands and say, "But, Matthew . . . why?"

And I would say, "Mom, we haven't got along now for the past five years; we thought the move to Florida might help, we thought there was something about Illinois—my job there, the people we knew there—that was causing us to drift apart. But, Mom, we've been living here for three years now and nothing's changed, except that it's getting worse all the time; a day doesn't go by that we aren't fighting. Mom, please understand I wouldn't even dream of something like this if I thought. . . ."

"Mom, I'm not happy."

"I don't love her."

"We're neither of us the same people we married almost fourteen years ago; it seems ridiculous now that we ever thought we'd stay the same. We should have hoped, instead, that the person each of us eventually became would be someone we could still love. I can't love her anymore, Mom. Oh, Jesus, I've tried so hard, I just can't love her anymore. So what can I do, Mom? What can I do but leave her?"

And my mother-in-law, if she were still alive, might say, "Matthew, do what you have to do." Maybe she'd say that. And then maybe she'd ask me if there were another woman; yes, I was certain she'd ask that. And when I told her there

was, she might want to know about her, might ask . . . no, I didn't think so.

As I sat beside my daughter, waiting for word about Sebastian, I realized the relationship would end right then and there; I would be divorcing Susan's mother together with Susan. I was suddenly grateful that I'd never have to face her, never have to tell her I was moving out of her life. But the relief I felt was out of all proportion to the reality of the situation—my mother-in-law was dead; there wasn't the faintest possibility I'd ever have to tell her I was divorcing her daughter. I recognized then that it was Susan I didn't want to tell, Susan I was reluctant to confront, perhaps even ashamed to confront. Did I simply go to her now and say, "Honey . . ."? I would choke on the first word, knowing for sure that I was about to short-circuit the computer forever, wipe the tape entirely clean, program it with new people and new experiences that only with time might become memories to recall.

The thought was frightening.

I did not want to push the MOTHER-IN-LAW button one day and conjure Aggie's mother, who lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and whom I'd not yet met. No. I wanted to recall Susan's mother, who'd held my hand in hers and told me she was trying. When I pressed the DAUGHTER button, I did not want the daughter of Gerald Hemmings to appear, *his* daughter; I did not want to see baby pictures of Julia Hemmings, I did not want *their* memory bank to become *mine*. When I pushed DAUGHTER, I wanted Joanna to fill the screen of my mind in full color, 20 times larger than life, Joanna smiling, Joanna shoveling soggy cornflakes into her mouth, Joanna falling and splitting her lip when she was three, Joanna, my daughter. And when I pressed the button that had PET printed on it in bright green for Sebastian's eyes, I did not want Julia's goldfish to appear, which I'd seen in Julia's room, the room of a little girl I had not yet met, the room of a little girl who was *not* my daughter but who would *become* my daughter, my stepdaughter, my whatever-the-hell the moment I changed the computer, the moment I fed into it all this new data—no! When I pushed the PET button, I wanted to see Sebastian's big masked face and those emerald Irish eyes of his; I wanted to recall fondly and with delight all the marvelous things about him—the way he stalked lizards as though they were dinosaurs, the way his ears twitched when he was listening to the Modern Jazz—

"Mr. Hope?"

I looked toward the open door. Dr. Roessler still had his hand on the door-knob. There was no need for him to say anything further. I knew the moment I saw his face that Sebastian the cat was dead.



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ful exception—the handsome finish on our cabinets.)

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YOU ARE WHAT YOU EST

the Commodore and found that about 2000 other people wanted to hear this old German geezer, too, and that everybody had to wear a name tag with his or her first name on it, which pissed me off. I allowed an est volunteer to slap a pressure-sensitive name tag with DAN lettered on it on my sweater and I went inside. I knew that when I pulled off the name tag, it would take some of the nap from my sweater and that pissed me off even more, and then I went into the ballroom, where this guy Erhard had already started to speak, and I couldn't find the friends I was supposed to meet there or even an empty chair to sit on and I was so pissed off I didn't hear what Erhard said for the first ten minutes I was there.

Werner Erhard turned out to be neither old nor German, and when I finally started listening to him, I thought that what he was saying was sort of funny, and sort of outrageous, and not a little perverse, which is generally enough to get me to listen awhile. Erhard was doing his by-now-famous shtick about the rat in the laboratory maze, locating a tunnel that contained cheese. If the cheese is withdrawn, Erhard was saying, the rat eventually gets the idea and abandons the tunnel it was in. The difference between rats and people, he said, is that people would rather stay in the cheeseless tunnel, just to prove that they

(continued from page 110)

were right to be there.

I was pretty sure that, no matter how good he sounded, Erhard didn't know anything I didn't know after 70 or 80 years of therapy.

"If you're listening to me, you're listening to the wrong person in here," Erhard happened to be saying at that point. "I came here to get you to listen to *yourself*, not to me. I don't think I know something that if you knew you'd be better off. I think *you* know something that if you *knew* you knew you might be a little better off."

Lots of zealous applause and knowing laughter. I happen to *hate* zealous applause and knowing laughter. I kind of liked what the guy was saying, but not all the zealous agreement he was getting from most of the 2000 people in the audience. I was pretty much turned off by the whole thing.

During the intermission—I now knew that this event was going to run at least three hours—a disagreeable, pushy young man with a close-cropped black beard approached me and Dory and tried very hard to get us to sign up for the est training. Dory was a little more willing to consider it than I was, but when we learned that the training occupied two complete weekends and that we couldn't even get into it till June, we were even more put off. I have a house in East Hampton and, starting in May, I try to get up there every weekend.

Nonetheless, for some inexplicable reason, and either *because of* or *in spite of* the persistent nagging of the objectionable young person with the beard, both Dory and I finally decided to give up \$250 apiece and two probably sensational weekends in June at the beach and we signed up for the est training.

I don't know what Dory's rationale was. Mine was that I could always write about the damned thing if it didn't turn out well, and that weekends in East Hampton in June were usually rainy.

THE PRETRAINING SEMINAR

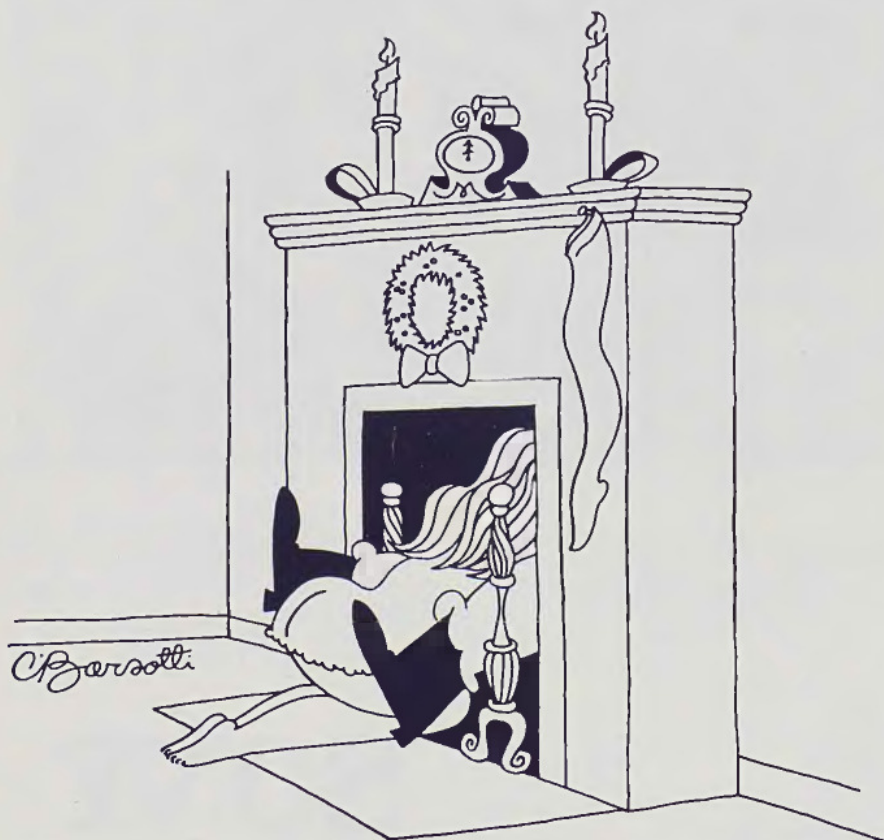
A couple of days before we were to begin our first est weekend, we attended a pretraining seminar at another hotel. Before we went inside, we had to fill out a questionnaire (we were supposed to have done this at home and mailed it in, but I always save things like that for the last minute) and pay the balance of the \$250. I stood in line and had my first contact with the est staff. A middle-aged lady of unspectacular intelligence looked over my filled-out questionnaire and stopped at the place where I hadn't written what I expected to get out of the training. She asked why I was taking the training. It seemed pointless to say I thought Erhard had said some perverse things and that a pushy person with a beard had prodded me, or that it probably rains most weekends in East Hampton in June. I said I didn't know. It was clearly not OK with her that I didn't know.

"Look," she said, "you want to improve your life and do better and be happier, don't you?" That seemed safe enough to commit to. I said sure. "Then write that in the space," she said. I did, put on another name tag and was then allowed into the seminar.

Two hundred and 50 chairs were arranged facing the stage, upon which stood a youngish man named David Norris, who soon revealed himself to be almost as droll and as perverse as Erhard. He told us a little bit about est, how it had graduated 43,000 people—the figure is now over 92,000—in 13 cities in its four-year existence. He outlined the ground rules of the training—how we were to agree to be in the room from the start to the end of each training day for the four days of the training, not to sit near anyone we knew, not to take a watch into the room, not to take notes or tape-record the training, to abstain from all liquor, pot, uppers, downers or medications not prescribed by a doctor from the start of the first session till the end of the fourth. There would be two breaks each day to go to the bathroom and one to get some food.

"How long is the food break?" someone asked.

"As long as it takes to eat," Norris replied.



"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"If we aren't allowed to wear watches, how will we know when to come back?"

"You won't," said Norris pleasantly. "So I suggest you return from your break immediately."

"Will the training room be air-conditioned?" asked somebody else.

"Yes," he replied. "Unless it isn't."

Everything he said he restated and repeated a number of times. I didn't understand why he was being so redundant till I heard people keep asking questions he had already answered several times.

"If I have a headache during the training," said someone who knew better, "can I take an aspirin?"

"If you have a headache during the training, you do not get to take aspirin," said Norris, "you get to have a headache."

"Why do you have that rule?"

"We never explain the rules. Just follow the instructions and take what you get. That's the est koan—follow the instructions and take what you get."

We were told that we would have an opportunity in the training to turn our lives around, to make our lives work, to take responsibility for our lives, to rehabilitate our ability to experience life. Many people stood up to ask pointless, repetitious or abusive questions. To these, Norris merely answered a cheerful "Thank you for your question."

I had already decided to write about the training, thus, typically, putting myself slightly at a distance from the experience. I had also decided, along with probably most of the people in the room, that I wasn't necessarily committing myself to following the rules. Oh, I might follow them if it wasn't too inconvenient or uncomfortable, but, well, rules were made to be broken, right?

There was a short intermission and, during it, I walked up to the stage and asked Norris if, since I was writing a piece on est for *PLAYBOY*, the no-note-taking rule applied to me. I knew he'd say it applied to me before I asked it, but I asked it anyway. He said it applied to me. At the end of the break, I was interested to see that not only did I start taking notes quite openly but I also moved up to one of the front rows, so that Norris could see it, too—my hostility to authority was so great that it wasn't enough merely to break the rules, I also had to let the authority who represented the rules know I was breaking them. Interesting.

Norris said we'd encounter three selves within us in the training: The first is the one we *pretend* we are, the second is the one we *fear* we are and the third is the one we *really* are. He also said that by the end of the training, we'd know the answer to the Zen koan "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

I wasn't sure I needed to meet my



"One good thing about being an endangered species—it gives us a tragic quality that broads find irresistible."

three selves, but I'd always wanted to know the sound of one hand clapping.

THE FIRST DAY OF TRAINING

The training is held in a ballroom of the Statler Hilton Hotel. On the first day, Saturday, June 21, 1975, it starts promptly at 8:30 A.M. I have a few things going on with me about all this. First, I hate getting up at seven A.M. any day, particularly a Saturday. Second, the night before was my 39th birthday, and not only am I not sure whether I want to be 39, I am positive I didn't want to go to bed early, not drink and do all the other swell things that est suggested.

Dory and I pick up our name tags, put them on and enter the ballroom. Inside, most of our 250-member group are already seated on chairs facing the stage. Precisely at 8:30, a young man with short black hair, slacks, sports coat and sport shirt with the collar out ascends to the stage. The young man's name is Michael. He moves like a robot. He has a disquieting gleam in his eye. I fear he is our trainer and that I will have to look at him all weekend.

Michael addresses us in cold, humorless tones, repeats each of the ground rules endlessly and invites those of us who are unwilling to keep them to get the hell out. After at least an hour of such appealing stuff, Michael exchanges places with a tall, similarly dressed guy named Landon Carter, who, it turns out, is to be our trainer.

I want to get very *clear* about something, as they say in est, right now: I am a practicing hetero. I have sex exclusively with ladies and I am not turned on by the idea of doing it with any guy. But Landon Carter is so good-looking it is almost offensive. He looks like Keir Dullea, except that next to Landon, Keir Dullea would look like Marty Feldman.

What's worse, Landon is smart, funny and handles himself brilliantly onstage for 15 to 18 consecutive hours with boundless energy while people in the audience can barely remain sitting upright. OK, now that we have that out of the way, we can go on.

Landon continues Michael's harangue about the ground rules. Landon calls us assholes. Several people stand and say they object to being called assholes. Unfortunately, every one of them demonstrates himself to be exactly that. Landon says that, although we are assholes, the training is asshole-proof and that we cannot fail to get the result of the training.

The training breaks down into three types of activities. One, the data: The trainer presents an interminable amount of philosophical, semantic and epistemological material—what Erhard calls "dog-shit metaphysics"—frequently outlining it on two large blackboards on the stage. Two, the processes: We close our eyes, "go into our space" and are guided by the trainer through a number of meditative exercises designed to get us in touch with our senses and our experience. Three, the sharing: We are encouraged to ask questions or share our experiences with the group by raising a hand and speaking into a portable microphone; whenever anyone shares, the rest of us are required to acknowledge him with applause. "Either applaud or throw money" is the lame joke that accompanies this instruction.

I, personally, do not find that going four or five hours at a time without peeing is terribly hard, nor do I fall in a swoon from not being able to eat between 8:30 A.M. and the only meal break some 12 to 14 hours later. No, my trouble is headaches. The kind that shatter your skull any time anyone speaks above a whisper. Although there has never been

any question of whether I am philosophically willing to break the ground rules and take anything for my headache—I'd sneaked a watch into the training room in my pocket, after all—I do manage to hold out for nearly eight hours before slipping into a broom closet on our second pee break and popping two gorgeous Excedrins into my throat.

Landon shows us a process for getting rid of headaches—of any pain, in fact—wherein we describe the pain precisely, locate its boundaries, decide how much water it could hold if it could hold water, say what color it is, and so on. If you let it, it works. I don't let it. After the meal break, most of us have trouble staying awake, so Landon shows us a process for getting rid of tiredness by precisely describing its symptoms. I don't let this work for me, either.

The first day's training ends at 2:40 A.M. I am half frozen from the excessive air conditioning, my buttocks ache from 18 hours of sitting and I have a jet-black 40-gallon killer of a pain in my head.

THE SECOND DAY

By the second day, we are all old hands. We know that Michael will begin each segment of the day by asking if any of us is wearing a watch or sitting next to somebody we know, and so on. We know he will preface each break with the time and with the precise location of the rest rooms, in case any of them moved. We have gotten to know our group's main characters: a young man with a beard named Frank, who is brown-nosedly enthusiastic over everything Landon says; a funny, fat, middle-aged Jewish lady named Pearl, who is befuddled by everything Landon says; a young woman of average attractiveness named Susan, who keeps saying how beautiful she is and how many celebrities she knows and how European men and European skiing are superior to domestic varieties; a middle-aged Latin named Arch, who blames all his troubles on his bad back and other ailments; a classic victim; a man in his 60s named Marty, who keeps saying his life is perfect and that he has no problems.

On the second day, we learn how we jam things and people into our belief systems instead of experiencing them as they really are, that we do this to prove ourselves Right and others Wrong and that we are so committed to proving ourselves Right and others Wrong that we're willing to sacrifice our lives to do so.

The processes on the second day can be done in places other than our chairs. For the first one, most of us lie down on the floor, close our eyes and try to get in touch with some chronic pain or other physical symptom of ours and whatever ancient memories of fear or anger or whatever it dredges up for us. A few minutes into this process, I begin to hear moans and whimpering on all sides of me, then crying, laughing, screaming,

shrilling and sounds of people puking their guts out. It is very surreal, very frightening, like suddenly finding yourself in the middle of an insane asylum. What is going on around me makes it impossible for me to continue doing the process. My sole concern is for my personal safety. I soon realize that I am strong enough to take care of myself whatever happens, and the worst that might occur is that I could get a little puked on.

After what seems like hours, Landon terminates the process, tells us to readjust ourselves to the reality of the room, to open our eyes and sit up. Suddenly, a voice from the middle of the floor screams, "I can't move!"

We are all seated on the floor and it is impossible to tell who is yelling or what is going on. It develops that who is yelling is old bearded, brown-nosed Frank, who is convinced he is paralyzed. Holy Christ, I think to myself, am I glad I'm not the trainer here. What the hell happens now?

"I can't move!" screams Frank at Landon.

"Great," says Landon with imperturbable calm. "I got that you can't move."

"You goddamned bastard!" Frank screams. "I'm paralyzed! Don't you care that I might be paralyzed for the rest of my life, you fucking son of a bitch?"

"No," says Landon, "because I'm clear that you will only be paralyzed for as long as you *want* to be paralyzed. So don't run your fucking paralyzed racket on me and expect sympathy, because you won't get any."

Frank yells more obscenities at Landon, but it is clear that Landon is willing for Frank to be paralyzed for the rest of his life, if that is what Frank wants to do to himself, so pretty soon Frank gets unparalyzed. It is a striking illustration to me of what we can do to ourselves to try to make others Wrong—Frank was clearly willing to consider being paralyzed for the rest of his life just to prove Landon Wrong.

We break for dinner at nine P.M. When we come back, we do a process in which we all have a chance to stand on the stage, a few at a time, and do nothing, while everyone else simply stares at us and while a handful of specially selected robotlike est graduates strolls by us, stopping at random to stare at selected trainees. When my group is up on stage, I have the honor of Landon himself walking up to me and spending several minutes or hours—I'm not sure which—trying to stare me down. A lot of people find that this process makes them burst into either tears or vomiting. I myself find it oddly easy.

The last process of the night finds most of us lying on the floor again, trying to imagine, first, that the people on all sides of us are terrifying to us, then realizing that *we* are terrifying to *them*. If the

process before dinner was notable for insane screaming, crying and hysterical laughter, this one makes the other look like nursery school. I wonder what mass murders the innocent guests at the Statler Hilton that night think are going on inside our closed ballroom.

The last thing Landon tells us before we complete our first weekend of training at only one A.M. is that, as frightened as we are of the man on the street, be he cop, mugger or what not, he is just as frightened of us. Landon jokingly suggests that during the next week, we try staring down someone walking toward us on the street and, when we are almost upon him, to suddenly yell "Boo!" The training day ends on an incredible high, with people flinging themselves out into the street, yelling "Boo!" at hapless passers-by.

THE MID-TRAINING SEMINAR

In the week between the first and second training weekends, we have a Mid-Training Seminar, led by David Norris. Trainees stand and share that they are having the highest highs of their lives, the lowest lows, that they gave up their jobs or got new ones, that they broke up with their mates or found new wonders in their relationships, that they yelled "Boo!" and scared the shit out of lots of mean-looking people.

During this week, I have occasion to phone the est office a number of times, a less than satisfying experience. First, I find it sets my teeth ever so slightly on edge when est staffers answer the phone by saying, "This is So-and-so; how may I assist you?" I have had explained to me the difference between help and assistance, how help implies that the helper is OK and the helpee not OK, whereas assistance has no such emotional charge, but still it sets my teeth on edge. I also find it sets my teeth on edge to be put on hold and disconnected several times in succession, and this seems to be a *spécialité de la maison*.

During this week, I also get a call from a lady named Suzanne Wexler in the Public Information Office of est headquarters in San Francisco. I don't yell "Boo!" at her, but I do decide to be a smartass.

"This is Dan," I say. "How may I assist you?"

Suzanne says that she has heard I am writing an article about est for PLAYBOY. I say this is true. She says that at least three other people have told the est office they are writing articles about est for PLAYBOY. The old me instantly would have gone on the defensive, said, "Well, you could check my editor," and so on and so on. But all I say now is, "That's interesting." Perfect. How like a landon-carter. Suzanne says that est isn't particularly interested in having an article done on it. I say that that is interesting, too. She says that at one time, the est



*"I'm afraid it's either that or this Case of
the Speckled Band is beginning to prey on your mind, Holmes."*

Public Information Office had wanted Werner to be interviewed for the *Playboy Interview* but that PLAYBOY had replied that Werner was neither famous nor infamous enough and that PLAYBOY wasn't interested. She asks whether I want to interview Werner for my article. I say sure. She says that Werner might not want to be interviewed by PLAYBOY now. "Well," I say, more Landonlike than ever, "either he will or he won't." That seems to throw her.

My God, I think, not only does this est stuff work, it even works on the est staff. Perhaps it even works on Werner himself!

THE SECOND WEEKEND

Our trainer for the second weekend is not Landon Carter but a man named Hal Isen. Hal is attractive, slim, dressed in a sports coat with sport-shirt collar outside the coat, and he also talks and moves a good deal like Werner. I decide that all est trainers are little copies of Werner and should have Werner as a title: Werner-Landon, Werner-Hal, Werner-David, and so on, and that the head man should be called Werner-Werner.

Even though Hal is not Landon, which I hold against him for a while, I soon grudgingly realize that I like Hal not only as much as Landon but more so. He seems to have more of a sense of humor. He seems to be more human. Maybe those are not good qualities in an est trainer, but I respond to them.

The data that Hal gives us is from Werner's training manual, of course, so it's a continuation of what Landon had given us the week before. There are new

metaphors: Hal likens the way we conduct our lives to driving a car by steering with the rearview mirror instead of the steering wheel and continually wondering why we have so many accidents. There is the metaphor of the silver box: We treasure our best sex experience inside a figurative silver box and every time we have another sex experience, we take out the one in the silver box to see if it was as good. If not, we judge it worthless and discard it. If it was better, we judge the *old* one worthless, discard *it* and put the *new* one in the silver box.

There is a demonstration of how we make decisions and choices based on our considerations and prejudices rather than on the here and now: "Chocolate or vanilla, which do you choose?" "Vanilla." "Why vanilla?" "Because I'm allergic to chocolate." "Then your consideration of being allergic to *chocolate* is what chose vanilla, not you. Chocolate or vanilla, which do you choose?" "Chocolate." "Why chocolate?" "Because I *like* chocolate." "Then your consideration of liking chocolate chose it, not you. Chocolate or vanilla, which do you choose?" "Chocolate." "Why chocolate?" "Because that's what I chose." "Ah, perfect—you chose chocolate because you chose chocolate. And now, everybody, what is the sound of one hand clapping?" Two hundred and 50 voices respond as one: "The sound of one hand clapping." Funny how we hadn't seen that before. Plain as the nose on your face. Plainer.

"The answers they give in the training are like Chinese food," observes a trainee named Betsy. "At first they fill you up,

but an hour later you're empty again. That's probably because so much of est is based on Oriental philosophy."

Onstage, Hal is waxing very philosophical. "What would you call a piece of chalk that expands infinitely in all directions?" he asks.

"I'd call it Sir," murmurs a young man on my right.

The sharing now either is more interesting than the first weekend or else we are putting up less resistance to what our fellow trainees are saying. Fat Pearl shares that she's come to the realization she is overeating to punish her husband, who likes skinny ladies. A fat lady named Connie shares that she accidentally called the Statler Hilton the Staten Hitler.

At some point midway into the fourth day, Hal begins speaking about the mind and how it functions. The syntax could be chattier—e.g., "The mind is a linear arrangement of multisensory total records of successive moments of Now"—but the sense of it I find brilliant.

"The purpose of the mind," says Hal, "is survival—the survival of the being or of anything that the being considers itself to be." The mind, he says, sees things as either Right or Wrong, Win or Lose, Self-Justification or Invalidation. The mind equates one end of the spectrum with survival, the other end with death. In other words, to be wrong or to lose is the same as death. The mind records early experiences of shocking pain or loss—whether near fatal or merely seemingly near fatal—not as *threats* to survival but as *means* to survival.

In other words, if, as a baby, you fell down a flight of stairs and nearly died but somehow survived, this experience got filed in your baby brain under "Ways to Escape Dying," not under "Klutzy and Painful Ways to Spend an Afternoon." Or, to put it another way, if, as a baby, you nearly drowned in a bathtub, then that got filed in your memory bank as a survival experience, and you probably have a history of near drownings.

Or—and as Hal says this, all my deep relationships with women in the past flash before my eyes—if *someone left you and you survived, then you think the way you survive is to have someone leave you.* That ring any bells with any of you out there? It sure as hell does with me.

Now, then. What happens when anything in your present environment is in any way similar to any of these stored, painful, so-called survival experiences is that the entire stack of them floods in on you and has total command over you. This explains why you often see actual grownups acting like two-year-olds and accounts for such phenomena as, for example, the General Behavior of People in New York.

Hal goes on to emphasize that when such a stack of experiences takes you over, it literally runs you and you have nothing to say about it, because you are



"We've finally paid up on this \$300,000 baby, and now they come up with one that can do the same job for \$79.95."

nothing but a machine—you have no choice but to react like an automaton: you are totally at the effect of whatever stimuli are pushing your mechanical buttons.

People in the chairs begin to grumble. Several of them stand up and object—they are not machines. Hal persists: We are all machines, we have no control over our lives, we are nothing but effect, effect, effect, effect, effect. And that, says Hal, grinning wickedly, is the message we have all come here to get. That is what we have each paid \$250 to get. Do we get it?

I watch rage well up inside me and in many of those around me. "I got it!" shrieks brownnose Frank and he begins giggling hysterically. All the zealots and brownnosers begin to giggle and say they got it. All the professional cynics like me begin to grumble and swear. I can't believe it—this is the culmination of four days' data and processes? This is the hot-shit system that was going to transform our lives?

Hal asks all those who think they've gotten it to stand. They stand, grinning like the assholes I knew they were. "Great," says Hal. "Fabulous." Then he asks all those who *know* they haven't gotten it to stand. These, he says, couldn't be so certain they hadn't gotten it unless they *had* gotten it. Several people furiously try to leave the room. All but one

are talked back inside, grumbling.

Now Hal asks all those who don't *know* if they've gotten it to stand. I get up with a raggle-taggle bunch of others and I engage Hal in a fairly drawn-out dialog that consists of my being furious and not being able to show it and of telling Hal that there is no way I can win the argument, since he can always defeat any point I make by defining certain terms to suit his own purposes, and that that is semantics and sophistry. Hal smiles and says I got it.

At length I sit down, not because I'm satisfied but because I figure I can put all this in my article and point out what a rip-off the est training is.

The last person to sit down is a truculent lady in one of the front rows on the left. The way Hal gets her to sit down is to whisper something in her ear. She giggles and sits down. A moment later, she raises her hand, stands up and says, "I've been deaf in one ear all my life. What you whispered to me I just realized was in my deaf ear. I heard it perfectly. I hear perfectly in my deaf ear now. I guess I got it, after all."

The zealots all whoop and cheer. I am even more furious than before. All the rules I have been breaking covertly I now begin breaking right out in the open: I pop Excedrins, take notes, flash my watch, you name it. Curiously, nobody seems to notice.

Being angry makes my head ache worse. I try not being angry. If you try not being angry when you're angry, Hal had told us earlier, you are lying and your anger will persist. If you acknowledge your anger, take responsibility for it, *experience* it, it will go away. I acknowledge my anger, take responsibility for it, experience it. My anger goes away. Which makes my headache go away. Which makes me angrier than ever. Which gets my headache back again. I am experiencing what est calls an *upset*.

On the next break, Fat Pearl is growling that she didn't need to spend \$250 to learn that she is a machine and that she overeats because she overeats. Dory asks her if that is all she got for her \$250. "No," says Fat Pearl. "I learned how to say fuck—fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. I'm going home and tell my husband not to fuck with me."

The fourth day is over close to five A.M. Near the end, old est graduates come out and, as we pass into another room for our graduation ceremony, they applaud us. If I weren't still so furious, I might have found the experience very moving.

Shortly after five, we are dismissed. The sky is already getting light. Dory and I go to my house, sit out on my roof, drink champagne and orange juice and watch the sun come up. Since there are



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no est staffers around, I am free to enjoy myself.

THE POSTTRAINING

A few days after our second weekend, we go to yet another hotel for our post-training seminar. Hal is the seminar leader and I am appalled to note how glad I am to see him and all the other members of my training group: Fat Pearl, who stands and shares that she's lost three pounds in the three days since the training ended, old stuck-on-herself Susan, even brownnosing old Frank.

Hal invites us to sign up for the first series of graduate seminars, titled "Be Here Now." There are ten seminars in each series and they cost three bucks a night. Est is not making an enormous profit on them. A lot of members of my training group sign up. I do not.

In the next few days, many friends call and ask me how I liked the training. I say it was soso—a lot of sophistry, a lot of semantics, a lot of boredom. The best parts of it, I tell them, are similar to things I am getting in group therapy, anyway, but that Dory seems to have gotten a lot out of the training. She's becoming more assertive, more willing to tell people what she wants from them. Dory really got a lot out of it, I tell them, but not me.

And then a curious thing happens. I hear somebody who hasn't taken the

training put it down inaccurately and I hear myself at first correct him and then go on to say that the training *was* valuable. I actually hear myself say those words. And then, a few days later, it happens again—I actually hear myself defend est. By the time it happens a third time, I am forced to revise my position and, when asked about it, merely say that I thought the training had value.

That was in the beginning of July. In the beginning of August, I went off to East Hampton for six weeks, vowing not to return to New York for any reason till at least mid-September. The est office in San Francisco called and asked if I still wanted to interview Werner. I said I did. They said they still didn't know if Werner would talk to me but that he might be in New York in a few days, on August seventh, to do a special guest seminar at the Felt Forum and that, if he decided to see me, that might be a good opportunity. I said I wasn't going back to New York till at least mid-September under any circumstances. They said that Werner probably wouldn't see me, anyway.

A MEETING WITH WERNER HIMSELF

On August seventh, regardless of all pronouncements to the contrary, I find myself at The Plaza Hotel in New York, shaking hands with Werner Erhard. Werner is good-looking and beautifully dressed in a tasteful and expensive-looking beige shirt with epaulets and tannish-

gold slacks. He looks slightly shorter and pudgier than he seemed from a distance when I saw him at the Commodore.

I have brought along a tape recorder, a note pad and about two dozen questions. I needn't have bothered. Werner is politely defensive, evasive, distrustful of journalists and talks about what *he* wants to talk about for the hour he has granted me. I'd already done some research and learned that Werner Erhard was born in Philadelphia on September 5, 1935, and was baptized John Paul Rosenberg in the Episcopal Church—his father, Joe, was a convert to Christianity around the time of Werner's birth.

Werner married his high school girlfriend, Pat, and subsequently had four children with her. In 1960, he left his wife and children and disappeared. On the day he disappeared, he changed his name from Jack Rosenberg to Werner Erhard. "I had a very determined mother and an uncle who was a captain in the police department," says Werner, "so I wanted a name as far from Jack Rosenberg as I could get." He got Werner Erhard from a combination of names—Werner Heisenberg and Ludwig Erhard—he found in an article on Germany in *Esquire* on the very plane that bore him out of Philadelphia.

Werner married his present wife, Ellen, on the West Coast and had three children with her. They live in Marin County, just north of San Francisco.

As to his skipping out on his wife and children and all the rest of it, Werner says that he has communicated all this information to thousands of people, which is the first step in taking responsibility for something. The second step, he says, is to correct as much of the damage that you've created as can be corrected, and this he has done as well. He has renewed his relationships with his former wife and his kids, his parents and everyone else he skipped out on—they have all even taken the est training—and the next thing to do, he says, is just to let it be. He is writing a letter to the graduates to communicate where he's at about it, "and from that point on," he says, "I'm going to allow people to say whatever they have to say about my past and let it be. I'm sure I will be accused of everything from being the father of someone's illegitimate child to being a child molester, to being a tax evader, to being a CIA agent."

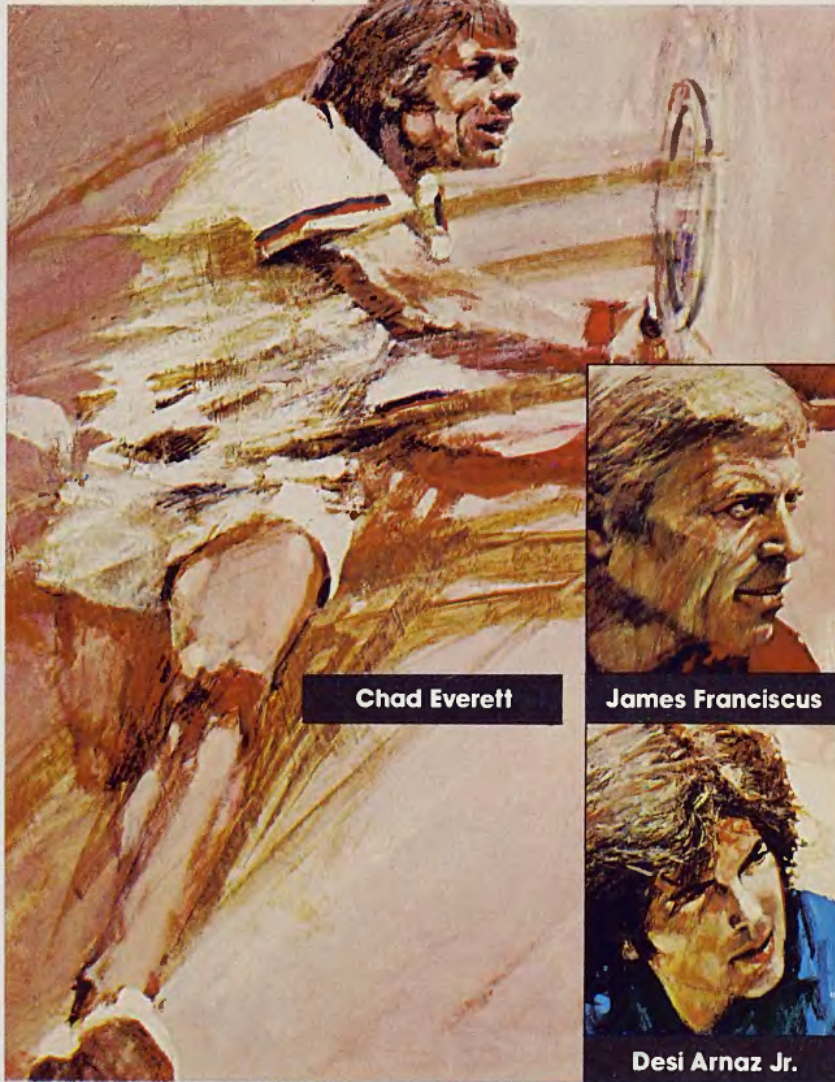
I ask Werner why he has finally agreed to see me.

"I felt that it was legitimate to spend some time with you, since you've been kind enough to take responsibility for taking the training and since the feedback we've gotten about your being in the training was that you participated as a participant rather than stood back as an observer. I felt that that was a contribution to communicating the truth on



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your part, so it was legitimate for me to make at least some contribution to what you're doing."

All very well, and yet I haven't really gotten anything out of this interview that I've come for, and my hour is now up. I feel frustrated. I tell Werner that the sort of journalism I do has a lot more to do with experience than reporting or interviewing. I tell him about the first piece of journalism I'd ever done, a story in *Life* about firemen. I'd gotten the assignment because I was terrified of fire and wanted to know more about it. To write the piece, I hung out with firemen for five months, riding on the fire trucks and racing into burning buildings with them. It turned out to be a good story, I say, because I was able to experience and communicate what it was like to be a fireman.

Werner looks at me like I have said the magic words. It is as if he were listening to me for the first time. I feel we have finally communicated—for only 30 seconds of the hour, but it is at least a beginning. I tell him I want to talk to him again when he comes back to New York. He says OK.

WERNER AT THE FELT FORUM

The Felt Forum that night is packed with thousands of est graduates. Werner is not nearly as impressive as he was the night I saw him at the Commodore and decided to take the training. He speaks for a while and introduces all seven of his children and has them come up to the stage. He also calls up his mom and dad, his uncle Al and his aunt Edith, and kisses them all on the mouth.

About the only thing he says that I consider notable is about my visit with him earlier that day: "A gentleman came up to see me today who is writing an article about me. Actually," says Werner, "he's writing an article about *himself*, and I'm just a small part of it." (Actually, I had said those very words to Werner at the elevator.) "Actually," says Werner, over the hoots of laughter that greet this statement, "*he* was the one who said that, and I thought it was terrific."

HOW TO BE A JEWISH SON

One belief I have always held, from the age of 17, when I first moved out of my folks' home in Chicago, until the summer of my 39th birthday, was that I was constitutionally incapable of spending more than three consecutive days in my parents' company. The first day of any visit was always exceedingly pleasant, the second was always pretty nice, too, and by the third I invariably found myself snapping out grouchy, sarcastic replies to their most innocent questions and, in general, behaving like a high school sophomore. I happen to be very *fond* of my parents, you understand—it's just that I have never been able to spend



"For all night?

Hmmmm—for all night, I'll make it solid mahogany with Colonial bronze handles and paisley-satin interior...."

three consecutive days with them. I figured this was simply an immutable law of the universe, like $E = mc^2$.

Shortly after completing the est training, I invited my parents out to my house in East Hampton for a vacation. I invited them for a week and a half, but what I figured I'd do was spend the first weekend with them and then, on the third day, while I was being transformed into a teenaged Mr. Hyde, I would babble something believable about story conferences in New York and then split.

And so my folks came out to East Hampton and we spent an exceedingly pleasant first day together and a pretty good second one, and then, right on schedule, on day number three, I grew fangs and excess body hair and wanted out. I made my planned excuses about business in New York, and then I did a curious thing. Instead of leaving, I went outside into the woods and did a little heavy thinking. I thought about the part in the est training where I learned that I was a machine and that all I could do was react, react, react, react, react. I wondered what would happen if, as the est trainers had suggested, I merely looked at what was happening and attempted to actually experience it through. I decided I had nothing to lose. I went back into the house.

The next thing that happened was that my mother and I had a serious discussion

about some table knives. Mother suggested that I had a lot of knives in East Hampton and that I ought to take some of them to New York. I replied that I already *had* enough knives in New York and that, were I to take any of those in East Hampton there, I would then have too many knives in *New York*. The old feelings started to well up inside me, but I also saw that I was overreacting to the situation and I was able to get a grip on myself. The discussion about knives continued until finally I burst out laughing and said, "Mom, what do I have to do to get out of this discussion?" and my father said, also laughing, "Tell her you'll take the damned knives to New York," and Mom laughed, too, and that was the end of it.

The next incident that occurred had to do with the bizarre fact that, although my parents are so self-sufficient in their own home they are able even to do such traditionally un-Jewish things as basic carpentry and electrical repairs, the instant they come to *my* house, they are utterly baffled by such problems as How to Turn On the Overhead Light. I must tell you that a few incidents based on this phenomenon arose in East Hampton, that I again found myself prepared to snarl and bite necks, but that each time, before things got out of hand, I was able to stop and look at what was happening and experience it out, rather than



"Of all my reindeer, I like you the best!"

react to it in the automatic way I had always reacted to such things in the past.

I didn't go back to New York that night, after all. I stayed for ten days and experienced out every single silly situation and sarcastic teenaged overreaction that came up. And, in our final and tenth consecutive evening together, my parents and I had a wonderful dinner together and drank a few glasses of wine and I was able to tell them for the first time in years that I loved them and was delighted they had come and even more delighted I had stayed, and that I guessed I wouldn't have to limit my visits with them to three days any longer.

I think my therapist, Mildred Newman, gets a lot of credit in the preceding, and so, I think, do I. And so, I'm afraid, does Werner fucking Erhard. Far out.

I GET WERNER TO EXPERIENCE ME

On October second, I am granted another audience with Werner at The Plaza Hotel. I have made a point of telling the San Francisco office that seeing Werner for only an hour, as before, is of little or no value to me, but that is all they are willing to give me. I go to the Plaza with neither tape recorder nor note pad, and when I see Werner, I tell him why: An hour is too short for me to do the kind of interview I want, so perhaps we can use the time to get to know each other.

It is as if we have never met. Werner is more defensive about journalists and the press than he was the previous time. "Why should I let you interview me?" he says. "What do I get out of it? Every time I let somebody interview me, I get fucked. They misquote me, they get the most basic facts about me wrong—what assurance do I have that that won't happen with you?"

"None at all," I say. "But if it had been my purpose to fuck you in print, I already *have* all the input I need to do that. Look, I won't get *paid* any more if

I interview you than if I don't—I won't get anything out of trying to spend time with you except, hopefully, a clearer picture of who you are and what you're about. In my training, we were told over and over again that we were assholes because we didn't experience people, we merely jammed them into our belief systems. And yet that's exactly what you're doing with me—you're not experiencing *me*, you're jamming me into your belief system of what a journalist is."

Werner nods his head. Once again I see the flash of communication pass between us. "OK," he says, "that sounds valid. Tell me something. Tell me your experience of the training."

I still have a lot of resentment about the training. I tell Werner I feel there were some fairly brilliant things in the training, but there was also a lot of sophistry and a lot of boredom.

"Boredom is a very high state," says Werner.

Werner's sort of side-kick-assistant, Jack Rafferty, comes in and tells him that he has to start dressing for his next appointment. As Werner continues to talk to me, he steps behind a high-backed upholstered chair for modesty's sake and changes from his safari suit to a pair of slacks and a blazer. As he's changing his pants, I think I see a dime falling out of Werner's loafer. I ask what the dime was doing there.

"That's Werner's emergency dime," says Jack.

"Werner's emergency dime?" I say.

"In case he has to make an emergency phone call," says Jack. "See, Werner doesn't carry any money. I take care of all that kind of stuff for him."

Werner comes out from behind his chair and he and I and Jack proceed toward the elevators and then on down to the street. As Jack is getting Werner a cab, I say I want to spend a substantial

period of time with Werner the next time I see him. Werner says that the only place he can afford such a luxury is in San Francisco; I say I'll be glad to go to San Francisco but that I don't want to have to keep starting over from square one each time I see him. Werner says that perhaps I won't have to next time and steps into the cab and says he'll see me when he sees me. I can't help wondering, as Jack and I wave goodbye to Werner's departing cab, how, unless somebody is meeting him at his destination, he is going to pay his cab fare with his emergency dime.

"BE HERE NOW"

In mid-October, I enroll in the "Be Here Now" graduate seminar series. This series is led not by trainers—who all live near Werner in San Francisco—but by various members of the est staff in New York. Our most frequent group leader is a perverse and amusingly outrageous young man whose name is Marvin.

Marvin repeatedly badgers us about bringing guests to the seminars, so that the est staff can have a shot at enrolling them in the training. Most of us graduates bitterly resent being badgered about bringing guests and say so. Mostly, we are told that the resentment is *our* problem, not est's.

Much of the "Be Here Now" series is about handling upsets. The upset I use most frequently in the processes they give us is my irritation at est for badgering us to bring guests.

NOBODY DOESN'T LIKE SARA LEE

The "Be Here Now" seminars start promptly at 7:15 P.M. If you get there late, you have to go through a little ritual at the door that goes like this: The est volunteer at the door asks you if you're late. You say you are. The est volunteer asks if you have broken your agreement to be there on time. You say yes. The est volunteer asks you if you take responsibility for breaking your agreement. You say yes. The est volunteer asks you if you are willing to re-create your agreement to be on time. You say yes and the est volunteer opens the door and lets you in.

One night, I get to my "Be Here Now" seminar at 7:13 and find the door to the seminar room already closed, with a plastic est volunteer guarding the door, with a plastic smile on her face. If you think airline stewardesses are robots, you should see some of the beauties they have at est—they make airline stewardesses look like Sicilians at a wedding. The name tag on this particular robot's chest says she is Sara Lee.

"Are you late?" says Sara Lee. I say I'm not—my agreement was to be there at 7:15 and it's only 7:13. "Are you late?" says Sara Lee. I say no, I'm not late, but if she continues asking asshole questions, I *will* be late. "Are you late?" says Sara

Lee. I feel tension building up in my forehead. I feel my heart begin pounding in my chest. And then a curious thing happens to me: I realize in a blinding flash of ineffable Zen clarity that I am perfectly willing to stand here the rest of the night, possibly work myself up to an ulcer or a heart attack, simply because I am Right and I have to stick to my position and prove that a mindless asshole robot named Sara Lee is Wrong. (And I sneered at brownnose Frank in the training for his willingness to be paralyzed in order to prove Landon Wrong?)

Clearly, if I am willing to drop the entire *issue* of who's Right and who's Wrong, even though I *know* I'm Right, then I can go inside the fucking seminar room and get on with my life. It isn't fair that I should have to say I am late when I'm not, but then, as they told us in the training, whoever said that life was fair?

"Are you late?" says Sara Lee.

"Fuck yes," I say. "I'm late."

SAN FRANCISCO

At just about every est function I have ever attended, there was one trainer in the room and a whole lot of trainees or graduates. But this afternoon, I am in a room in San Francisco filled with all nine est trainers and seven trainer candidates and Werner himself, and the only nontrainer in the room is me. It's a curious feeling.

What we are doing is eating a lunch of cold chicken in aspic, and I can't get over how normal-looking and normal-sounding these est trainers are compared with the way I experienced them in my training. There's gorgeous old Landon and dynamic Hal and several others I've seen doing their supercharged est shtick, and here they all are, shoving cold chicken into their cheeks, just like regular people, and talking without theatrics in a normal tone of voice.

A cherished belief of most people—myself included—about the est trainers is that they are all carbon copies of Werner and that they all look alike. Looking at them in a group, this concept is tough to hang on to, since they don't really look alike at all, and one has a beard, and one is black, and three are women, and so on. Too bad. I really loved the concept of their all being little Werners.

The trainers and trainer candidates are a pretty high-powered group. Not only are they able to stand on a platform for 15 to 20 hours every Saturday and Sunday and put on an act that any entertainer would envy but most of them gave up fairly prestigious careers in academe or medicine or psychology to work for Werner. As a matter of fact, eight people on the est staff have doctorates, three have M.D.s (one of these is a psychiatrist) and six have doctor-of-jurisprudence degrees.

Suzanne Wexler, the nice PR lady I

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was mean to on the phone, shepherds me around during my San Francisco stay and introduces me to various members of the est staff, including est president Don Cox, who is a former Coca-Cola exec and Harvard Business School professor, and John Poppy, who is a former editor of *Look* and *Saturday Review* and a very sweet man, indeed. Most est staffers I see wear the ubiquitous est name tags. All est staffers are theoretically on call 24 hours a day and are sometimes awakened in the middle of the night by a seemingly never-sleeping Werner to clarify some vital issue that couldn't have waited till morning.

Most of est's staff had been working in the small cheery office building where I had lunch. But est has now leased a substantial portion of a gigantic old building that looks like the U.S. Treasury, and this building will become est Central, controlling est's national and international activities. The est Public Information Office has already moved into the new old building. Near the door of the Public Information Office, I note a Big Brotherly sign to the effect that all staff members must, upon signing out, leave word where they can be reached, or else "contribute" five dollars.

I find the slavish devotion of the staff to Werner and his apparent insistence upon same to be vaguely unsettling. And I do not at all understand est staffers' eagerness to volunteer so much of their time to work for Werner without further remuneration. Indeed, this eagerness reaches such absurd proportions that I have heard rumors that staffers are fined \$100 a day every time they work more than six days a week for est!

Such zealotry seems greatly at odds with the increased independence and heightened feelings of self-worth that most est graduates report as a result of the training. Commenting on this apparent dichotomy, former est trainer Stewart Emery wryly observed in the December 15, 1975, issue of the *Boston East West Journal*: "The purpose of est is to serve people. The purpose of the est staff is to serve Werner."

That night, I again find myself eating with Werner, this time not in the small bright office building on Union Street but in Werner's dark, tastefully restored Victorian mansion on Franklin Street. The fare is not cold chicken but chilled glasses of kir, endive stuffed with cucumber and dill, salmon in pastry, rice with mushrooms. The table is piled high with fresh ferns and flowers and the meal is served in the softly lit dining room by two est staff members dressed as a butler and a maid, both wearing name tags. Present at the table with me and Werner are Bob, Jim, Ernie and Bernie, who are all professors at Stanford.

After dinner, we adjourn to the living room to hear tapes of Richard Pryor, in

the midst of which the staff member who serves as butler materializes to say: "Werner, it's ten o'clock. Your next appointment is ten-thirty." I don't remember ever being at someone's home for dinner when he excused himself for another appointment, but then, I've never been to Werner's for dinner before. Werner bids us farewell, tells me and the Stanford professors we're free to tarry as long as we like, and then moves on to his next appointment.

The following day, Werner has promised me a lunch with just the two of us, during which I'll be able to ask him all the questions I never finished asking him in New York.

Lunch is on an upper floor of the mansion. I am served Campari and Calistoga Water without having been asked what I wanted to drink, just as the previous night we had all been served glasses of kir without being asked. When the food comes, I begin my interview.

"Werner," I say, "why is the attitude of the trainers so tough, so militaristic?"

"It's not militaristic," says Werner.

"OK, then, tough. People say fascistic. People say Nazi."

"It's neither fascistic, militaristic, Nazi nor any of those things. It is . . . very one-way. It's very what you might call unsympathetic. And the reason behind that is that we're trying to create a situation in which people can learn something from their own way of being. Now, if you do A, and I do B when you do A, if you switch to C and then I switch to D, you don't know where the fuck you're at. But if, no matter what you do, I'm doing A, you *always* know where you're at. It's always you, it's never me. That's why I tell people that my guru is gravity. Or the physical universe. See, you can't move the physical universe. It doesn't give a fuck. Now, is the physical universe fascistic? Is it militaristic? No. It's simply the way it is."

"Specifically," I say, "people make reference to why the trainers call the trainees assholes, why they yell at them, and so on. There is a very definite attitude taken."

"Now, that's a very different story," says Werner. "The purpose of that is to engage people. We don't want people to go through the training as observers, Dan. We don't want them to go through the training in their heads. We want them to go through the training experientially. And so it's important, then, to engage people. And the way you engage people is you tell them the truth. That always engages them. Particularly that thing which they've been trying to hide. And the one thing everybody's trying to avoid is being an asshole. I mean, people are actively trying to avoid that."

"So, by calling them assholes, you're forcing them to confront what they've been trying to hide?" I say.

"Mmmmm."

"There are a great many rumors about est and Nazi things," I say. "That est graduates greet one another with a Nazi salute, and so on. Where do you think such rumors come from?"

"There is actually a whole Nazi drama in people's heads. That Nazism didn't happen outside us, it happened inside us."

"How do you mean?"

"That it was a function of something we all carry around in us and——"

"Latent sadomasochism or what?" I say.

"That's a little too Freudian for me," says Werner.

"It's my own feeling that people are naturally suspicious and afraid," I say. "and also that nobody quite knows how to deal with the whole Nazi thing. And the combination of your name being Werner Erhard and the fact that the training is so tough, I think, conspires to bring out people's ambivalence about it: their fascination for it, the horror of it, the——"

"The whole drama of it. I agree totally," says Werner. "Yeah, if Outward Bound were headed by a guy whose name was Werner Erhard, they'd have the same concern, perhaps. By the way, Dan, the harshness in the training, if I can call it that, has a similar purpose to Outward Bound's purpose of putting you out in the wilderness."

"Which is what?" I say.

"Which is that you've got a stable thing against which to match yourself. And it's a thing that is tough enough so that you can't bullshit it. You know, it's very hard to bullshit a ten-mile hike. First off, it doesn't give a shit. No matter what you say to it, it doesn't care. So you have to listen to your own bullshit when you're talking to it."

"Could you tell me in very brief terms how you hope est could transform society?" I say. "In one sentence, if possible."

Werner laughs at the notion of trying to sum it all up in one sentence, then wonders if it might be possible. "By making it all right for people to tell the truth to themselves about themselves," he says at last.

"Do you think——"

"That wasn't bad, was it?" he says.

"No, it was very nice," I say. "Werner, has it occurred to you that in a couple years' time, there'll be so many est graduates they could constitute a political bloc? And, if so, what could be done about that? Could it be a political party, could it be an instrument for effecting social change . . . ?"

"Yeah, it could be all those things. And, mostly, that would be a mistake. I expect est to have an enormous impact on politics, but not as a political thing."

"As an influence in telling the truth?" I say.

"Yes. Let me give you an example. There was a man in Honolulu who, at



"Bring in another!"

the time he took the training, was head of the social-welfare programs in the state of Hawaii: the prisons, the welfare program, whatever. And the program he had put together was presented to the legislature and it failed in the legislature in the week between the two weekends of the training. He made a public statement to the press that the program had failed in the legislature, not because the legislature was crappy but because he had not done a good enough job in presenting it. The press was flabbergasted. They literally said they didn't know what to do if politicians were going to start telling the truth. That's the kind of political influence I'd like to see est have."

"Why is the training sold so hard?" I say. "Do the staff members get some kind of commission or cash incentive?"

"There is no incentive other than their own personal incentive to do any of this. They are definitely told if a person says he's not interested in taking the training to immediately terminate the thing."

An est staffer comes in and hands Werner a memo. Werner reads it and gets visibly agitated.

"Do you know what it just cost us for me to read this memo, Locke?" says Werner. "You could have had somebody else make the decision and do it *wrong* and it would've taken less of my time and cost less. You could have let the *dog* decide this—you could have given this decision to the *dog*."

Locke withdraws apologetically. As he leaves, Werner's dog, Rogue, having perhaps heard he was needed, trots into the room. But Locke doesn't ask Rogue to decide anything, and neither does Werner.

"There is a rumor about," I say, "that your lawyer, Harry Margolis, is sending money to a secret bank account in the Caribbean and that he's been indicted on tax evasion. I wonder if you'd set me straight on that."

"There's no secret bank account in the Caribbean," says Werner. "What happened was that the Justice Department, through the grand-jury system, indicted Harry for conspiracy to make false statements on tax returns."

"For the tax returns of his clients?" I say.

"Yes. And one of the clients mentioned was us. We were not mentioned as co-conspirators. We were mentioned in there merely because our tax return was one of the tax returns on which the Government alleges there was a conspiracy involving Harry and other people to make knowingly false statements. Now, the Government's indictment, when it finally came to be presented in court, was so inaccurate that the Government had to ask to withdraw it, which the court allowed it to do and allowed it to

present another indictment."

"But was est ever found guilty of any improper procedures?" I say.

"Est wasn't even *charged* with any improper procedures, let alone found guilty," says Werner.

"The other rumor is that Jesse Kornbluth says that you threatened to kill someone."

"What actually happened was that I used to live in an apartment complex in Sausalito that was on the bay. What you did was to drive into the parking lot there, and in one place in the parking lot there was an elevator. One night, somebody drove me home. They pulled up in front of the elevator and we were sitting there talking until I got out to leave. The guy who guards the lot shined his spotlight in the windows of the car. I got out of the car and walked over to him and said, 'Look, I live here. I actually pay rent to park my car here and to drive up and get out and all that stuff, and I would appreciate it, if you want something from me, if you don't shine your light in my eyes but just come over and ask me whatever you want.' I said, 'Don't forget that.'"

"A couple of weeks later, somebody drove me home again—it was Gonneke, who's been working for me since before est, you met her—and we were parked in front of the same place. She had her lights on, because I was about to get out of the car, and the guy shined his spotlight in our eyes again. So this time, I got out of the car and walked over to his car and said, 'Get out of the car.' He began to roll the window up. So I opened the car door, reached inside, put my hand around his arm like this, at which point he turned the red flashing light on top of his car on and began to lay on the horn. So I pulled him the rest of the way out of the car, and as I did, he stood up. I grabbed him by the lapels like this and picked him up off the ground a little bit, and I said, 'I told you the last time you did that never to do that again, that if you wanted to talk to me, you should come over to talk to me. Now, if you do it again, I'm going to throw you over the fucking embankment.' Which was about three stories down, by the way."

"And he reached down like this, and I assumed he had a gun. I said, 'And if you pull that gun out, I'm going to shove it down your throat.' By that time, Gonneke had pulled off to the side and parked the car, so I put the guy down and that was the end of that. I told Gonneke to go home."

"I went down to the apartment. A knock came at the door and there were two policemen with this guy. They said, 'He wants to make a citizen's arrest for assault and battery.' So I got dressed and we drove down to the Sausalito

Police Department. They talked to the man and told him he might be subject to a suit for false arrest if he pressed this assault-and-battery thing and maybe he should reduce it to battery. So he did. I went and got fingerprinted, and so on, and by that time, the bail bondsman posted bail for me and we left. I hired an attorney, and the attorney talked to the district attorney, and they agreed that if I was willing to plead guilty to disturbing the peace, that would suffice for them, they wouldn't have a trial and all that shit. In my naïveté, I agreed to that."

"Why do you say in your naïveté?" I ask.

"Well, because the thing was a definite overreaction, Dan, and it never would've stood up in trial. First, I didn't hit the guy and—"

"Did he have a gun?" I ask.

"I don't know. He had *something* he was reaching for."

"It might have been a mint to freshen his breath," I say.

"Whatever it was, he decided not to reach for it, because he didn't want it shoved down his throat," says Werner. "I have mentioned that incident in public, by the way. Jesse didn't discover that incident. As a matter of fact, there's nothing that has been in the press so far that I haven't mentioned in public—in front of hundreds of people in some cases and thousands of people in other cases. And I've spoken about that incident a couple of times. It never occurred to me that there was anything to report about it. Now I'm a little wiser, so I know that if my *shorts* are striped, that's a matter to be reported on."

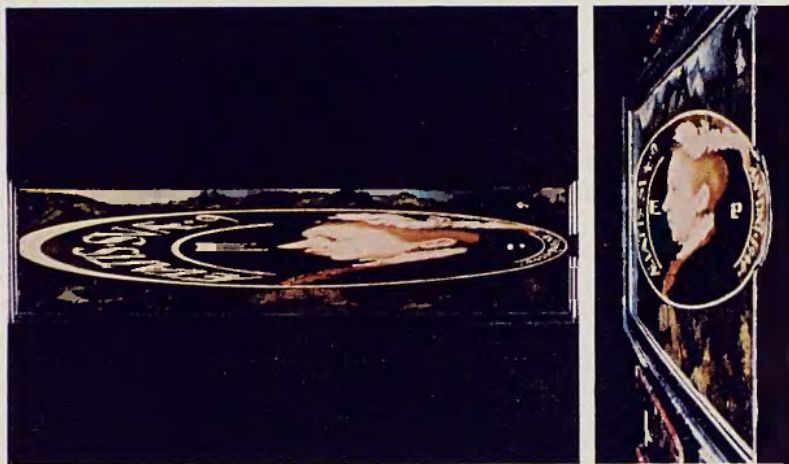
JESSE'S ARTICLE

An article by Jesse Kornbluth appeared in the March 19, 1976, issue of *New Times*. There were a lot of disturbing things in it, such as an explanation of est's tax-shelter setup, which involved Werner's selling the est data to a foreign company, which then licensed it to Erhard Seminars Training in a complicated manner; such as the matters of the fight with the security guard and of Harry Margolis' indictment, which I'd already discussed with Werner; such as the assertion that est hired a private detective to pose as a reporter and reinterview one of the sources of the article; and such as various accounts of Werner's seemingly dictatorial control of the professional and personal lives of those who work for him.

Even though I expected the Kornbluth piece to be a kill piece, even though I knew it had been written as a deliberate hatchet job, it still succeeded in shaking me up. If all Kornbluth said was true, then maybe I was a sucker for finding value in est, for finding Werner himself

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



NOW YOU DON'T SEE IT, NOW YOU DO

For all you lovers of fine—and unusual—art, SCM Corporation is sponsoring a curious traveling exhibition that's worth a look. The subject is anamorphosis—art that can be viewed correctly from only one perspective, often by use of a gadget, such as a mirror or reflecting cone. The current show is at the Brooklyn Museum, with follow-ups planned for other major cities. (Write to SCM's PR agent, Ruder & Finn, 110 East 59th Street, New York City 10022, for further information.) And, by the way, some of the exhibits—which date back to the 15th Century—are pornographic. Need we say more?



NUT CRACKERS

The expression lady-killer takes on a whole new meaning when applied to readers of *Fighting Woman News*, a monthly newsletter devoted to girl talk on the subjects of martial arts, self-defense and combative sports. Valerie Eads, who specializes in kendo, publishes *FWN* out of 9 East 48th Street in Manhattan; subscription rate is \$6 a year—and for an additional \$2, you can get Val's inspirational poster: YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH I WILL FEAR NO EVIL FOR I AM THE MEANEST BITCH IN THE VALLEY. Anything you say, Val.

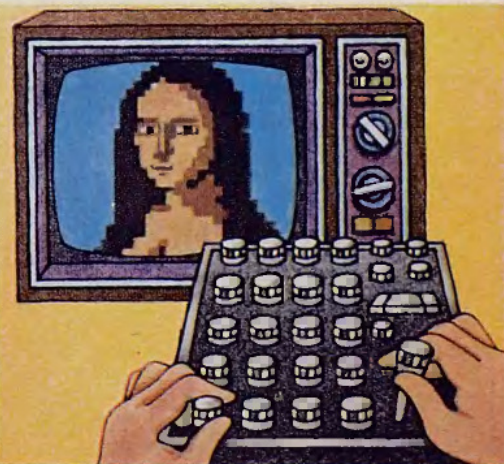
FAIRY STORY

One of England's most eminent folklorists, Katharine Briggs, has just written a book on fairies—and, no, we're not talking about the kind who summer on Fire Island. *An Encyclopedia of Fairies, Hobgoblins, Brownies, Bogies, and Other Supernatural Creatures* will be published next month by Pantheon for \$12.95. In it, you'll meet some mighty weird beings, including the Lamia (below), a hermaphrodite spirit who devours men. Gulp!



PRIME DOODLE TIME

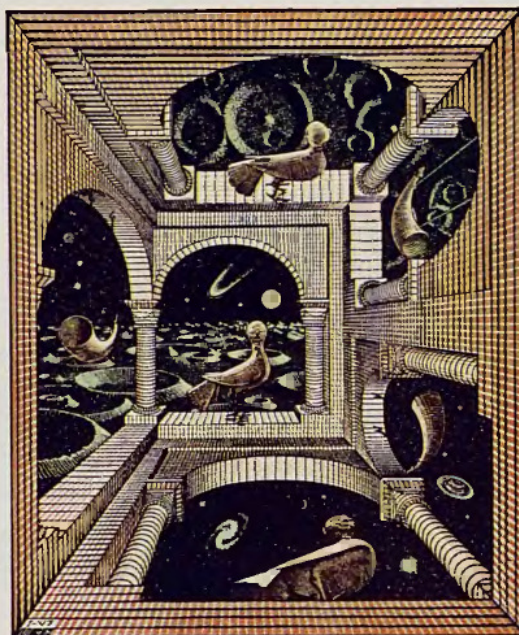
If you're one of those nervous types who can't watch TV without fidgeting at something else, dig this: A company named Teleplay (6498 Surfside Way, Sacramento, California 95831) is selling an electronic gizmo called a Telepalette that enables you to doodle colored pictures on your video screen without ever leaving the confines of your easy chair. Budding Rembrandts can own one for about \$100-\$150 and, yes, the drawings can be erased—pronto.





CLEAN SOUND

Ah, there's good news tonight for tomorrow's Helen Reddys, Luciano Pavarottis and Tony Bennetts. Rowe Associates, P. O. Box 22981, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822, is selling, for \$6.50 postpaid, a microphone-shaped soap-on-a-rope designed specifically for those who like to sing in the shower. The sound produced by Showermike is, of course, incredibly "clean"—and with each mike, you get a booklet extolling the virtues of solo appearances as well as of duets, trios, quartets and larger groups. Grab one; you're on in five minutes!



DUTCH TREAT

Fans of M. C. Escher, the late Dutch print maker whose bizarre lithos and woodcuts have generated a cult following, will be pleased to learn that Me Enterprises, 290 West End Avenue, in Manhattan, is mail-ordering Escher jigsaw puzzles at \$7.95 postpaid for a black-and-white phantasmagoria and \$8.95 for the 500-piece color job titled *Another World*, shown above. When finished, they look great framed.

LIQUID GOLD

Roy Andries de Groot wrote that he "was overwhelmed by an unimaginably complicated blend of sensuous impressions: of silk and velvet, of elegance . . . of poise . . . of the skill and wisdom of almost a century." Was De Groot making love to Mae West, perhaps? No, he had just sampled a snifter of *Le Paradis*, an extremely rare cognac imported by Chateau & Estate Wines in New York. *Le Paradis* dates back to 1880; but at about \$275 a bottle (\$3300 a case), we'd say the price was definitely 1977.



GOING DOWN

Looking for the perfect accessory to wear to an elegant winter picnic or to keep your navel warm while skiing? Get yourself a down-filled tie, the creation of Colorado resident John Mansfield, who peddles the puffy blue-only cravats for \$13.95 each out of the Down Tie, Box 95, Telluride, Colorado 81435. With each tie, you get a sack to store it in and cleaning instructions. No, it doesn't double as a hankie.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

As his myriad fans already know, Frank Frazetta is probably the reigning sci-fi and fantasy illustrator in America today; his spectacular renditions of everything bizarre, from flying reptiles to marvelously full-breasted moon maidens, have a unique larger-than-life vitality that enhances whatever literary work they're accompanying. So, for 1977, Bantam Books (Box D, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010) has published the Frank Frazetta calendar—13 color illustrations that depict the great unknown. Far out!



Motel Tapes

(continued from page 84)

SYLVIA: If you want to know the truth, I think I was responsible for most of it. I was the one who started hugging and kissing and before either one of us knew what was happening, he was calling me Dolly. That's what he always called Mom.

BILL: That sounds so degenerate.

SYLVIA: If you say so.

BILL: What happened finally?

SYLVIA: Never mind. Really.

BILL: No, really, what happened?

SYLVIA: He died. That's what happened finally.

BILL: How'd he die?

SYLVIA: You're very interested in all this, aren't you?

BILL: I've got to admit, it's fascinating.

SYLVIA: Would you like to see a picture of him?

BILL: You carry a picture of him with you?

BILL: He looks like a Marine. Very tough.

SYLVIA: He was tough. Whenever I look at that face, I think of his strength. He wasn't a Marine. He wasn't much of anything, really. Most of the time, he was a custodian—a janitor at the grade school.

BILL: He was a grade school janitor and he screwed his nine-year-old daughter?

SYLVIA: Nope. Not really. He was a retired janitor when he screwed his nine-year-old daughter.

BILL: That must have haunted him the rest of his life. In later life, did he ever say anything? Did he ever go back and try to explain what happened that night when you were nine?

SYLVIA: You're funny.

BILL: What's so funny about that?

SYLVIA: I think I've upset your head enough for one night. I'm really exhausted and I'm sure you should be getting home, too.

BILL: I'd like to hear the whole story sometime.

SYLVIA: He didn't die until six years ago. He was 86 years old then.

BILL: Did he say something before he died?

SYLVIA: You're not—it wasn't just that one time when I was nine years old. I slept with him every night until he died. BILL: Christ!

SYLVIA: I guess it must sound awful. But it didn't seem so awful to me. He was an old man, but he made love to me right up until the end.

BILL: By that time, you must have known it was wrong.

SYLVIA: I guess it must have been wrong, because everyone tells me how wrong it was. But I'm learning that a lot of things people say are wrong are not all that wrong. Since he died, I've been

with other men and I've never found a lover who could come near him in some ways. He was—even when he was 86 years old, he was a magnificent lover.

BILL: I guess I've got to go home now.

SYLVIA: It's getting late.

BILL: I want to thank you for tonight.

SYLVIA: That's all right. I was wondering what you'd be like.

BILL: I'm sorry if I was shocked by the story about your father.

SYLVIA: Everyone is. I don't know what makes me tell people that story. I guess it is shocking and there's no reason you shouldn't be shocked. I suppose it was all wrong all the time. But I'll tell you something. When he died . . . no daughter ever missed a father the way I missed him.

A BASICALLY UP-FRONT
RELATIONSHIP LIKE OURS

MAC: I can't believe you finally told him. What'd he say?

ELSIE: Nothing.

MAC: He had to have some reaction.

ELSIE: That's what bothers me. Nothing. But Quince doesn't always react right away. He likes to think things over for a day or two and then react. He may—I can't even guess what he's going to do about this.

MAC: If he's as smart as you're always telling me, he may see this as an essentially liberating experience. It seems to me that anyone in his right mind would want to get rid of the hypocrisy and get into a basically up-front relationship like ours.

ELSIE: Mac, I've got to tell you something. I don't think Quince is looking at our little conversation as a basically positive thing. Not yet, anyway. If he is, he's keeping that bit of news pretty much to himself.

MAC: Well, then, that's his hang-up. You can't be blamed if he chooses to live his life by some prehistoric code.

ELSIE: It's just that I'm not sure that what works for you is going to work for Quince.

MAC: Well, you tell me he's a basically up-front-type guy—

ELSIE: That he is.

MAC: It follows, then, that he's going to prefer a basically up-front approach toward life. And the fact is there's no way I would have gone on fucking you if you hadn't been able to be honest with him.

ELSIE: I hate that word.

MAC: I know. That's probably the reason I use it with you. People who attach other weight to the word fucking are not behaving in a rational manner. I don't get how someone who is essentially rational can get so emotional over—What exactly did you say to old Quince?

ELSIE: Pretty much the same way we discussed it. That I had been unfaithful. That we had been making love for two months—

MAC: Fucking. We had been fucking for two months.

ELSIE: I'm afraid, Mac, that's going to have to remain your word, not mine. I also told him the rest of it, that I had made love to three other men during the course of our marriage and that I thought it was only fair that he have the same kind of freedom—without any guilt—that—

MAC: Right on. You went the whole route, then. I know it seems kind of rocky now, but he's going to have to appreciate the fact that you were finally honest with him.

ELSIE: It's possible he's going to react to this in a different way than you might. He did say one thing. He asked me what made me think he'd want to make love to any other woman.

MAC: He's just saying that.

ELSIE: Mac, please don't be hopeless. I don't mind your being a little hopeless. Just please don't be utterly hopeless.

MAC: It's really amazing. We're all so used to playing games that when someone tries to be up-front, no one knows how to handle it.

ELSIE: If you think that, then I'm being unfair to Quince. I can't say whether he knows how to handle this or not. He said something else, something about not taking the wedding vows lightly.

MAC: That's such a back number.

ELSIE: To you that's a back number. To me that's clearly been a back number. But you've never met Quince.

MAC: Maybe that should be the next logical step. There's no reason why not. I mean, give him a little time. Once he sees the big picture, there's no reason we can't sit down like mature adults and rap. It might do wonders for old Quince. It might open his eyes to a lot of things.

ELSIE: I don't want to rain on your parade, but I don't think Quince is going to want to rap with you. On the other hand, he may just want to rap on you.

MAC: You're kidding. No one's that primitive anymore.

ELSIE: I wouldn't be too sure about that, Mac. I wouldn't count on it.

MAC: I can't imagine him not digging the chance—

ELSIE: Mac, you really don't understand Quince at all. If he digs anything, he may dig your grave. I'm serious. I think you ought to know that. When Quince works this all out, he may just decide that the proper course of action is to kill us.

MAC: Far out! I didn't think anyone did that anymore.



"Who the hell are George, Buck, Ferdie, Paul, Roger, Olaf, Piggy, Jack, Joey, Sacha and Raoul . . .?!"

CITY CAR

(continued from page 152)

most of its drive-train components are based on the slightly less elaborate RX4. Producing 110 hp, the Cosmo is plenty fast—in excess of 100 mph—and may be the most silent-running automobile on the highway, regardless of price.

Within the realm of small, two-door, four-passenger automobiles with certain sporting instincts, one can probe almost any level of price, up to the absurdly expensive \$95,000 Rolls-Royce Camargue or into the more modestly priced Mercedes-Benz 450 SLC (\$22,000), Maserati Khamzin (\$30,000), Lamborghini Espada (\$35,000) or the sexy new Jaguar XJS (\$20,000), but such automobiles are not really in context here. We are discussing *usable* automobiles, cars that can be driven to work every day and used for fun and socializing in the evenings and on weekends. The idea of trucking down the freeway through rain, fog and sleet each morning and evening at the wheel of a Lamborghini Espada, for example, makes no sense, which implies an upper limit of price for an automobile one would want to expose to the weather and driving vagaries of other commuters on a regular basis. A certain compromise is available in a pair of automobiles that provide the cachet of a famous manufacturer's marque, high levels of luxury and performance and price tags that might be described as only modestly staggering. The Jaguar XJ6C is a two-door, coupe version of the famed XJ6 and XJ12 sedans—certainly the most rakish four-doors presently produced. The XJ6C is similar in many ways, including Jaguar's lavish use of burl walnut and high-grade leather throughout the interior, a sophisticated, all-independent suspension and four-wheel disk brakes.

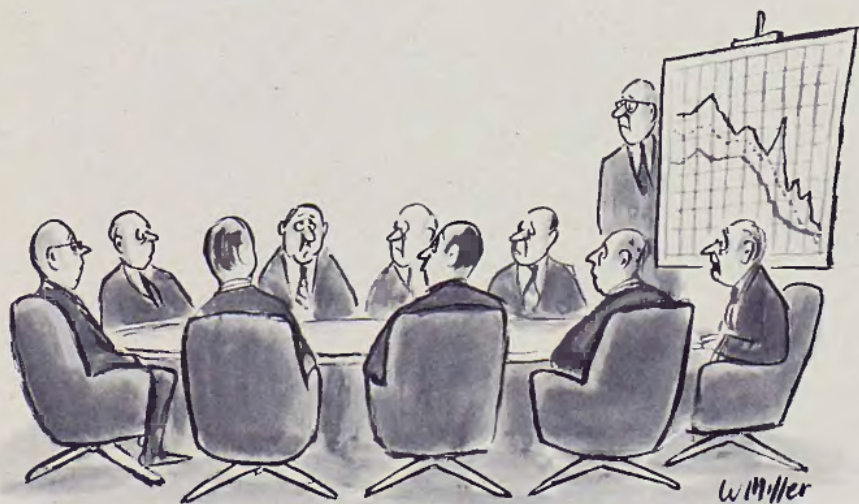
The car is light and deft to operate and utterly silent, even at highway cruising speeds. While it originally was available with the new Jaguar V12 engine, future models will come to the U.S. equipped only with the heavy, but stone-reliable double-overhead-camshaft in-line six-cylinder. There are strong indications that Mercedes-Benz, the world's oldest and most honored automobile maker, will introduce a coupe version of its all-new 280 series in 1977, thereby giving the company an entrant in this high-line sporting-coupe field. The new car will be a smaller, more compact, much prettier version of the 280 coupe presently sold in the U.S. market. It will, of course, embody all of the precision and performance that have come to typify every machine produced by this great German firm. Both the Jaguar and the Mercedes-Benz will fall in the \$14,000–\$16,000 range, which probably places them at the outer limits of practicality in terms of insurance costs, maintenance and general aggravation. A more practical price limit is about \$10,000, where one can pick from a trio of truly sporting machines, such as the new Porsche 924, the Alfa Romeo Alfetta GT and the aging but immensely popular Datsun 280Z 2+2.

Perhaps the biggest news in the field is the Porsche 924, which marks a major milestone for the famous Stuttgart firm—it is the first front-mounted, water-cooled, in-line engine to be marketed by the company in its long and illustrious history. (In truth, the new variation is not entirely of Porsche's making. Now a part of the giant Volkswagen-Porsche-Audi consortium, Porsche inherited the 924; it was originally designed as an Audi sports car. It is in many ways a committee machine—its 1900-c.c., 95-hp

engine is a hotbed-up, fuel-injected version of the power plant that propels the VW Rabbit.) The car is wonderfully smooth to drive and devoid of the nasty oversteering manners that typified older Porsches, and its hatchback body provides adequate rear-seat space and plenty of luggage room. It is not a terribly rapid car, but, with an all-independent suspension and nicely designed four-speed transmission, it can provide hours of driving satisfaction. It shares several important design components with the Alfetta GT, including fuel injection and a transaxle—whereby the transmission is housed at the back of the car, integrally with the differential, to improve weight distribution. The only difference between the two automobiles' gearboxes is that the Alfa contains one more gear—it is a five-speed, as opposed to the Porsche's four-speed. Both use overhead-camshaft, four-cylinder engines of similar displacement, but the Alfa's produces 34 more horsepower, which, in company with slightly less weight, gives it somewhat better performance. However, neither car is blindingly fast (0–60 in approximately ten seconds; top speed about 115 mph) and their assets lie solely in fine engineering, superb handling and braking.

It is likely that since its introduction in 1969, the Datsun Z car has become the most popular sports machine in the world. It has come a long way, in terms of both price (nearly double its original \$3500 tag) and sophistication (fuel injection, larger six-cylinder engine, improved suspension, air conditioning, optional three-speed automatic transmission, etc.), but perhaps the most important change came with the 1974 introduction of a 2+2 version, as opposed to the limit of two in the original Z car. While it is a heavier machine, at nearly 3000 pounds, than either the Porsche or the Alfa, and has a somewhat more bulky feeling on the road, the 280Z is beautifully finished and embodies the attention to detail that can come only through years of perfecting a stable and basically solid design. Its reliable six-cylinder, fuel-injected engine developing 170 hp gives it excellent performance (about 120 mph) and its all-independent suspension keeps its four feet on the ground under the most demanding conditions.

So there we have it, a stable of reasonably priced, well-designed urban sportsters that will maintain your sanity and your social life, at least until you accumulate enough capital to buy a Mercedes-Benz 450SE or move to the south of France, or both. Just remember one thing: For the price of one Rolls-Royce Camargue, you can buy about 24 Honda Accords. And at 11 mph on a rainy Friday night, in the middle of a clogged freeway, who will know the difference? Or even care?



"Newellson, if you would please stop whistling the theme from 'The Way We Were,' perhaps we could continue."

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PATTY HEARST TRIAL

(continued from page 114)

viciousness of the FBI"—a misperception shared by Martin Luther King, Jr., Fred Hampton, Dennis Banks—so he asks Patty if it had occurred to her to turn the Harrises in.

"I was afraid. They aren't the only people like that running around . . . there were many others who could've picked up right where they left off."

Browning wondered if they really had such "power over your life."

"They did. It's happening right now."

"Has somebody been killed?"

Suddenly, Patty switches from her usual monotone to a hurried delineation of the latest terrorist acts, threats and broken promises: "San Simeon was bombed. My parents received a communiqué demanding \$250,000—" Your Honor, please, the witness is leading the prosecutor.

But it's too late. The jury has heard her. Browning counters weakly, "Was anybody killed?"

"No."

Before the trial, defense attorney Johnson had protested, perhaps too much, that, "contrary to what Sheriff McDonald says, [Patty Hearst and Sara Jane Moore] have not exchanged cordialities. . . . I don't want any inferences drawn from any conduct of the two of them simply because they are in the same institution, because there is absolutely no connection between the two cases." But there *was* a missing link: the murder of Wilbert "Popeye" Jackson. The leader of the United Prisoners Union had been killed, together with a companion, Sally Voyer, while they sat in a parked car at two o'clock in the morning. I learned from impeccable sources that the hit *was known in advance* within the California Department of Corrections, the FBI, the San Jose and San Francisco police departments. But now—in mid-February, while the Patty Hearst trial was in process—a similar charge was made in the company of some pretty evil accusations when a Berkeley underground group called Tribal Thumb prepared this statement:

It has become known to the Tribal Thumb orbit that the CIA, FBI and CCS [Criminal Conspiracy Section] have made undercurrent moves to establish a basis for the total eradication of the Tribal Thumb Community. . . . [They] are involved in working overtime to unravel the mystery of Popeye Jackson's execution in an effort to plant Tribal Thumb in a web of conspiracy in that execution. . . .

The FBI's heavy involvement in the case of Popeye's death largely is due to the death of Sally Voyer, who in actuality was moonlighting

(outside her employment as a teacher) as a narcotics agent for police forces. Moreover, she was Popeye's control agent. Popeye was an informer on the movement.

Several days ago, Patty Hearst was slipped out of her jail cell by the FBI and Mr. Randolph Hearst and taken to a nearby jail to identify a man being held there (we're withholding his name for now) who was allegedly closely associated with Tribal Thumb, to make an identification of this man's alleged trafficking of large quantities of arms to Tribal Thumb and the Symbionese Liberation Army. The result is that Miss Hearst pointed the comrade out as the trafficker of such weapons. . . .

Donald DeFreeze escaped from the California prison system with help from the FBI and California prison officials. His mission was to establish an armed revolutionary organization, controlled by the FBI, specifically to either make contact with or undermine the surfacing and development of the August Seventh Guerrilla Movement.

We make note of the fact that the first communiqué issued by the S.L.A. under the leadership of Donald DeFreeze was in part a duplicate of a communiqué issued by the A.S.G.M. Further examination of those communiqués establishes that the A.S.G.M. had surfaced and was in the process of developing some kind of operational format, when the S.L.A. hastily moved, hard pressed for something spectacular to cut off this thrust by the A.S.G.M. The result was the incorrect and unfounded death of Marcus Foster.

It is evident that the FBI through its sources of information knew of the underground existence of the A.S.G.M. and that the movement was obviously making plans to become public knowledge via armed actions against the imperialist state. Having had their attempts to infiltrate agents into the A.S.G.M.'s mainstream frustrated, they sought the diverse method of establishing an organization they could control. So they made three approaches: Donald DeFreeze, who was in contact with Nancy Ling Perry, who worked at Rudy's Fruit Stand, from whom Patty Hearst often bought bagels and fruit juice.

DeFreeze was let loose and given a safe plan to surface as an armed guerrilla unit. That plan was to kidnap Patty Hearst—strategized by the FBI, Randolph Hearst, Patty Hearst and Nancy Ling Perry. The format of that plan of kidnapping Patty Hearst was extracted from a

book, published by a publishing company named Nova owned by the Hearst Corporation, entitled *Vanished*. . . . [Tribal Thumb most likely meant *Black Abductor*, by Harrison James, pseudonym for James Rusk, Jr., which was published by Regency Press, a company not affiliated with Hearst in any way.]

On April eighth, after Patty had been found guilty, a front-page story in the *Examiner* began:

Would-be Presidential assassin Sara Jane Moore and the Patricia Hearst case are intricately linked in the web of evidence that led to yesterday's arrest of the accused murderer of militant prison-reform leader Wilbert "Popeye" Jackson, authoritative sources have told the *Examiner*.

These sources said Ms. Moore, now in custody in a Federal prison in San Diego, will be a star witness in the trial of the accused slayer. . . . And it was the arrest last September of Miss Hearst . . . that led to the break in the case, according to the primary investigators in the case. . . .

Booked into the San Francisco County Jail yesterday afternoon was Richard Alan London, 26, an ex-convict who has been in the Santa Clara County Jail in San Jose since last summer on an armed-robbery charge. . . . London is a member of a revolutionary band called the Tribal Thumb and was a former member of Jackson's militant prison-reform group called the United Prisoners Union. . . .

Federal and local authorities flatly denied a report circulated by Tribal Thumb sources that Miss Hearst, convicted of bank robbery on March 20, was taken to the Santa Clara jail to identify London *last week*. . . .

Why this change in chronology? The original Tribal Thumb statement alleged that Patty had identified London as a gunrunner for the S.L.A. and Tribal Thumb more than a month and a half previously. The truth is that she secretly began to turn state's evidence *early in her trial*. Usually, defendants tell what they know *before* trial, so the prosecution can decide whether or not to plea bargain and avoid a trial. But this particular trial had to be held in order to avoid giving any impression of plea bargaining. In a manner of speaking, Patty had been gang-banged behind the tent at the Hearstling Brothers Browning & Bailey Bread and Circus by both teams, prosecution and defense, while they were adversaries in a trial that was more carefully staged than a TV wrestling match.

In court, Judge Oliver Carter always seemed like Elmer Fudd about to snap, "I'm gonna git that pesky wabbit!" He had once sentenced Hedy Sarney to two and a half years for bank robbery. She

claimed at her sentencing that Tribal Thumb had made her do it. Now Bailey reminded him that he had commented that her claim of coercion came too late and that she had refused to testify against the people she accused of forcing her to commit the crime, whereas, in the case of Patty Hearst, said Bailey cryptically, "Your Honor has been made aware of some facts which are relevant to him." The judge sentenced Patty to 35 years, pending the results of 90 days of psychiatric testing. He announced, "I intend to reduce the sentence. How much I am not now prepared to say." But while Patty was still being probed by the shrinks, Judge Carter died from an overdose of natural causes and it was rumored that his replacement would sentence Patty to working as a teller at the Hibernia Bank for rehabilitative purposes.

It is considered not unlikely that Pop-eye Jackson could have been killed by police agents—to neutralize yet another black leader, rather than because he was supposed to be an informer. The United Prisoners Union reasons that "if Pop-eye had been interested in snitching, he would have made all efforts to keep up his contacts with the N.W.L.F. rather than be 'cold and distant' or allow for any misunderstanding."

But is it possible, as Tribal Thumb pointed out, that Patty Hearst participated in the planning of her own kidnapping while ostensibly buying bagels?

An S.L.A. manuscript stated they had expected more trouble from their intended victim, "since we were planning on carrying her away, but she turned out to be real cooperative. She just lay down on the floor while one of the comrades tied her hands and blindfolded her."

When she was being interviewed in jail by prosecution psychiatrist Dr. Harry Kozol, Patty pulled a Raskolnikov—the character in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* who cannot repress the force of his own guilt—by darting from the room and complaining that Kozol had accused her of arranging her own kidnapping. Bailey asked him on the witness stand, "Did you suggest that she got herself kidnapped?"

He answered, "No."

In the first interview, Kozol questioned her about Willie Wolfe. "I told her that I'd heard her speak tenderly of him [on the final taped communiqué] and I asked her this question: 'Is that the way you felt about him?'" She seemed to get upset and deeply moved. I felt she was almost sobbing inside . . . but no tears ran down her face. . . . She said, 'I don't know how I feel about him.' I said, 'I'm not asking you how you feel. Is that how you felt?' She became very much upset, began to shake and quiver, obviously suffering. And she answered, 'I don't know



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why I got into this goddamn thing—shit! And then got up and left the room, terribly upset."

Got into *what* goddamn thing? Patty could have been referring to her agreement to talk with psychiatrists, or to her decision to join the S.L.A., or to the kidnaping itself.

In the second interview, when she described the kidnaping scene, Kozol asked if there was anything else. He testified, "There was some delay. She was sort of thinking. She began to look very uncomfortable and I told her, 'Never mind.' And she said, 'I don't want to tell you.' And I said, 'That's OK, if it makes you uncomfortable,' and then she blurted out that she was going to tell me anyway. She told me that four days before the kidnaping, while she was sitting in class, she was suddenly struck with a terrible fear that she was going to be kidnaped. This was an overwhelming sensation. It stayed with her. I said, 'What's so surprising about a girl from a well-to-do family worrying about kidnaping?' She brushed it aside and said, 'It wasn't anything of the sort. It was different.' For four solid days, she couldn't shake the fear. She finally thought in terror of running home to her parents, where she would be safe. She somehow fought that. Then the thing she dreaded occurred."

After she was arrested, there was a jailhouse conversation with her best friend since childhood, Trish Tobin—whose family controls the Hibernia Bank—including this exchange:

TRISH: "I had a lot of fights at Stanford."

PATTY: "Oh, yeah? About what?"

TRISH: "You."

PATTY: "Oh—what were *they* saying? I can just imagine—"

TRISH: "Oh, well, 'that fucking little rich bitch'—you know, on and on—and they said, 'She planned her own kidnaping,' and I said, 'Fuck you, you don't know what the fuck you're talking about. I don't even care if she plans her kidnaping and everyone's in the world, so you know something, I don't wanna hear *shit* out of you!'" (Laughter)

The gossip was that Patty had arranged her own kidnaping in order to get out of her engagement to Steven Weed in as adventurous a way as possible—"I guess I was having second thoughts," she admitted. "I wasn't sure he was somebody I could stay married to"—but that she was then double-crossed and manipulated into becoming an informer.

The family of slain S.L.A. member Willie Wolfe hired Lake Headley—an ex-police intelligence officer who was chief investigator at Wounded Knee—to find out what had really happened. What he discovered, with fellow researchers Donald Freed and Rusty Rhodes, was

that the S.L.A. was part of the CIA's CHAOS program. In that context, it was planning to kill Black Panther leader Huey Newton and succeeded in killing black school superintendent Marcus Foster *after* he agreed to meet Panther demands for educational reforms. At Vacaville, DeFreeze was permitted to set up Unisight—which was outasite, because convicts could get laid by visiting females. According to Headley, DeFreeze's visitors included Nancy Ling Perry, Patricia Soltysik—and Patty Hearst, then 18, not going under her own name but using the I.D. of Mary Alice Siems, a student at Berkeley. His affidavit states:

That Patricia Campbell Hearst and her parents disagreed bitterly over Patricia's political and personal relations. That a love affair between a black man and Patricia Campbell Hearst did take place prior to her relationship with her fiancé Steven Weed. That Mrs. Randolph A. Hearst subjected her daughter to extreme pressure to change her personal and political relationships.

Patty began living with Weed in Berkeley later that year, in the fall of 1972. DeFreeze was transferred to Soledad in December 1972, where he was given the special privilege of using the trailers ordinarily reserved for married trustees. He became a leader of the S.L.A. and renewed his affair with Patty for a brief time. The affidavit continues:

Discussions were held between Patricia Campbell Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army concerning a kidnaping—not her own.

Whose, then? Her sisters', Anne and Vicki. The idea of kidnaping Patty, too, was brought up—this was a year before it actually took place—but she didn't think it was such a great notion. But if true, this would explain Patty's outburst at the moment of kidnaping: "Oh, no! Not *me*! Oh, God! Please let me go!"

The investigators presented their findings to the Los Angeles City Council, charging that the intelligence unit of the police department—the Criminal Conspiracy Section—knew of the S.L.A.'s presence but *wanted* the so-called shoot-out for test purposes. Headley acquired official film footage of the massacre, showing that the FBI used a pair of German shepherds to sniff out Patty's presence so she wouldn't be inside the unsafe house.

If this is all accurate information, it means that the kidnaping of Patty Hearst is an American equivalent of the Reichstag fire in Nazi Germany.

On the tape of April 3, 1974, Patty said, "I have been given the name Tania after a comrade who fought alongside

Ché in Bolivia for the people." And on the tape of June sixth, she said, "I renounced my class privilege when Cin and Cujo gave me the name Tania."

But in the *New Times* interview, Bill Harris said, "She chose the name Tania herself."

According to Weed, her reading matter had ranged from the Marquis de Sade to *Do It*, by Jerry Rubin. And, according to a trusted source, Patty and a former roommate had both read the book *Tania, the Unforgettable Guerrilla* a year prior to the kidnaping. Further, the roommate had been subpoenaed to testify for the prosecution in Patty's trial, but the subpoena was withdrawn. Parks Stearns, Jr., FBI liaison to the U.S. Attorney's office, denied this vehemently, shouting at me in the press room, "You're wrong!" It could be just a coincidence, but after that incident, the head marshal began hassling me for identification, even though I had been coming to the trial every day. One time he asked for my driver's license. I told him I didn't drive a car. Another time he asked for my Social Security card. I told him I never carry that around. I would present only my press card, which he accepted because there were too many media people around and he didn't want the attention that a scene would automatically create.

In the middle of the trial—on a Saturday afternoon, when reporters and technicians were hoping to goof off—the FBI called a press conference. At five o'clock that morning, they had raided the New Dawn collective—supposedly the aboveground support group of the Emiliano Zapata Unit—and accompanying a press release about the evidence seized were photographs still wet with developing fluid. "Mr. Bates, real close to your head, please." Special Agent Charles Bates proceeded to pose with the photos like an imitation Henry Fonda doing a camera commercial. Was there a search warrant? No, but they had a "consent to search" signed by the owner of the house, Judy Stevenson, who has since admitted being a paid FBI informant. Not only did the raid seem timed to break into print simultaneously with the Sunday funnies but the investigative technique also smacked of comic-strip morality; in *Dick Tracy* the next day, the "Crimestoppers Textbook" depicted a trio of stereotypical hippie terrorists preparing a time bomb, underscored by the question, "Would you deny police access to knowledge of persons planning your demise?"

In 1969, Bates was special agent at the Chicago office of the FBI when police killed Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark while they were sleeping. Recently, ex-FBI informer Maria Fischer told the *Chicago Daily News* that the then chief of the FBI's Chicago office, Marlon Johnson, personally asked her to

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slip a drug to Hampton; she had infiltrated the Panther Party at the FBI's request a month before. The drug was a tasteless, colorless liquid that would put him to sleep. She refused. Hampton was killed a week later. An autopsy showed "a near fatal dose" of secobarbital in his system. In 1971, Bates was transferred to Washington. According to James McCord's book *A Piece of Tape*, on June 21, 1972, John Dean checked with L. Patrick Gray as to who was in charge of handling the Watergate investigation. The answer: Charles Bates—the same FBI official who in 1974 would be in charge of handling the S.L.A. investigation and the search for Patty Hearst. Almost six weeks after that Saturday-morning raid, he sent me a letter, by registered mail, on Department of Justice stationery:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Subsequent to the search of a residence in connection with the arrest of six members of the Emiliano Zapata Unit, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, San Francisco, has been attempting to contact you to advise you of the following information:

During the above indicated arrest of six individuals of the Emiliano Zapata Unit, an untitled list of names and addresses of individuals was seized. A corroborative source described the above list as an Emiliano Zapata Unit "hit list," but stated that no action will be taken, since all of those who could carry it out are in custody. Further, if any of the apprehended individuals should make bail, they would only act upon the "hit list" at the instructions of their

leader, who is not and will not be in a position to give such instructions.

The above information is furnished for your personal use and it is requested it be kept confidential. At your discretion, you may desire to contact the local police department responsible for the area of your residence.

Very truly yours,
Charles W. Bates
Special Agent in Charge

Was he trying to tell me something? Because of a lawsuit involving the Freedom of Information Act that had been won by Carl Stern—who was covering the trial for NBC News—I had received my FBI and CIA files. In fact, I was planning to sue the FBI for conspiracy to harass. When *Life* ran a favorable profile of me in 1968, the New York office of the FBI asked permission of the director's office in Washington—and received approval from Cartha DeLoach and William Sullivan—to write a letter to the editor of *Life* (signed by a fictitious Howard Rasmussen of Brooklyn College) in which *The Realist* was labeled "blatant obscenity" and I was classified as "a raving, unconfined nut." That's all true, of course, but in libel, it's the malice that counts. So, obviously, I was more logically a target of the Government than of the Emiliano Zapata Unit—unless they happen to be the same. Was the right wing of the FBI warning me about the left wing of the FBI? Did the handwriting on the wall read CO-INTELPRO LIVES?

Questions about the authenticity of the Zapata Unit had been raised by its first public statement in August 1975, which included the unprecedented threat of

violence against the left. When a Safeway supermarket in Oakland was bombed by the Zapata Unit, they claimed to have called radio station KPFA and instructed them to notify police, so they could evacuate the area; KPFA staffers insisted they never received such a call. Now *The Urban Guerrilla*, aboveground organ of the underground N.W.L.F., commented:

Without offering any proof, the FBI has claimed that [those arrested] were members of the Emiliano Zapata Unit and mistakenly claimed that the Zapata Unit was part of the N.W.L.F. These FBI claims and lies have been widely repeated by the media.

As soon as they were arrested, Greg Adornetto, whom we knew as Chepito, was separated from the others and disappeared. . . .

A close analysis of all the actions and statements . . . by Chepito leads [us] to the inescapable conclusion that he is not just a weak informer, he is a Government infiltrator/provocateur. No other conclusion is possible when one considers that he led our comrades to a house he *knew* was under surveillance . . . carrying along things like explosives and half-completed communiqués. . . .

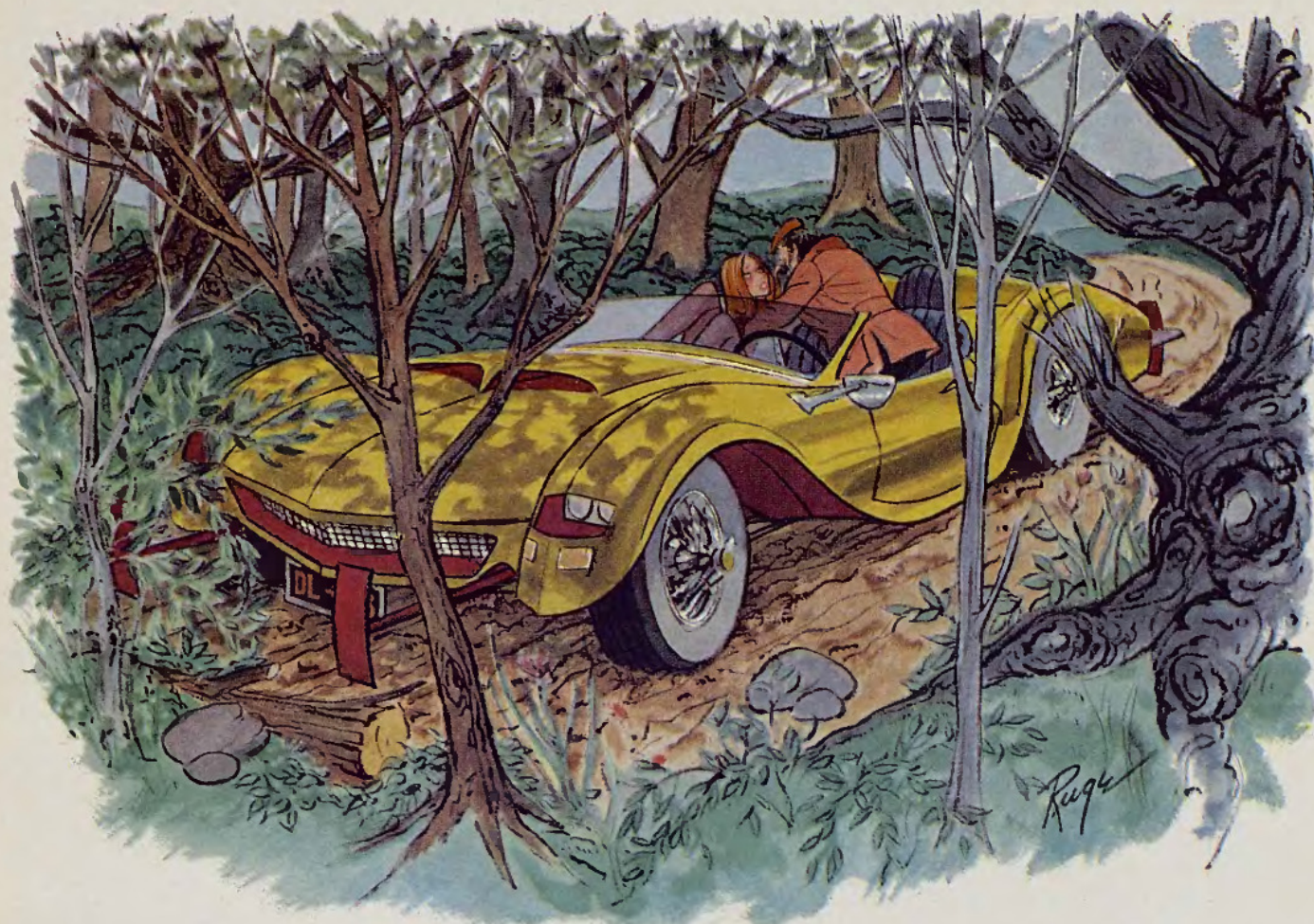
He recruited sincere and committed revolutionaries who wanted to participate in being a medium for dialog with the underground, got a bunch of them in the same room with guns, communiqués and explosives, or even got some of them involved in armed actions, and then had . . . Bates move in with his SWAT teams and bust everybody. . . .

In addition, a communiqué from the central command of the N.W.L.F. charged that "the pigs led and organized" the Zapata Unit. "We were reasonably sure that it was a setup from the beginning and we *never* sent one communiqué to New Dawn because of our suspicions."

Meanwhile, a member of the Santa Clara district attorney's office testified that Bates had "categorically denied" having any of the stolen documents sought by the Santa Clara district attorney for an investigation of FBI-sponsored political burglaries. Bates, after being confronted with the testimony of one of his own subordinates, ultimately turned over the documents to the D.A. Some of the stolen documents, according to *Sundae*!, ended up with Catherine Hearst's pet project, Research West. But when Patty was arrested, Bates became instantly ubiquitous on radio and television, boasting of her capture. Curiously, although her own cousin Willie asserts he would not have recognized her, the arresting officer immediately said, "Patty, what are you doing here?" She was so surprised that she peed in her pants, but only for the *Chronicle*, not the



"Now, don't you tickle me,
Murray. I promised my folks I wouldn't do anything
funny until I was married."



"Now that I've demonstrated the car's capabilities, Miss Joyce, I'd like to demonstrate a few of my own!"

Examiner. She was permitted to change in the bathroom. The FBI inventory did not include "pants, wet, one pair." But there was on the list a two-foot marijuana plant—as compared with almost a pound of grass *not* reported by the FBI that was found at the apartment she had originally been kidnaped from. There was also a bottle of Gallo wine in the S.L.A. safe house, not such a loyal gesture to the United Farm Workers they purported to support. And there was "a rock" found in Patty's purse.

Nearly six months later, after Patty told the jury that Willie Wolfe had raped her, Emily Harris was quoted in *New Times*: "Once Willie gave her a stone relic in the shape of a monkey face [and] Patty wore it all the time around her neck. After the shoot-out, she stopped wearing it and carried it in her purse instead, but she always had it with her." While reading the magazine in court, Browning suddenly had an *Aha!* experience. Later he would present that "rock" as his final piece of evidence, slowly swinging the necklace back and forth in front of the jurors, as if to hypno-

tize them. During this trial, we had witnessed the transmutation of this Federal prosecutor from Goofy to Svengali.

The Harrises let it be known that if called to testify, they would take the Fifth Amendment, but media fallout enabled them to have their Fifth and drink it, too. If the monkey necklace was a piece of visual evidence that came to the jury by way of print journalism, and if the film of Patty doing the Hibernia hustle was an electronic bank loan, then it was only appropriate that an audio contribution, the Trish Tobin tape, should complete that holy media trinity. Several times throughout the trial, Browning attempted to have it played for the jury, but Judge Carter kept refusing—until the final argument, when the impact of its giddiness would be especially astonishing.

The possibility that Patty was coerced into robbing the bank is not inconsistent with her jailhouse dialog 16 months later: "I'm not making any statements until I know that I can get out on bail, and then if I find out that I can't for sure, then

I'll issue a statement, but I'd just as soon give it myself, in person, and then it'll be a revolutionary feminist perspective totally. I mean I never got really . . . I guess I'll just tell you, like, my politics are real different from, uh—way back when (*laughter*)—obviously! And so this creates all kinds of problems for me in terms of a defense." An accurate forecast. Patty testified that she was influenced to say this because Emily Harris was in the visiting room.

"Was she a party to your conversation?"

"Not by any intention of ours, no."

On cross-examination, she continued: "Emily was also on a phone." (Prisoners and visitors must converse over telephones while they look at each other through a thick-bulletproof glass window.) Patty said she knew that Emily could hear her talking simply because "I could've heard her if I'd stopped and listened." But jail records show that Emily was not in the visiting room then.

While Kozol was testifying in court, Patty was writing notes to Johnson on a

yellow legal pad. And while the marshal was watching me during recess, another reporter, Steve Rubinstein, copied those notes but couldn't include them in his story for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, a Hearst paper. Patty described life in Berkeley with Weed:

I paid the rent, bought the furniture, bought the groceries, cooked all the meals (even while working eight hours a day and carrying a full course load), and if I wasn't there to cook, Steve didn't eat.

Another note states clearly and concisely where her head was really at in the San Mateo County Jail:

Dr. Kozol kept trying to equate the women's movement with violence. I repeatedly told him: 1. Violence has no place in the women's movement. 2. I didn't feel it was possible to make lasting social changes in our society unless the issue of women's rights was resolved. Kozol kept trying to say things like, "Isn't it more important to solve the poverty problem?" etc. . . . Any reform measures taken by the Government will only be temporary.

The phrase bad seed growing was used by Kozol, and one could recall that in the film version of *The Bad Seed*, as a postscript, the mother was shown spanking the daughter while the closing credits were superimposed on that image. Other cinematic reminders: Patty as a child mimicking her mother, the way the young girl did in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*; the guy in *Zabriskie Point* remarking about someone in a passing car, "She used to be my sister"; the girl who is forced into an S/M relationship with a storm trooper at a concentration camp in *The Night Porter* continuing years later in a hotel "of my own free will," she insists. Although news items about the Patty Hearst trial were clipped out of the daily papers by U. S. marshals, who also turned the TV off in case of a related bulletin, the jurors were not immune to media influence. During the trial, they all went out to see a few contemporary films, which they voted on, presumably sitting in the same order to which they had become accustomed in court. They saw *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, which, Ken Kesey complained, made Big Nurse the target and omits his central theme, that people go crazy in this country precisely because they can't handle the gap between the American Dream and the American Nightmare as orchestrated by the same combine that Patty was forced to experience, where organized crime and organized crime fighting are merely different sides of the same

corporate coin. The jury also saw *Swept Away* . . . , reinforcing the theme that one does not transcend one's class unless one is already heading in that direction before circumstances temporarily shatter all those arbitrary rules that distinguish the classes. And the jury saw *Taxi Driver—Nashville* without music—once again perpetuating the myth of the lone nut assassin who, in this case, attempts to kill a political candidate not because he has been hired by an intelligence agency but, rather, because Cybill Shepherd won't stay and hold his hand in a porno-movie audience. No, the jurors do not read in the newspaper what goes on when the judge sends them out of the courtroom, but remaining in their collective subconscious is a violent spider's web of powerful imagery that can be relieved only by larger and larger doses of law and order. Deliberations in the jury room were ultimately a rationalization for the urge to punish Patty.

If you were Patty Hearst, would you answer true or false to the following statements?

"My way of doing things is apt to be misunderstood by others."

"I am always disgusted with the law when a criminal is freed through the arguments of a smart lawyer."

"I feel that it is certainly best to keep my mouth shut when I'm in trouble."

Those are samples from the MMPI (Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory), a psychological test. In order to have her sentence reduced, Patty was required to undergo a psychiatric debriefing extended to six months.

The jury had found her guilty of fucking when she was 15. Or why else would such information have been admissible as evidence during the trial? They don't allow that kind of testimony in a rape trial, but for a bank robbery it's relevant.

Patty once told a nun to go to hell, and now her monkey-face necklace has been replaced by a religious symbol. Although A.P. beat U.P.I. by five minutes on the wire with the story on April 14 that Bill and Emily Harris were charged with kidnaping Patty, it took the alternative Zodiac News Service to beat them both with a dispatch of Steve Long's report on June 17 that the S.L.A.—which had achieved international notoriety as a result of that abduction—was now going to disband, inasmuch as its four remaining admitted members were all in prison.

Graffiti remain mute testaments to the whole misadventure. With the same passion with which some *mene tekelers* have spray-painted FREE SQUEAKY and GRAVITY IS THE 4TH DIMENSION, others have left legends like JAIL ROCKY AND NIXON, NOT TANIA AND WE MIZ YOU MIZMOON—"SAVE THE CHILDREN" (only MIZMOON has been yellowed out) and S.L.A. LIVES, which has

long been hiding in among the enigmatic COLE SLAW LIVES slogan that has baffled tourists and convinced one visiting ex-Berkeleyite that a friend named Cole Slaw was dead, because there are graffiti that say he lives.

There had been a rumor that Patty had become pregnant by Cinque. Indeed, one of the questions that Randolph Hearst had when he met Jack Scott was to ascertain if that were so.

I wrote in my *Berkeley Barb* column: "Now, with their daughter on trial, the Hearsts have hired a lawyer who wears pancake make-up to press conferences, the better to transform a racist fear into a Caucasian alibi." I received a letter by certified mail:

Dear Sir:

You undoubtedly did not realize that the name "Pan-Cake Make-Up" is the registered trademark (U. S. Patent Office No. 350,402) of Max Factor & Co. and is not a synonym for cake make-up. The correct usage is "Pan-Cake Make-Up," capitalized and written in just that manner, or, under circumstances such as these, where you obviously did not intend to mention a particular brand, simply cake make-up.

We are sure that you are aware of the legal importance of protecting a trademark and trust that you will use ours properly in any future reference to our product, or, in the alternative, will use the proper generic term rather than our brand name.

So that our records will be complete, we would appreciate an acknowledgment of this letter. . . .

Very truly yours,
Max Factor & Co.
D. James Pekin
Corporate Counsel

In response, I explained that there had been a slight misunderstanding—what Bailey had been wearing to all those press conferences was actually Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix—and I hoped that cleared up the matter.

Finally, although James Browning had once informed me that the Black Panthers were "an organization which advocates killing people" and that Groucho Marx's "utterance did not constitute a 'true' threat," it has since come out that the FBI itself published pamphlets in the name of the Panthers advocating the killing of cops and that an FBI file on Groucho Marx was begun and he is actually labeled a "national security risk."

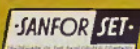
"I deny everything," Groucho responded, "because I lie about everything." He paused, then added, "And everything I deny is a lie."



"If there is anybody up there, they're probably getting on with it instead of worrying about what's happening down here."



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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TRAVEL

PICKING UP ON UNLUGGAGE

With jeans, denim work shirts and hefty boots being prized for their rugged individualism and no-frills style, it's logical that what you pack these clothes in should travel the same route. Today's unuggage ranges from the leather L. L. Bean-inspired hunter's totes to an inexpensive canvas carpenter's

tool satchel. Hearty aluminum camera cases now hold clothes instead of film. Sturdy mountain climber's packs, wicker fishing baskets, Army duffel bags and knapsacks perform double duty as rugged carryalls. Unuggage rekindles that bandana-on-a-stick siren call of the open road. It smacks of high style and says have fun. —ROBERT L. GREEN

Below: A canvas mountaineer's pack, \$24.99, and a canvas duffel bag, \$3.99, both from Unique Clothing Warehouse. Right, top: A canvas carpenter's bag, from Canal Hardware, \$6.95. Angler's shoulder bag, from Fulton Supply, \$15. Aluminum photog-

rapher's case, from Willoughby's, \$97. Right, bottom: Leather attaché case turns into an overnighter, from La Bagagerie, \$220. Leather-and-vinyl big-game bag, from Hunting World, \$525. Air Force canvas kit bag, from Unique Clothing Warehouse, \$17.99.



THE LEGAL SIDE OF LIVING TOGETHER

Living with a woman or contemplating it? Then you ought to know how the law deals with that arrangement. First, let's get one thing straight. It's not common-law marriage, which is the same as any other marriage but doesn't require a third person's saying the words to make it so. If you reside in a state that recognizes common-law marriage, the two of you can be married by declaring yourselves married. The only way to end a marriage, whether it's ceremonial or common law, is by death or divorce.

The relationship of single people living together is independent of the law and of the state. This status doesn't even have a proper name; I call it a consortium, which is a word right out of the lawbooks that means a relationship exchanging sex, services and society; the partners or spouses or lovers I call consorts.

What goes on between consorting adults in private should be their business alone, but it does have distinct income-tax consequences. Everyone who earns income beyond a certain minimum must pay income tax based on a graduated scale; that is, the more money earned, the bigger the percentage of tax. So those who earn high incomes are always trying to find ways to split their tax liability.

The commonest way married couples get the benefits of an income split is through the joint income-tax return. As long as there's a substantial difference between the income of a taxpayer and that of his spouse, the joint tax return generally saves, because it splits the higher income between two taxpayers and thus lowers the percentage taxed.

Married couples, however, face a disadvantage that consorts do not. They get only one standard deduction. Consorts, since the IRS considers them single taxpayers, each get a standard deduction.

In dollars and cents, this means that a married couple, both working, one earning \$10,000 a year, the other

earning \$17,000, taking the standard deduction, will pay about \$700 more in Federal income tax than they would if they were single and living together.

The status of marriage allows the husband and the wife to charge their family-type expenses or "necessaries" to each other's accounts. It also means that bills can be collected from either one. These rights, incorporated in "family-expense laws," are creditors' rights predicated on the marriage relationship, but lawful matrimony is not always required. The point, then, is to be careful about retaining your separate names and independent credit, unless you want to allow your partner to buy family-expense items on your credit. Allowing your consort to charge to your account is easy. Credit managers are satisfied to have a charge account in the name of one solvent debtor. They are delighted to have two debtors to sue. Banks are pleased to have anyone, spouse or stranger, guarantee the loans they make. So before signing that guarantee, think twice; long after she has moved to a separate apartment, her default can bring the bank to the doorstep of her guarantor.

There are three major ways to hold title to property. The first, and typical consort method, is in your name alone. The second is joint tenancy and the third is tenancy in common. These two forms of joint ownership allow each partner to own an *undivided* share in the entire property. For example, each joint owner owns one half of an entire house. The only way to divide it is to divide the pot after it's sold and paid for (after the title companies, brokers and lawyers take their share).

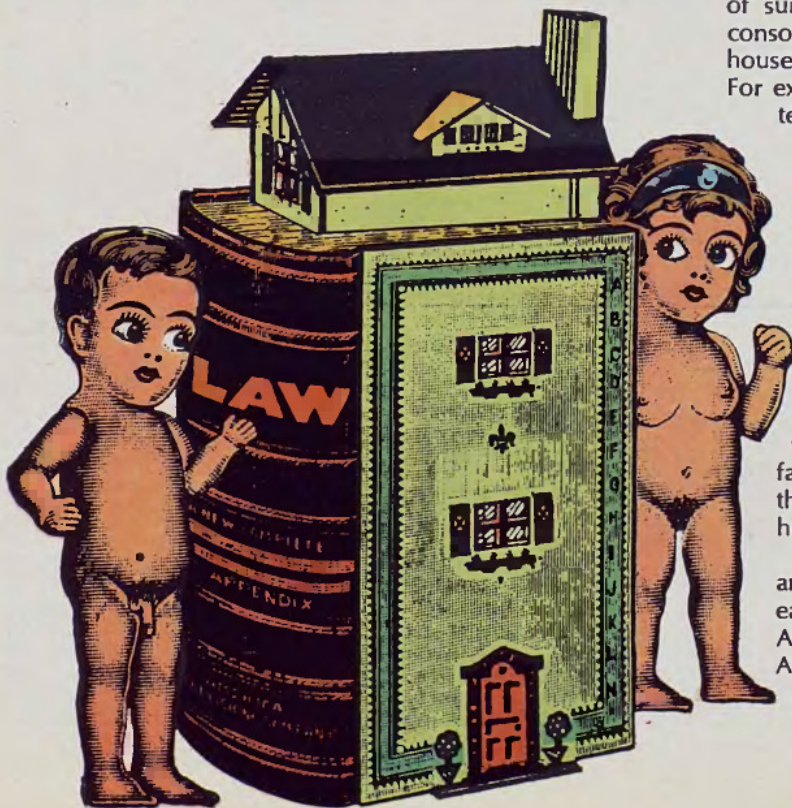
Joint tenancy is joint ownership with the right of survivorship. That means that if there are two joint tenants and one dies, the surviving joint tenant automatically gets the whole.

Tenancy in common is joint ownership without the right of survivorship. While tenancy in common will provide consorts with an undivided one half ownership each in a house, the house remains in their estates when one dies. For example, if consorts Jack and Jill buy a house in joint tenancy and Jill dies, Jack gets it all. If Jack and Jill own the house in tenancy in common and Jill dies, Jack gets to share it with Jill's mother (or whoever else inherits it from her). Now, there's a chilling thought.

All of this living and loving has so far ignored the possibility that your consortium will be fruitful and multiply. If you bring a bastard into the world, he will join one of the most deprived, downtrodden and underprivileged of all minorities. His rights to support and inheritance are severely restricted and your rights, as his father, barely exist. Historically, bastards belong exclusively to their mothers; and while the law is making some strides in recognizing a father's right to custody in the event the mother dies, the state can decide the father's fitness for custody of his own bastard almost as if he were a stranger.

And we've only just begun to look at living together and the law. Insurance companies won't let you insure each other's lives or protect each other's health. The Army won't treat her as your dependent; and the Mann Act is still on the books when you vacation together across state lines. But then—and it's a big but—there is neither alimony nor attorney's fees to pay when you decide to call it quits.

—BARBARA B. HIRSCH





Lights! Pinballs! Action!

Above: This Marvin Glass-designed Super-Star home pinball game looks and plays like the real McCoy; includes regulation-sized pinballs, flippers, kickers, flashing lights and automatic scoring, by Brunswick, \$295.



Boggling the Mind

Above: Boggle includes 16 letter cubes, a shaker tray and a timer; the object is to list, within a time limit, as many correct words as possible from the letters dumped into the shaker tray, by Parker Brothers, \$4.



That Sinking Feeling

Above: In the Betcha Ball game, you try to sink as many spinning silver balls as you can before the brass stopper drops into the hole, by Skor-Mor Products, \$6.95.



Sports Picture

Above: The Video Sports 3000 that connects to any TV allows up to four players to compete in tennis, hockey and robot games, by First Dimension, \$129.95.

Bull's-Eye!

Left: Variant darts that are housed in a mahogany case come with 15 metal disks that allow the thrower to vary the weight of each dart from 12 to 27 grams, by Accudart, \$45.50 for a boxed set of three.

Up Your Alley

Right: For the office plinker, there's Tin Can Alley, an electronic rifle that shoots a beam of light at five cans on a fence; if your aim is on the beam, all the cans will topple and the target will automatically reset itself, by Ideal, about \$29.95.



GROOMING

USING GOOD SCENTS

There's a lot more to fragrance than meets the nose. Many men start the day by looking themselves squarely in the mirror and lying. Although they tell themselves they're slapping on after-shaves to soothe their dewhiskered faces, most conventional concoctions sting the raw skin. To smell swell is the true, though usually unacknowledged, motivation. Historically, after-shave lotions were applied as antiseptics to fight infection from primitive shaving tools. Witch hazel or alcohol often sufficed. Then therapeutic balms were brewed from plants and herbs. Fragrance was a side effect, but a nice one. In this century, razors were greatly improved, but the notion was entrenched that after-shave lotions should both brace the skin and have a pleasant aroma. However, to make sense of contemporary scents, fragrance should be liberated from the shaving syndrome.

TYPES OF SCENTS. After-shaves, *eaux de toilette*, colognes and the newer supercognes for men are all alcohol-based liquids. Alcohol is what slaps the shaved face, inevitably nicked and abraded. Since the essential oils that impart fragrance can be dispersed only by alcohol, the sting can't be avoided. But it can be minimized. Nearly every maker of after-shave lotions now makes a product variously called an after-shave balm, a tonic or a conditioner. These are only lightly scented and contain moisturizers and lubricants to counteract the razor's edge. Their alcohol content is minimal, so they're preferable for someone with sensitive skin.

Specialized products aside, after-shave lotions have the lowest concentration of essential fragrance oils; supercognes have the highest. The duration of the aroma of an after-shave is shorter than that of a supercologne, simply because there's less scent to begin with. (However, some scents are more volatile than others. Citrus types, for example, dissipate more rapidly than earthy scents such as patchouli.) If a man with nonsensitive skin enjoys dousing on an after-shave lotion but wants depth of fragrance, he should use a cologne, too. If he wants to be flagrantly fragrant, he should indulge himself with a supercologne. "Intensified" colognes, cologne "concentrates" and such variations fit into the supercologne category.

FRAGRANCE FAMILIES. Although an infinite variety of fragrances can be formulated as men's colognes, manufacturers have traditionally concentrated on a few basic types—citrus scents, woody/mossy aromas, herbs, spices and leathers. Musk, first used as a fixative, revolutionized male fragrance a couple of years ago by introducing lusty animal notes that called attention to themselves. Subtlety was out. Musk's popularity is currently being challenged. Two trends are shaping up—one is back to sophisticated, understated scents; the other is to unusual mixtures that smell like oats or other

natural derivatives with a heavier, gutsier impression. Since body heat activates aroma from colognes, in cooler weather even brash fragrances are weakened.

CHOOSING A FRAGRANCE. There's no rational explanation for a particular scent's appealing to one person and disgusting another. Yet it's a mistake to select a cologne merely because you like the way it smells on someone else or in its bottle. Individual body chemistry affects a cologne. Dry skin won't hold fragrance as long as normal or oily skin. Oily skin can change a cologne's characteristics dramatically. To evaluate a cologne, rub a little on the top of your hand. Don't smell it immediately, since the release of alcohol disguises the true, more lasting scent. After several minutes, sniff and decide.

WHEN AND WHERE TO APPLY. Despite the association with shaving, a cologne should probably be applied to the face last, since the alcohol not only stings but tends to dry the skin. This can be advantageous for men with oily complexions; but since the face is unprotected against the elements, fragrance is easily diminished when doused only on the face. Worn on the neck and chest, it will last longer. Don't apply directly to clothing, especially leather, since colognes can stain. Scent should be used whenever and wherever one wants to spice oneself up.

FRAGRANCE LONGEVITY. Depending upon formulations, colognes should last for a year to 18 months without deteriorating. (On the skin, the aroma will linger for six hours maximum.) When purchasing a cologne, you have no way of determining how long it's been sitting on the shelf. Once a bottle is opened, normal oxidation begins. Several months of use may be all you can expect, so don't hoard a scent; it may become sour. Keep cologne bottles in a medicine chest to prolong their health.

—CHARLES HIX



MAKING IT PLAYING JOB-INTERVIEW POKER

Let's assume for the moment that you would like to change your tax bracket in less than a day. Can you name an activity that would allow you to enter a room, unarmed, and emerge a few hours later several thousand dollars richer? We can: It's called a job interview and it's completely legal.

Of course, anything that easy and that lucrative is bound to have a bad reputation. Most of the common-sense advice about surviving a job interview suggests that it is a formal occasion. Dress as you would for a funeral—your own. Expect a question-and-answer session just this side of the rubber-hose-and-bare-light-bulb interrogations common to police-station basements.

Case in point: No doubt you've read magazine articles describing the entrapment techniques favored by sadistic personnel managers. You know, the guy who invites you to smoke, then sits back and waits for you to discover that there isn't an ashtray. Theoretically, such tricks reveal how the candidate reacts to stress. However, since the various techniques have been so publicized, no one uses them anymore, except, perhaps, as a literacy test. Well-read applicants arrive with ashtrays in their pockets or tap their cigar ashes into the pockets of interviewers rude enough to try the stunt.

A survey of personnel managers at several corporations reveals that the situation has changed. The third-degree approach has given way to a nondirective interview. Direct questions are a thing of the past. The reason? Over the past few years, equal-opportunity laws have altered the face of the job interview. For example, you will no longer encounter the battery of tests—research has determined that the questions are biased against minority groups and that scores do not correlate with job performance. (Therefore, the selection of candidates based on such tests is evidence of discrimination.) Similarly, direct questions reveal the prejudices of the management. An interviewer cannot ask a candidate, "How old are you?" without risking a Gray Panther suit. He cannot ask a female candidate, "Are those real?" without risking a sexual-discrimination suit.

Personnel managers have learned that they can find out what they need to know about a candidate during a free-form discussion. Chances are you will be asked to tell your own story—from high school to the present—in your own words, with only a few interruptions for clarification or continuity. The job interview has become a poker game, in which the job applicant is allowed to choose the cards in

his hand and play accordingly. If he has done his research on the company, the applicant can ask the prospective boss questions to see what cards the company is holding.

The analogy to a poker game reveals an important aspect of the job interview: You are playing for real money. You can earn more in the course of a one-hour discussion than you can in a year on the job.

Most companies have strictly defined salary policies; you can expect a certain percentage increase each year. By changing jobs, you join a whole new game. It's up to you to make the ante as large as possible. Once you join a company, you run on their track and all subsequent increases are based upon your starting salary. More than one personnel manager concedes that applicants should go for the throat in money negotiations.

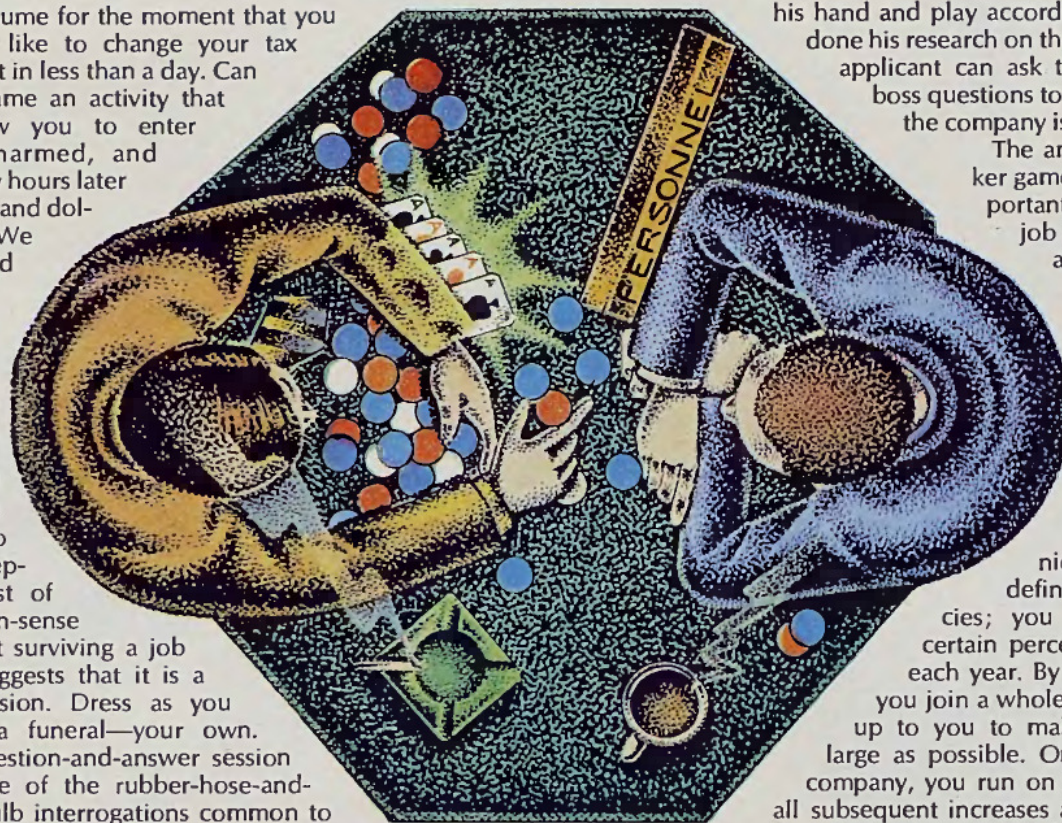
A word on confidence: Some companies pay executive-search firms one quarter to one half of the year's salary to find a candidate. You should expect at least that much for leaving such a clear trail or saving them the trouble of a search. You are a valuable property. You should not change jobs for less than a 15–25 percent increase.

The secret of surviving a job interview in style lies in learning to talk money. The interviewer has a preconceived salary range for a given job. It's up to you to convince him that you deserve the top end of that scale. If a recruiter offers you \$20,000 a year, calmly explain that while you realize the offer is reasonable, you expected an offer of \$23,000—because you were in the top of your class, because of your experience in the field or because your father owns the company. Qualify your remarks; the key is to appear self-confident without being self-centered.

A job interview is essentially science fiction. The employer and the candidate establish a probable future and then determine its worth. Your attitude should reflect an eagerness to contribute. Do not ask questions such as "How long before I can take a vacation?" or "How many years before retirement?" Ask if the company has a bonus system or an established review for merit increases. "How will the company respond to optimum performance on my part?" Convince the man that you can be motivated, not that you are looking for rewards beyond your talent.

You may want to take the job because it is exactly what you are looking for. Don't let that interfere with money negotiations. After all, if everything else is just right, the rest is gravy.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



GARY HEERY



Dean's List

Well, **John Dean**'s back in the news. There's his searingly frank book, *Blind Ambition*, on the Watergate times. And, of course, there was the Earl Butz boo-boo. While on assignment to cover the Republican Convention for *Rolling Stone*, Dean wrote that on a flight back from Kansas City, a Ford "Cabinet member" had cracked a tasteless joke. *New Times* magazine later revealed that the jokester was the then Agriculture Secretary. Not bad for a fledgling journalist, but what Dean probably should become is a professional Democrat—he has managed to fire torpedoes into two Republican administrations by simply reporting the truth.

Skoal Singer

The French have gone wild for Jerry Lewis, the Germans are crazy about *Kojak*, and now even little Denmark has flipped for the talents of an American entertainer. Who? None other than country-and-western singer (and longtime girlfriend of *PLAYBOY* Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner) **Barbi Benton**. It all started in the fall of 1975, when Barbi played a C & W star in an episode of *McCloud*, in which she sang *Ain't That Just the Way*, a song written specifically for the show by *McCloud*'s executive producer, Glen Larson. Playboy Records released the tune on the flip side of a single (*Reverend Bob*) and the A side did reasonably well, but nothing compared with Barbi's earlier hit *Brass Buckles*. In mid-1976, when the *McCloud* episode aired in Denmark, the unmelancholy Danes really went wild over *Ain't That Just the Way*, making it the top-selling single in the country and earning it a spot on *Billboard*'s top ten "Hits of the World" list. Although he obviously was as pleased as he was surprised by the news, Hefner turned to Barbi and quipped, "Next time, could you please pick a bigger country?"



POMPEO POSAR

All Together Now

"My father had this great idea to make me rich and famous in show business. For the climax of my dance routine, I was going to do a back bend and pick up a razor blade with my teeth, and he was going to get Gillette to sponsor my act." That **Dory Previn** isn't called No Lips indicates that Gillette didn't think it was too sharp a notion. It was just one incident in a trauma-filled childhood that composer-lyricist-playwright-author Previn has hauntingly recaptured in *Midnight Baby*, her just-published autobiography from the ages of zip to ten. While the book is center stage, Previn is putting the finishing touches on a musical, *The Amazing Flight of the Gooney Bird*, based on one of her songs. And this spring she'll be doing concerts across Europe, where folks are bonkers over her tough-tender, look-at-my-psyche lyrics. Her latest album, *We're Children of Coincidence and Harpo Marx*, was a big chart number in England. "But you know," says she, with an air of bemused puzzlement, "I've done eight albums of my songs and not one of those songs has ever been recorded by anybody else." We're puzzled, too—there isn't a better lyricist around than Dory Previn, whose personal life is very up these days. The reason's artist Joby Baker, who created some of the jewelry she's wearing in the photo. The smile she's wearing is all her own and apropos for a lady who now seems to know exactly where she's going.



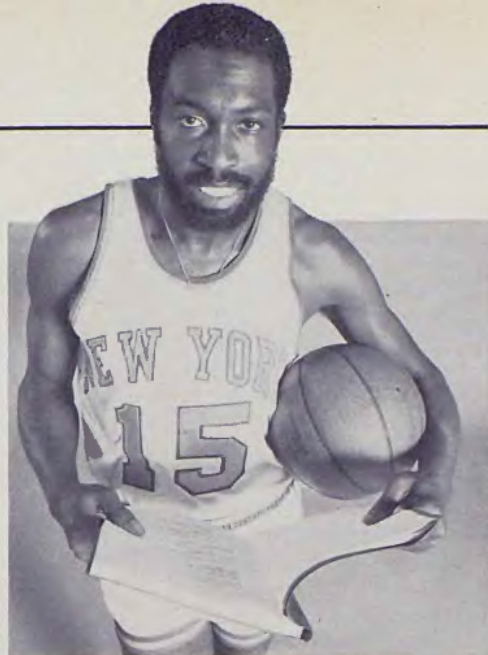
NORMAN SEEFF

Putting Out "Roots"

By the time it gets on the air this winter, ABC-TV's 12-hour production of Alex Haley's novel *Roots* (see this month's *Playboy Interview*) will be the most ballyhooed television event of the season. It's a \$6,000,000 gamble, but producer **Stan Margulies** doesn't seem worried. "Emotionally, it's very powerful; in one scene, Richard Roundtree, as a slave, is supposed to get down on his knees and beg his white master not to send him to work in the fields. During rehearsal, Richard fell to his knees for about one thousandth of a second, leaped up and literally screamed, 'You better get this on one take, because I'm not doing this goddamned scene again.'"



PETER SOREL



VERNON L. SMITH

Fast Break

He has always been a hard man to catch on the basketball court; but now **Earl Monroe**, the All-Pro guard of the New York Knicks, known variously as The Pearl and Mr. Magic for his on-court excellence, seems to be acting out the disco hit *Movin' in All Directions*. He has completed his first film role—in Woody Allen's new opus, untitled at presstime—and has two more lined up: *Davey*, which will find him swiping (and losing) an attaché case filled with dope, and *Champions*, a story about a neighborhood basketball program ("It goes along with the general attempt to upgrade black films"), in which he will play himself. But that's just part of what's happening. Earl also has a music-management firm called Tiffany, and one of his acts, Prana, will soon be out on Warner Bros. Records. Entertainment comes naturally to Monroe. He sang with a group in high school and did some comedy during his days with the old Baltimore Bullets. You see, he has roots: "My father danced with Bessie Smith; he was also a traveling medicine salesman. So you could say that showbiz is in my blood." But Monroe, who has to concentrate on basketball for a while longer, doesn't expect instant stardom: "For now, I just want to make some contacts and get into some of the right places. I know where my bread and butter is coming from." That sound you just heard was the New York Knicks, sighing in collective relief.

DETROIT'S OFF-SEASON INTROS

There was a time in these United States when we, the people, turned as one toward the nearest automobile agency and vibrated with anticipation until the new models were revealed. This eagerness to catch the first glimpse of Detroit's latest filigree of chrome or bulge of sheet metal bordered on a national craze, reaching a peak in September and October of each year, when the latest offerings actually appeared in public. Styling studios at Ford, G.M., et al., were guarded with a CIAlike fanaticism, lest the latest fender contour be tipped to the prying public, and the actual introduction of the new cars was choreographed in a fiendishly complicated and expensive arrangement of marketing, promotion and advertising that would make the biggest of Hollywood hustles look puny by comparison.

At its zenith in the Fifties, it was a marvelous binge of exploitive commerce and conspicuous consumption, and the reception given a newborn from Detroit would have massive impact not only on its parent company but also on the economy as a whole.

But now that curiosity of business has been packed into the musty closet where they keep the obsolete, the unfashionable and the long-forgotten, and while Detroit gamely plugs ahead to generate interest in annual model introductions, the fact is that nobody much cares anymore. As the automotive market has become more diffuse—in terms of product and consumer preferences—American manufacturers have leaned more and more in the direction of their European associates; new models can be introduced at any time of the year, as opposed to the rigid addiction to the old autumn-hokum festival. For example, the Bicentennial brought forth a modest line-up of new machinery and—with the exception of General Motors' radically defatted full-sized cars, all of which lost around 800 pounds of iron and about a foot of over-all length—very little appeared that could be described as new. In fact, all of the interesting machinery on the Detroit scene is due in the first half of 1977, when a rather impressive line-up of original products will hit the showrooms.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the new offerings will be Ford's Fiesta, the first truly contemporary small car to be sold in America by one of the Big Three. While Chevrolet's Chevette was ballyhooed as an incredibly advanced vehicle, it was, in fact, conventional in an engineering sense. Not so with the Fiesta, which employs a small 1600-c.c. transversely mounted high-revving engine that drives through

the front wheels. This arrangement maximizes passenger space (by eliminating the intrusive drive-shaft-and-transmission tunnel) without hindering performance or handling. While the Fiesta is a Ford "international" car and has been built and sold in Europe for some time, there is no denying that its entrance into the American market is additional evidence that Detroit has ended its big-car binge and is committed to smaller, more practical transportation for the future. Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division is also thinking smaller for the spring of 1977. It will introduce the Versailles,

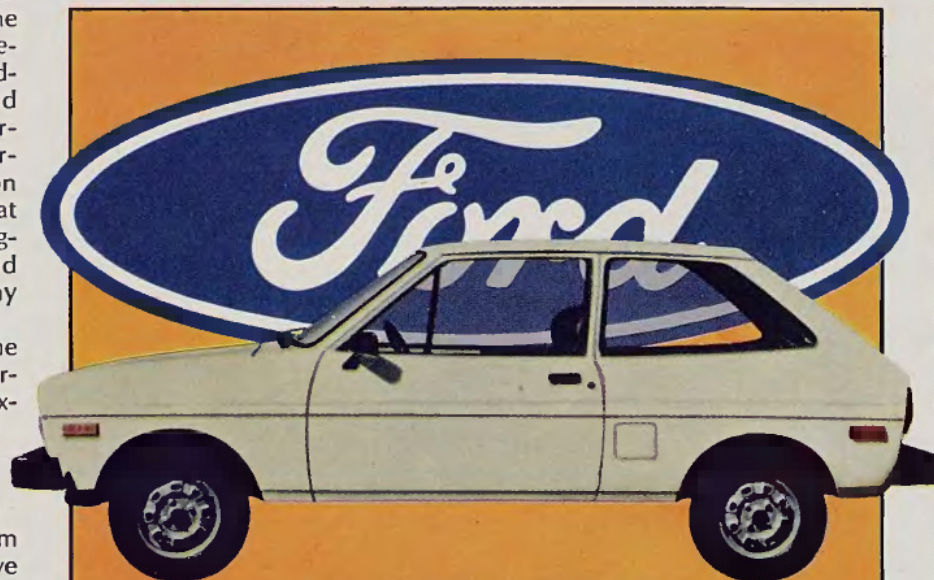
which is Lincoln's response to the fast-selling, high-buck Cadillac Seville. Based on the Mercury Monarch/Ford Granada chassis, the Versailles is rumored to be less expensive than the Seville but with similar luxury options aimed at the same segment of the market. In keeping with the company's styling idiom, the Versailles' squarish lines will be topped off with a rectangular grille related to the well-known Lincoln Continental shape.

Chrysler has also recognized the action within the luxury sedan, where sales of such cars

as the Mercedes-Benz 450SE and the Seville have been amazing, despite the soft economy. It will offer the LeBaron and the Diplomat, which will be elegantly appointed versions of the popular Plymouth Volaré/Dodge Aspen sedans. Like the Versailles, the LeBaron/Diplomat is expected to be lower priced than the Seville but is touted as being competitive in terms of commodious accommodations and elegant styling.

Even little American Motors will be getting an early start in 1977 with the introduction of a Gremlin powered by a German-built Audi four-cylinder engine. The idea of sticking a European-manufactured power plant into an American-built car at one time would have seemed as repulsive to the Detroit brass as making *Rule Britannia* the national anthem; but economic realities can soften patriotic resolve. The Audi engine is lighter, cleaner burning and more powerful for its smaller size and weight than the aged A.M.C. six-cylinder it replaces and should give the Gremlin better mileage and performance without seriously increasing the retail price. If those benefits are available, and there's no reason to doubt that they will be, the Audi engine probably could be built in Outer Mongolia and neither A.M.C. nor its Gremlin customers would care a hoot. Such is a symptom of the radically changing American automotive scene—and why surprises are possible from Detroit any time of the year.

—BROCK YATES



A Fiesta in Your Future?

Come June, America will get a crack at Ford's Fiesta, a Europe-spawned subcompact with transversely mounted engine and front-wheel drive.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

If you've been curious about what goes through her mind while she's writhing away beneath you, your worst suspicions are confirmed. She could be having a sexual fantasy about another man. And that's not unusual. Dr. Barbara Hariton, sex therapist from Long Island, says that most women have erotic fantasies when making love with their husbands. In Dr. Hariton's study of suburban married women, she found that they created many different imaginary erotic situations for themselves during intercourse, but two scenarios were most common: (1) picturing themselves being dominated sexually and forced to surrender and (2) imagining that the man making love to them was someone other than their husband. If wives had fantasy number one, they tended to have a higher level of orgasm. Apparently, they found real-life intercourse with hubby satisfying and generally indulged in thoughts of rape to add spice. The women with fantasy number two, however, were often trying to deal with a troubled marriage. Conjuring up lovers other than their spouses was their way of coping with marital situations they either didn't understand or could not accept.

MISS-DIRECTED HUMOR

Women are a lot of fun to laugh at. They always seem to be doing things that make them ideal patsies. This isn't just another example of male-chauvinist piggery. According to some surprising new research, men aren't the only ones who dig a giggle at a girl's expense—so do most women themselves.

Professor Joanne Cantor of the University of Wisconsin asked college students to respond to a number of jokes. In some, a woman set up a situation in which a man made himself look silly. In others, the joke was identical, but the roles were reversed—the female became the fool. The responses were overwhelming—Cantor found that when the victim was female, the joke was always funnier, to both men and women. She first tried this experiment six years ago, before the consciousness-raising media deluge of the feminists, and her recent work disclosed that very little has changed.

Cantor has a theory about why this is so: Patterns of humor have been established in our culture for centuries. Women are still the butt—they're used to it and they accept it. Most professional comics are male, and sarcastic remarks are predominately masculine weapons. Women's lib may have gotten women out of the kitchen but not yet out of the joke.

THE FIRST COMING

Can you remember your first orgasm? It probably made a big impression on you at the time. Most likely you really didn't know what was happening to you and were pretty confused. No wonder. Nobody pays much attention to this decisive sign of a young man's sexual maturation. The

big fuss is always made over the girls, when they begin to menstruate. Although both incidents are unmistakable proof that reproductive ability has arrived, until a few months ago, there wasn't even a definitive term for a boy's first seminal emission. Dr. R. J. Levin, a British physiologist, has leaped into the breach. He's proposed the term *thorarche* (based on a rare Greek word for semen and pronounced *thor-ark-ee*) for the happy event.

In a survey of college students, Dr. Levin found that while 92 percent of the women he polled had been warned about the onset of menstruation, or *menarche*, by their parents or peers, fewer than one third of the men had been instructed about their forthcoming sexual ability. So it's no surprise that while nearly half of the girls told their friends about their first period, only 12 percent of the boys told anyone about their first orgasm. Twenty-five percent of the men in Levin's program reported that their first big thrill had come to them in their sleep. The majority fondly remembered that they were busily engaged in some clearly sexual activity when their initial ejaculation arrived. And now, thanks to Levin, we all have a name for it.

SCREWBA DIVING

There you are with your lover, 20 feet under—skindiving in a tropical world of complete sensuality. Your companion finds this submarine experience so exciting that she reaches out to you, entwining her body around yours, and within moments your breath is becoming louder and louder as you make ecstatic love to her beneath the waves. Congratulations! You've just joined the Filthy Fathoms Club—a small but happy group of people who've discovered the joys of underwater sex.

Don Byrd, instructor at the Coastal School of Deep Sea Diving in Oakland, California, says that more and more people are exploring subaquatic eroticism. "Because you're suspended in the sea, you can try out unusual angles that would be impossible on land."

Of course, people worry about the dangers of dallying while diving. But, says Byrd, you wear special gear to effortlessly keep yourself at the depth you want. Anywhere down to 30 feet is safe, and if the sea is warm, your body will easily respond to balling beneath the briny.

MUSCLE-BOUND

Discovered: what women really think about our bodies. But do we really want to know? According to Paul J. Lavrakas, research psychologist at Loyola University of Chicago, today's woman prefers her men to be slimly athletic and slenderly healthy—a big contrast to the traditional Charles Atlas characters of muscle beach.

But Lavrakas' research shows that most guys still think that women want men to have physiques like Greek gods.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



DENNIS MAGDICH



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